



• THE •
• ENGLISH TURF •
• CHARLES •
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THE ENGLISH TURF



ASCOT

THE ROYAL PROCESSION AND ROYAL ENCLOSURE

THE
ENGLISH TURF

A RECORD OF HORSES
AND COURSES BY

CHARLES RICHARDSON
"

EDITED BY E. T. SACHS

WITH FORTY-NINE ILLUSTRATIONS AND EIGHT PLANS

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TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE EARL OF DURHAM
AS A STAUNCH UPHOLDER
OF THE HONOUR AND WELFARE OF
THE TURF
THIS VOLUME IS BY PERMISSION
DEDICATED BY THE AUTHOR

years; but to-day the foundation is solid, and that which is erected thereon will last long.

Such a period cannot be otherwise than propitious for the production of a work in which every subject is dealt with that can interest those who, in one form or another, to a greater or less extent find an attraction in the Turf. Books about racing have a not unnatural habit of being reminiscent: here, for a change, is one that deals with things as they are. That entirely new ground is broken will be at once apparent to those conversant with racing literature. For one thing a work of this nature has previously not been possible, because the conditions favourable to its compilation have not existed; but no one has even attempted the comprehensive task which the author has accomplished. The reader has set before him the characteristics of every racecourse in England, and of the racing that each year takes place upon it. Although less numerous than they were half a century ago, English racecourses are still many, and no two are alike either in conformation or in the sport provided and its management. These are the details which receive treatment, the writer's wide personal experience being in every case brought into play. References to the actors upon the stage, human and equine, form a natural corollary. When we read about historical racecourses we like to hear of the celebrated races associated with them and of the great horses that earned their reputations by winning them.

An exhaustive account of the principal races of the nineteenth century would alone involve a series of volumes longer than any encyclopædia yet published, and as this volume deals with the Turf as it is, just enough reference to the past, and no more, is made to enable some sort of comparison to be made between the horses of the present and of former generations. In the case of horses such comparisons are far from being vain, and where the constant improvement of

the thoroughbred is the object in view there should be no hesitation in entering light-heartedly upon the domain of polemics. The breeding, training, and racing of thoroughbreds are matters of really national importance, so numerous and weighty are the interests involved, though they may not become at once apparent through mere visits to the race-course as a spectator. In the production of the best possible horse some of the cleverest minds of the world are constantly engaged, and even Governments deem the matter one worthy of serious official solicitude.

As will be seen, the author has much to say upon questions of breeding, as also upon what are considered to be serious faults in our racing scheme, the tendency of which is to foster the wrong kind of horse. These are among the most-discussed Turf questions of the day, as they have been in the past and will remain in the future. They will appeal to everyone, the uninitiated as well as the initiated, and, for the benefit of all but the very few ardent students of breeding-lore who have delved into the obscure records of the past, the strains of blood from which the great horses of the generation, as of previous generations, are descended, and generations to come will be, are traced from the very beginning. To those who can have but a vague notion of how the breed of English thoroughbred, which, in its turn, has founded the successful strains of the continents of Europe and America, not forgetting Australia, was derived, it cannot be otherwise than interesting to trace how the magnificent, far-striding, sixteen-hand animal of the day has been evolved out of the original stock of less than a dozen Eastern stallions, who were little more than mere ponies, and the native mares such as then existed, which were the outcome of more remote crossings of Arabians with the earlier British horse, whose history it is impossible to trace. This is evolution indeed, and it forms a fitting testimonial to the

INTRODUCTION

unremitting care which generations of horse-breeders have bestowed upon the task. A horse-breeder implies a lover of horses, and to be such is an Englishman's prerogative that is born with him. In the following pages the horse-lover will find himself at home.

The author is anxious to acknowledge his indebtedness to several gentlemen for the invaluable assistance rendered him in supplying materials for illustration. The numerous beautiful photographs supplied by Mr. W. A. Rouch, who has made this line of work his own, need no recommendation other than themselves. They present a series of pictures that illustrate our racecourses in a way which could not otherwise be accomplished. Messrs. W. C. and A. S. Manning, architects to the Jockey Club, Newmarket, have been at great pains in furnishing a minutely detailed plan of the Newmarket Racecourses ; to Mr. H. M. Dorling the kindly provision of the Epsom plans is due ; whilst equal kindness has been shown by Mr. W. S. Gladstone, in the case of the Aintree Course, Mr. W. F. I. Dundas, Clerk of the Course at Goodwood, and by Mr. W. H. R. Crabtree, Borough Surveyor of Doncaster, in supplying the plan of the historical course of that town.

THE EDITOR

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THE ENGLISH TURF

CHAPTER I

THE POSITION OF THE TURF

The sport commanding attention—Press reports in increased demand—Sporting papers—Reporting races—Starting prices—Telegraphing—Increased number of owners—Demand for yearlings—American importations—Mr. Haggin's consignment—English breeders—Too many short races—Sprinters—The late Duke of Westminster and the sale of Ormonde—Austrian and German buyers of blood-stock—Roaring—Unsoundness—Soundness of Colonial horses—Merman—Newhaven II.—Breeding of Colonial and American horses—Duke of Portland and Carbine—Stamina of foreign-bred horses—Horse of the century—Experts differ—St. Simon and Ormonde—The time test—Grand National times, *Manifesto* and *Cloister*—Derby times—Sires put to stud too young—Sire fees—Owners of present day—Millionaires—Professional owners.

THREE is no exaggeration in saying that the sport of horse-racing never before commanded the attention that is now accorded to it; and the many measures of radical reform that have been introduced of late years have tended, and are still further tending, to render the sport clean and healthy, and so fit for universal participation.

As regards the attention which racing receives from the general public I have only to point to the Press reports and criticisms, which have more than quadrupled within my own experience. Less than a quarter of a century ago there was no such thing as a daily sporting newspaper, and racing was passed over so lightly in the London non-sporting dailies that it was impossible to find the bare return of many provincial meetings until the *Sheet Calendar* appeared, or until the Saturday weeklies supplied the news.

I remember, in my schoolboy days, being in London at Easter, and much interested in a horse which was to run at Durham on Easter Monday. No account of Durham races was forthcoming in the London newspapers on the following morning, and in those days provincial newspapers did not reach London until late in the evening, and even then it was no easy matter to obtain them. I spent an hour or two among the West End newsagents, and overhauled a great number of papers, but only succeeded in obtaining the result of the race by paying a visit to a certain public-house—the name of which I forget—situated somewhere off the Farringdon Road, to which I was recommended by the proprietor of a newspaper shop in Pall Mall Place. That was in the days of the lists, and the publican to whom I applied told me that he was spending over £1 per racing day in having the results wired to him from the racing towns.

Nowadays the result of every race, no matter how unimportant that race may be, is on sale in London and in every other large town in the kingdom within a few minutes of the decision of the event. The clubs, reading-rooms, and even many of the hotels are supplied with the results through "the tape," and no one who lives within touch of any large centre of population need be without an evening paper containing a report of the day's doings. Two daily racing papers are published in London, and one in Manchester, while full reports of all the meetings, with criticisms on the running, are given in a large majority of the non-sporting morning papers, published either in London or the provinces, the exception being, indeed, difficult to find. In the North-country towns, too, a single sheet is everywhere on sale shortly before noon, filled with telegrams from the course, with the probable starters for each race, the selections of all the best informed morning papers, and the little regarded "latest betting," which is an epitome of the prices offered on the day's races at various clubs, and which, I believe, is of the very smallest account. These "tissues," as they are called, appear to have a huge sale in Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the Midlands.

Thus, if the newspapers can be accepted as a criterion, it is evident that racing has a greater hold on the masses in the northern industrial districts than it has upon dwellers in London and the South of England generally. I take it that the supply of racing intelligence is regulated by the demand, and thus, whereas most of the London evening papers publish a bare return of the running—with little or no criticism—and the programme of the following day, many of the country evening journals give a fuller return, lengthy criticism, and, as a general rule, a column or so of racing paragraphs, many of them possibly admittedly gleaned from London morning papers.

Probably it is not generally known that a number of the reports of racing come from the same source. By reports I do not mean criticism or commentary, but merely the descriptions of individual races. Such reports are written for the sporting dailies individually, and for one weekly paper, the *Field*, but the rank and file of morning and evening papers procure their accounts of the actual running from the Press agencies, who supply them wholesale, and whose work is done entirely by experts. The two large agencies who practically divide this work send a staff of from four to eight representatives to each meeting, according to its importance, and the work is divided so that each man has his special duty. One man describes the running, "reading" to the others a description of the race as it is being run, his account being rapidly noted. Immediately afterwards, especially if the race has been run on a straight course or in a bad light, the jockeys who rode are consulted as to "how they came," and then comes a comparison of what was seen and what the jockeys said, in the Press-room, whilst the account is being written by several hands, and despatched for the evening papers. Others are at work in the ring procuring the starting prices, and this work has been for years past very thoroughly and conscientiously done. The experts keep in close proximity to the big layers from the time the numbers go up, and notice each fluctuation in price until the flag falls.

I have often thought that there is nothing better done in

racing journalism than the return of starting prices. To the racing "regular," understanding his business, there should be no advantage one way or the other, but the small starting-price backer profits considerably by the prices returned, and in this way. Supposing a casual race-goer in Tattersall's ring wishes to put a couple of sovereigns on an outsider, he would not think of going near the "rails," where £5 is considered a very small bet, but is content to bet with some ready-money man who stands in the middle or on the outskirts of the ring. From such a man he, in all probability, gets 7 or 8 to 1 about a horse which starts at 100 to 8, or 10 to 1 about a real 20 to 1 chance. The class of bookmaker he goes to seldom lays more than 10 to 1 about anything, excepting in the biggest handicaps, and we see his clients accepting the false prices every day. Just now, however, I am not concerned with betting, but with the manner in which it is reported.

The descriptions of the races are, on the whole, very correct, and here also the work is entrusted to accomplished hands, who have benefited by long experience in a subordinate capacity before they are promoted, or rather promote themselves through their ability, to race-reading. In the short accounts published in the evening papers it is seldom that any point of vital importance is missed, but if it should happen that the favourite—or any other horse—broke down, or was shut in, and such fact is not mentioned the same afternoon, it is certain to be inserted in the reports published on the following morning. The most difficult race to report is the Liverpool Grand National, for, as a rule, only about one-third of the field complete the course, yet within half an hour of the decision of the race the actual fate of every horse is always known in the Press-room. From the stands it is impossible to note the falls and pullings-up which take place more than a mile away, and in consequence all the riders have to be interviewed, and as a matter of fact the description of this particular race is largely composed from what the jockeys say. The Derby and Oaks are very easy races to describe, and so is the St. Leger; but it is often difficult, even with the strongest glasses, to see from the

Press stand what is making running on straight courses until the horses are within half a mile of the post. Then the light varies very much, and sometimes in the finest weather the sun blurs the colours to such an extent that all the light jackets look white and all the dark ones black. When the light is really bad, three or four light jackets of varied colour will all look alike a quarter of a mile away, and when, as occasionally happens, the mud is thrown up, many of the colours become quite indistinguishable. Manchester is much the worst place the reporter has to contend with, owing to the frequency of fog, and it often happens that nothing can be seen of the races until the field are close upon the stands. On these occasions the jockeys have to be relied upon for the description, and I ought not to omit to state that, although it is no part of their duty to supply such information, it is always given with the greatest willingness and with some intelligence. Between the racing Press and the jockeys the very best of feeling prevails in all parts of the country.

The Press have a most able coadjutor in the Telegraph Department. The General Post Office have for some years past sent about a special corps of turf telegraphists, who are familiar with the work, and who follow the meetings week after week, just as the Pressmen or any section of the racing community do. These men are all experts in their work, and to them the public are largely indebted for the evening paper reports, all of which are wired direct from the course.

It is undoubtedly the case that the number of race-goers of every description is constantly increasing, but it is by no means so certain that the sport is in a particularly healthy state, and it is also probable that there are too many meetings. The increase in the number of runners is very small indeed (from 1897 to 1898 there was a slight falling off), and public breeders of late years, with a few exceptions, have either realised the smallest of profits, or have sold at a loss. There is a strong tendency to increase the stud fees of stallions who have sired a few winners, and it is the custom to start good winners on their stud life at

far too high a price. Then the demand for unfashionably bred yearlings seems to grow smaller everywhere, and though there may be some slight increase of private breeders, it seems quite possible that the supply of the raw material will before long show a falling off. What will happen then (what has already happened, indeed) will be that more American and Colonial horses will be imported. I need hardly remind my readers that over a hundred American yearlings were sold by Messrs. Tattersall at a single Newmarket fixture in 1899, and we learnt that thoroughbred yearlings, which have been bred in America, can be brought to the sale ring in this country, having individually cost a smaller sum per head—even with the expenses of a long land journey and a sea voyage thrown in—than do English yearlings. The yearlings to which I refer were reared in California, where land is of much less value than it is in England, and where there is, I am told, an enormous area of good pasturage. Very small stud fees are demanded for the services of horses which are not located on the ranch; but Californian horse breeding is on a big scale, and such a ranch as that of Mr. Haggin—who sent the large consignment to Newmarket—maintains half a dozen stallions or more, so that it is seldom necessary to send a brood mare away from home. The upshot is that each yearling costs per head quite a small sum to rear, and even when the travelling charges are taken into account, the youngsters can be delivered at an English sale ring, and there sold at a profit which to the average English breeder would represent a certain loss. Brood mares cost less to buy in America than they do here, but I have never been able to ascertain the amount of interest on capital which should be charged to each American yearling, and it is quite possible that some of the millionaire owners of large ranches take little or no account of the original outlay when once they begin to breed on a large scale.

Even with English breeders this is often a difficult matter to ascertain. One man succeeds to ancestral acres, which include breeding paddocks, a stud of brood mares, and very likely a sire or two as well. A second rents suitable land,

lays out his paddocks, builds hovels, and then begins to buy mares. The last-named, so long as he keeps correct accounts, is of course in a position to know what capital he has invested, and what amount of profit or loss he is making, but the man who breeds young stock because his father did so before him is in a very different position, and can only tell by his bank-book whether he is making or losing money. Then there is the yeoman or tenant farmer—generally a Yorkshire or Lincolnshire man, or a Midlander—who gradually acquires a general knowledge of breeding and who buys a mare or two. This man probably includes his venture in his ordinary farming business, and if he has his wits about him he is very likely to succeed. Gradually his stud increases in size, and from humble beginnings he arrives at a big and generally a paying business. His original outlay has probably been very small, and the increase in the size of his stud is proof of his success, the new-comers having most likely been bought out of profits.

Nevertheless, though there are exceptions, both among large and small breeders, it is a fact that many of the yearlings sold at auction represent a loss to their breeders, and unless a man is fortunate enough to sell one or two at prices which will make the whole sale represent a profit he quickly gets disheartened, and retires from the business. Of course there are the very rich men, who will stand an annual loss rather than give in; but a study of the whole question reveals the fact that public breeding is in a poor way, and this points to a curtailment of the annual output of English yearlings.

Then comes the question of foreign importations, and I have seen so much of these during the last ten years that I am inclined to welcome the change. It can hardly be denied that the average modern English racehorse is a poor creature. Nine out of ten of those which have been before the public of late have neither constitution nor stamina. Speed they certainly have, but there are far too many horses who cannot travel an inch farther than five or six furlongs, and many more who cannot get beyond a mile. These are not the sort of animals to maintain the supremacy of the

English Turf, and their presence is accounted for by the fact that we have got into a bad groove, both as regards breeding and training, and also because we have had far too many short races and too many selling handicaps. Concerning the plethora of short races I need say no more, since the Stewards of the Jockey Club have thoroughly grasped the situation, and have already legislated with a view to an amelioration of the evil. Let us hope that their efforts will continue to be in the same direction. The short-race system was brought about by promoters of meetings who years ago realised the fact that it was a much easier matter to get fifteen runners for a five-furlong race than to secure five starters for a two-mile race. The trainers played into their hands, and as there was no check for many years short races increased in number, and the inducements to train horses for the longer distances became fewer and fewer.

Many, perhaps a majority, of these sprinters that have been a natural product of the system are as unlike the typical racehorse as it is possible for them to be. High on the leg, too short from shoulder to quarters, narrow, split up, and light of bone. How many of this stamp of horse, and yet gifted with speed for a short course, do we not see in any race paddock nowadays? The question hardly requires an answer. These are not the right sort of horses, and the more of this stamp we continue to breed, the more we make room for the Americans and Colonials. The reasons for the present state of affairs are numerous, and so too are the remedies that are suggested. I have no wish to dictate, but am much inclined to suggest that unsoundness in both sire and dam is not sufficiently taken into account. All the racing world knows that from roarers many good horses have been bred, but one swallow does not make a summer, and I feel sure that a majority of the stock of any roarer will some time or other develop the weakness of their parent. The late Duke of Westminster was widely and loudly abused for selling Ormonde out of the country, but, putting all sentiment out of the question, and looking at the matter from a purely practical point of view, the Duke acted very rightly, though as it happened

NEWMARKET

TATTERSALL'S SALE RING, PARK PADDOCKS



Ormonde left Orme behind him; and Orme has already sired Flying Fox, both sire and son being clear-winded horses.

Of course it has been and will again be urged that if such horses as Orme and Flying Fox can be bred from an acknowledged roarer, roarers are just as likely to get good stock as sound horses are; but this, I maintain, is begging the question. It is perfectly true that the brilliant roarer occasionally sires a great horse, but it is also true, so far as we can judge from results, that he also sires many roarers who have the disease in even more pronounced form than their sire, and, as many of these in their turn are sent to the stud, roaring is not only kept alive, but is encouraged and helped. Those who attend the blood-stock sales regularly can hardly have failed to notice that the Austrian and German Government buyers never by any chance buy an unsound horse or mare. When these gentlemen came into the market for breeding stock they made soundness their first object, and they will take away neither horse nor mare unless he or she can pass the most rigorous veterinary examination. The English purchaser, on the other hand, is very often so inured to roaring that he takes his chance, and, if he likes the horse and has been pleased with his performances, will send mares to him, no matter how badly he may roar.

What I am much inclined to think is that roaring is greatly on the increase. There are, unfortunately, no statistics to prove the matter one way or the other, but nowadays we hear of more roarers than we used to formerly. I have been told by veterinary surgeons that there is more of it, both among thoroughbreds and hunters, and all hunters are bred from thoroughbred sires who began life in a training stable.

Another inducement to keeping and training roarers is that many of them are little affected by the disease, at all events during their early days. Ormonde was a pronounced roarer when he beat Minting and Bendigo in the Hardwicke Stakes of a mile and a half at Ascot, and Prince Charlie, who was probably the fastest T.Y.C. horse of the century,

was always wrong in his wind. In 1897 Knight of the Thistle (a roarer) won the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot, and not a year passes but good races fall to this class of horse. The operation of tracheotomy is often attended by good results, and it is quite a common thing to see up to half a dozen horses in one afternoon's steeplechasing with the tube in their throats. Many of them can win steeplechases and hurdle races, thus they are quite as good instruments of gambling as are the sound horses. Nevertheless, on the broadest grounds the roarer is not wanted, but he will continue to exist, and even to increase numerically, as long as roaring sires or dams are sent to the stud.

Unsoundness of limb has far more weight with most breeders than roaring has, and as a consequence a yearling who is unsound of limb is seldom seen at the sale ring, or in any lot which is sent to the trainer during the autumn. Yearlings with suspicious limbs, on the other hand, are common enough, but limb troubles do not as a rule develop until the horse which bears them has been broken and put to work. Then it is either a case of breakdown or of putting by until the limbs have become stronger. We need not, however, concern ourselves with this side of the question, for a good judge will hesitate long enough before he puts into training a youngster who is wrongly formed, or who shows a marked weakness in some part of his anatomy. A much more serious matter is the fact that the present fashion of putting thoroughbreds into training far too young breaks many of them down before they have a chance of distinguishing themselves. Dozens of likely-looking yearlings who bring big money when sold are never seen on a racecourse, and we may take it that a fair proportion of such have developed hereditary unsoundness when put to work. So far as the colts are concerned not much mischief is done, because only a very exceptionally bred horse can command any stud patronage if he has never run in public, and even then he must be loudly trumpeted as the victim of an "accident" in his yearling days. The fillies, however, are often put by for the stud, and thus the supply of unsound matrons is increased.

It is a curious reflection that at the shows held under the auspices of the "Hunters Improvement Society" no horse or mare is entitled to a prize until he or she has passed a veterinary examination, and yet there is no obstacle whatever to breeders of thoroughbreds using either an unsound sire or dam, or both in their attempt to raise a galloping machine.

A page or two back I stated that I was much inclined to welcome the advent of the imported horses, and my chief reason for this opinion is that these American and Colonial horses have greatly helped to point out the weaknesses of our present system. No matter what class they belong to, it seems to be the general rule that the Colonials and, in a less degree, the Americans are hardier and more free from unsoundness than the English horses. And in this connection I am referring especially to the importations which were ready-made racehorses in the land of their birth before they were sent to England, and not to American yearlings sent over to be sold. Dealing then with the importations that have been through a racing season or two in their own country before they ran in England, it is quite the exception to find one of them at all unsound, either in wind or limb. I have known of an Australian horse becoming a roarer some time after he had been in England, but the disease was in all probability the result of illness which seized him shortly after his arrival in this country. Certainly he showed no signs of it when he arrived.

Good clean limbs, with bigger bone than English horses have, and clear wind; these are the special attributes of a large majority of the Colonial horses which have been sent to England in the last six or eight years, and though no Colonial-bred horse of the very first class—as compared with our best class—has been sent here as yet, the rank and file are nevertheless hardy, useful customers, most of whom can hold their own in ordinary company.

As fair specimens of the Australian ready-made racehorse who have run with success in England I may cite Merman and Newhaven II. The first-named, though apparently a

difficult horse to manage, had two sequences of successes, at an interval of two years, and curiously enough he was in different hands during each period. When trained by Webb at Newmarket he won the Lewes Handicap, the Cæsarewitch, and a Two-mile Plate at Hurst Park off the reel; and two years later, when under the care of Robinson, at Foxhill, he secured the Goodwood Plate under 9 st., the Goodwood Cup, and the Birmingham Handicap under 9 st. 5 lbs., all within the space of ten days. Between these two spells of victory the horse appeared to an extent to lose his form, but in the intervening year he scored one notable victory, viz. when he beat The Rush and Bay Ronald in the Jockey Club Cup at Newmarket. In 1900 he ran once only, finishing a remarkable career by an easily gained success in the Gold Cup at Ascot.

Newhaven II. won the March Stakes, the City and Suburban, and Epsom Cup, all in the spring of 1899, and just about that time he was quite at the top of the handicap class. This horse, by the way, had the reputation of being a great stayer in his own country, but in England all his best form was shown at from a mile to a mile and a half, and when he essayed to run a longer distance he made a very moderate show. Indeed, Merman beat him with the greatest ease in the Goodwood Cup, and yet on a mile course I have no doubt that Newhaven II. would have given his countryman at least a stone.

Merman was eight years old when he won the Ascot Cup, and Newhaven II. six years old when he carried the top weight home successfully in the City and Suburban, and I find that with the single exception of Barmecide, no other aged horse except Merman has won the Goodwood Cup within the last fifty years. With regard to the City and Suburban, there have been five six-year-old winners besides Newhaven II. in fifty years (one being the American horse Parole); but it is an easier matter to keep short-distance horses on their legs than Cup winners, and Merman's soundness is almost proverbial. Anyhow, the fact of Merman having won an Ascot Cup at eight years old, and Newhaven II. a City and Suburban when a year younger (and

this horse was followed home at Epsom by another Australian six-year-old in *Survivor*) is a very strong proof in favour of the hardiness of the Australian horses, for it must be remembered that when these events occurred there were not more than a dozen Colonial flat-racers in training in England, against some fifteen hundred English horses who were old enough to take part in Cups and Handicaps.

Since the above was written *The Graft*, an aged Australian horse, has won the City and Suburban of 1900.

Whether the Australians have bred anything as good as our best I am not in a position to say, simply because their supposed best—such as *Carbine* was in his running days—have not been pitted against our own, but it seems to me, judging from what has been sent to England, that in Australia soundness must be more studied in breeding than it is here, and that early forcing cannot be so common. So few English flat-racers who begin in public as two-year-olds last on to run as five and six-year-olds, unless they happen to have gone wrong early and to have been thrown up for a couple of years or so. Those horses which keep on running year after year on the flat, like old *Herald*, are few and far between, whereas the average Australian, so far as we have seen him in this country, appears to be quite sound at six and upwards.

As regards breeding from Colonial horses, it is early yet to say whether it will be for the general good or not. In my opinion our breed ought to be strengthened by the best Colonial blood, but I should hesitate to put any mare to a Colonial sire, no matter what his home reputation might be, unless both horse and mare strained back to one or more of the same (good) tap roots. I need hardly say that the experiment of putting English mares to Colonial-bred sires is being very widely tried in England just now, but it will be several years before it will be thoroughly established whether good or evil will accrue. But the very fact of several Australian sires of high repute in their own country having been brought to England shows that some of our English breeders are alarmed at the existing state of affairs, and are wishful to counteract the weaknesses so prevalent

in the present breed. They are tired of the small-boned, "herring-gutted," weak, flashy weed, who can only travel five or six furlongs, and who either breaks down or goes roarer in his second season; and though they are aware that a considerable number of good second-raters are among the annual crop, and that an occasional high-class horse is bred every now and then, they nevertheless are of opinion that the percentage of good ones is far too small, considering the number bred, and they are anxious to do everything they can to ameliorate the evil.

It must have been such motives as those just enumerated that induced the Duke of Portland to pay a long price for the Australian horse Carbine, and even supposing (merely for the sake of argument) that Carbine is at present only a partial success in England, his blood may live on in future generations, and become of great value. He was bought chiefly with a view to the many St. Simon mares in the Welbeck stud, and mating the Australian with direct descendants of the line of Blacklock unites the two stoutest staying lines of blood in existence. Another Australian sire, Trenton, was brought to England after he had achieved great stud success in Australia, and this horse has already sired a fair winner or two in England, Longy, Parquetry, and the Polly Eccles colt to wit.

It should be pointed out that the imported Australians differ very much from the Americans, and, as far as I can judge, the last-named are not so likely to improve the English blood as the Antipodean horses. Perhaps it is not generally known that nine-tenths of the Americans are not pure bred. Some, of course, strain back to English ancestry on both sides of the house, but a large majority go back to obscurity and are no doubt descended from native mares of anything but pure breed. The Australians, on the other hand, can all be traced to imported English sires and mares, and thus in breeding with them in England it is a case of returning to old blood which has been freshened, and probably invigorated by no incrossing for several generations, and by the eminently favourable climate for horse-breeding of the land of the Southern Cross.

What is quite clear at present is that the average American does not stay anything like so well as the average Australian. The rank and file of the Americans we have seen in this country do best at a mile, and few of them can go further than a mile and a half. Some exceptions there have been, notably Foxhall, who won the Cæsarewitch as a three-year-old under 7 st. 12 lbs., and I need hardly write that no horse who was not a first-rate stayer could have done this. That race, however, took place nearly twenty years ago, and since that time hundreds of Americans have been sent to this country, not one of whom will be handed down to posterity as a great or even good stayer. The late Lord William Beresford, racing in partnership with Mr. Lorillard, had great success in 1898 and 1899 with horses imported from America, but the best of them were best at a mile, and very seldom were the colours carried in a long-distance race. What is lacking in the American system it is difficult for one who has not raced in that country to know, but, speaking broadly, and judging from what has been seen in England during the last quarter of a century, I have no hesitation in saying that English-bred horses are better stayers than their transatlantic neighbours, and that the Australians have a pull over us in the matter of stamina. It cannot be too well borne in mind that the Australian importations to this country have been very small compared with those from America, and that the opinion here expressed is derived entirely from what the imported horses from either country have done on English courses.

The question as to whether the horses of the present day are better or worse than those of, say, half a century ago, is a difficult one to decide, yet it is constantly argued, both on paper and in conversation among racing men. My own opinion is that the rank and file of the modern race-course are nearly as bad as bad can be, but I am not at all sure that the same was not the case fifty years ago, and, in any circumstances, it would appear to be almost impossible for anyone to speak definitely. The best of the present day I am inclined to think are as good as any which have preceded them; but even here the experts differ. Men who

have been racing for a quarter of a century oftenest incline to Ormonde or St. Simon as "the horse of the century." Others, including the veteran Mr. Joseph Osborne, swear by Persimmon; and others again even incline to the later equine wonder, Flying Fox. But, should one happen to talk the matter over with elderly Yorkshire turfites, it will be found they still take their stand by West Australian and the Flying Dutchman, or perhaps by Blair Athol. Everyone inclines to his own particular fancy and has a dozen arguments in favour of his choice.

I hold very strongly to the opinion that it is impossible to judge between the great horses of one epoch and those of another. St. Simon never was beaten, but, owing to his disqualification for all his earlier engagements he never had much to beat. Ormonde, besides being unbeaten, beat all sorts of great winners, such as Minting, Saraband, The Bard, and Bendigo, to mention the best of them. Twice did he lower the colours of Mr. Vyner's big horse; yet that same Minting, in winning the Jubilee Stakes at Kempton Park, with 10 stone in the saddle, accomplished what I consider to be by far the greatest mile handicap performance of modern times. Regarded from the point of view of what they beat, Ormonde has the best of the argument with St. Simon; on the other hand, St. Simon won the Ascot Cup and other long-distance races, while Ormonde never went farther than the St. Leger distance of a mile and three-quarters, where of course he only met those of his own age. Whilst considering the rights of unbeaten horses Barcaldine has strong claims to recognition, and like many other great celebrities, he was good over any distance of ground. He not only beat Tristan very easily over a mile course at Kempton Park, but he took a good two-mile handicap with 9 st. 10 lbs. in the saddle, and that when he had not done a gallop for a week.

Persimmon and Cyllene won the Ascot Cup from good fields with extraordinary ease, and as a three-year-old Flying Fox exhibited a dash in all his races which fairly electrified onlookers. All these must be classed as really great horses, and it matters little which was really the actual best.

The time test is of little value in this connection, for it is only quite lately that any attention has been paid to it, and courses vary so much that a performance on one ought not to be compared with a performance on another. The Rowley Mile, for instance, must in an ordinary way take longer time than the miles at Epsom, Brighton, or elsewhere where the track slopes downward. At the moment an Orme colt named Harrow holds the mile record of 1 min. 35 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec., but this was done at Lingfield, where nearly half the distance is downhill. For the Rowley Mile (1 mile 11 yards) the record of 1 min. 40 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. is credited to Galtee More, yet no one would suggest that Harrow was in the same class as the famous Irish horse.

The records, as published from time to time, are all of modern date, and this either suggests that the speed of the present day is better than that of any former period, or that "clocking" is much more carefully attended to than it used to be.

To take a recent example, Clarehaven won the Cæsarewitch in 1900, in the record time of 3 min. 51 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. The Cæsarewitch distance is 2 miles 2 furlongs and 35 yards, and on this particular day the "going" was in first-rate condition for fast time, while there was no head wind. The winner, a four-year-old, carried within a pound of 8 stone, and although she had won her race quite two furlongs from home, she was not eased up the hill from the Abingdon Mile Bottom, but allowed to stride along to the end.

Perhaps the Liverpool Grand National throws some light on the subject, and if we can take the early times as trustworthy the steeplechase horse of to-day is a vastly superior animal to his predecessor of half a century ago. Thus we find that Lottery, a great horse and a famous winner in his day, won the race in 1838 in 14 min. 53 sec., and that Cloister won in 1893 in 9 min. 42 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. On the face of it it would appear that Cloister was in a totally different class from Lottery, and I have little doubt that such was the case. In Lottery's race there were seventeen runners, so that, in all probability, there was something to bring them along, but I can find no account which mentions the state

of the going, and of course it may have been very deep. Cloister, it will be remembered, won on "the top of the ground," but he made all his own running, and in my opinion this performance, and that of the same horse in the Sefton steeplechase twenty months later, when he won by twenty lengths, after again making his own running, stamp Mr. Duff's horse as the greatest chaser of all times.

There are many who will urge that *Manifesto* won the Grand National under the same weight as Cloister, and that the first-named beat the better-class field, but I have always thought that Cloister has the best of the argument because he made his own running, and because of the ridiculous ease with which he won, and I also think that his Sefton steeplechase victory was the greatest cross-country achievement I ever saw or heard of. Some, no doubt, will argue that the Liverpool course was much severer in Lottery's day than it is now, but on this head I cannot write with certainty, and can only say that I see no change worth talking about in five-and-twenty years. The fences now average five feet in height; indeed only one or two are less, and if the "table" jump has disappeared the open ditches have taken its place as formidable obstacles. I know that certain old-time race-goers, especially ex-steeplechase jockeys, tell one year by year that the course is smaller and easier every time they see it, but if we are to believe these worthies the fences must have been ten feet high at least in Lottery's day, and the brooks quite as many yards wide. Whatever it may have been, Liverpool is still by far the biggest steeplechase course in existence, and Cloister's time of just over 9 min. 42 sec. is a magnificent piece of work. *À propos* of Cloister, it is pleasant to know that he is ending his days in luxurious ease. Many owners care little what becomes of a horse whose racing or stud value has come to an end, but Mr. Duff, whose colours Cloister carried at Liverpool, has provided most liberally for his old slave, who is growing old at the establishment of the Messrs. Rich, near Wembley, provided with the roomiest of boxes, the best of provender, and the smartest of clothing. Every day he is led out for a quantum of exercise, and I learn that he has developed

quite aldermanic proportions as the result of so much good living.

To look further into the Grand National times as arguments in favour of improvement in the thoroughbred, I find that nearly thirteen minutes was about the average up to 1844, when Cureall won in 10 min. 47 sec. Abd el Kader (owned by Mr. Joseph Osborne, referred to just now) did good times in 1850 and 1851, but he carried such light weights as 9 st. 12 lbs. and 10 st. 4 lbs., and I have heard from Mr. Osborne that all the conditions were fairly favourable. In the sixties and seventies eleven minutes was about the average time, though there were occasional fast times, as, for instance, the second victory of The Lamb; but from 1872 to 1890 the race was never run in less than ten minutes (and often over eleven), while since that date the time has only been twice over ten minutes, and the two winners in the slow time were Wild Man from Borneo and The Soarer, certainly the two worst Liverpool winners of the last twenty years, or since Casse Tête won for Mr. Brayley.

The Liverpool times point strongly to the improvement of the chaser, but as to the Derby the times only date from 1846, and though the more recent ones are better than those of half a century ago, the difference is not enough to support a strong argument on either side of the question. During the period of fifty-three years in which times have been taken there is a difference of twenty-two seconds only between the best and the worst, the worst being the 3 min. 4 sec. of Ellington in 1856, and the best the 2 min. 42 sec. of Persimmon, exactly forty years later. The record time has since been equalled by Diamond Jubilee (own brother to Persimmon) in 1900.

A study of old Calendars appears to reveal the fact that the racehorse was a hardier animal in the middle of the century than he is now; he certainly ran more frequently and went to the stud later in life, but then he was not, as a general rule, given so much early two-year-old work, and in many cases he did the greater part of his training on the racecourse. No doubt he was much less pampered when a yearling and not treated as if he were an exotic plant;

and in all probability he lived in a cooler atmosphere and wore lighter clothes. His racing merit, I am inclined to think, was not so good as that of the horse of to-day; but more of his species, in proportion to the number bred, appeared on the course, and certainly more survived the ordeal of their first season. We may, and in fact we probably have, improved the speed all round, but in a great measure this has been done at the expense of stamina, and judging from the number of foals born each year, and the number of two-year-olds which run, to the increase of unsoundness.

Many sires are put to the stud when far too young, and they are given too many mares. If I wanted to make a horse a stud success he should not see a mare until he was six years old, and then he should be restricted to twenty mares, with an annual increase of five until forty was reached. This number should never be exceeded, and breeders should bear in mind that a horse does not reach maturity until he is at least six years old. Masters of hounds seldom use a dog hound until he is nearly three years old, and a hound at that age is about as old as a horse of six or seven. Yet the latter, if his owner is on the money-making tack, has often had a couple of hundred mares by the time he is seven years old, and thus his vital powers have degenerated through being overstrained while the horse was still unmatured.

Excessive stallion fees are the fashion of the moment, but this is caused by the fact that not one stallion owner in twenty cares for the improvement of the breed, so long as his horse can earn a large annual income. Breeders for sale know that yearlings by certain fashionable sires will fetch large sums, if they can only be sent to the sale ring well grown and nicely rounded, and with any bad points they may have concealed by fat, and therefore they pay exorbitant fees for the blood in demand at the moment. They look to getting it back by the sale of their yearlings, and the stallion owner, if the stock of his horse are winning many races, can now practically charge what he likes.

The whole system is wrong, because certain lucky horses

get the pick of the mares, and certain other horses—perhaps just as good looking, as well bred, and as good performers—only get moderate mares, or have to put up with those whose blood does not nick. But in breeding fashion rules supreme; and as long as a stallion holds a really good place in the winning sire list he is bound to have the chance of more patronage than it is right for him to accept, and is often offered at what is really an excessive figure.

The reasons for this state of affairs seem to be fairly plain. In the first place, some time ago the larger studs were nearly all owned by great noblemen or large landed proprietors. There were no weekly lists of winning sires, and horse breeders, to a considerable extent, kept their own particular breed in their own hands. Nowadays the ranks of owners and of breeders are mostly recruited from the world of commerce. Titled owners of large studs still exist, but not in the numbers they did half a century ago. The landed proprietor, if he has no other source of revenue beyond his acres, cannot afford to breed or race, and in his place we have the successful tradesman or manufacturer who goes into the business heart and soul, but, at the same time, always tries to, and often does, secure huge interest on his outlay. He it is who buys a good Derby winner, or a stallion who is making a mark, and at once booms him for all he is worth. If he can secure a full list for three years he sees his way to a recovery of his purchase money, and if the horse continues his success beyond that time, all the rest is profit. Buying successful stallions, or young sires who are sure to catch the public fancy, is a rather clever form of gambling; but if the horse is new to the stud and has one successful year early in his career, the trick is done, for he instantly fills at an enhanced price for the two following seasons, and the original outlay seldom exceeds what a horse can earn in his first three years.

It sometimes happens that buyers of this class of horse are "stuck" with an animal who fails to catch the rank and file of breeders, or who proves himself a bad sire, but as a general rule the commercial racing man knows how to take care of himself, and if he is not a good judge of horseflesh

he calls in the aid of an expert, upon whose advice he can rely.

Owners of the present day may be divided into two classes—those who race for sport, and those who affect racing with a view to making money at it. Of the former class there are nothing like so many as there used to be. Time was when there was a breeding or a racing stud, or both, attached to the possessions of many great noblemen, and such took to the sport as a matter of course, but as a general rule patronised a certain circuit, or a certain number of meetings, breeding and running their own horses year after year and looking upon the whole thing as a necessary accompaniment of wealth and position. The railway system worked a change: the general fall in rents tended to curtail the operations of the landed class, and then by degrees the ranks of owners were swelled by the merely moneyed men. The modern English millionaire seems to incline to racing, and he it is who has put the prices up all round. Trainers and jockeys are now paid many times more than they were fifty years ago, and altogether racing is a more expensive pastime. As regards the trainer, his expenses have been almost as much increased as those of the owner, but the fees paid to jockeys, and the huge retainers which some of them earn, are quite beyond the means of the class of men who owned horses a generation or two since, and such have for the most part retired.

Whether the Turf at large is benefited by the advent of the millionaire is open to doubt. Breeders certainly secure advantages which were denied to them in the long ago, and the owner of a really good horse can always find a market if he wishes to sell. But the prices all round have become most unduly inflated, and in consequence an altogether false value is asked and often given for horses who are the talk of the moment. The result of this is that breeding and owning has become too much of a lottery. Men go into it because they hear of a team of yearlings averaging over a thousand guineas, or because the two-year-old winner of a single race has changed hands for ten thousand; thus the whole thing becomes more a commercial speculation

than anything else, and the elements of sport are gradually eliminated.

Then we have the professional owner, who deals chiefly in selling platers. His object is money-making pure and simple, and he works just as hard at racing as the tradesman does at his shop. He certainly helps to keep the game alive, and if he did not exist the Selling Plates would soon come to an end. These races were originally established in order that the owners of big studs might have a chance of getting rid of horses which they did not think good enough to keep. This at least was the idea, and for many years Selling Plates were few and far between. Now owning platers is a business which calls for any amount of brain power, and so many men are engaged in it that at a huge majority of meetings there are two Selling Plates on every programme. Naturally the clerks of courses encourage such racing because of the surplus which so often accrues to the race fund from the sale of winners, but it may be pointed out that Selling Plates have been responsible for a class of owner which was practically non-existent not much more than half a century ago.

CHAPTER II

NEWMARKET

Former meetings now defunct—Changes caused by railway system—Cathedral town fixtures—Number of horses in training—Comparison with former years—Newmarket—Description thereof—Exorbitant charges—“Hang the good gallop”—G.E. Railway specials—Advice to visitors—Cost of potatoes and walking-stick—Countryman visiting London—Londoner visiting Doncaster—Discomforts of country meetings—A hotel experience—Generosity of bookmakers—Newmarket training grounds before breakfast—Road from London to Newmarket—Six Mile Bottom—The “Ditch”—View obtainable there from the racecourse—The stands—The town—Runaway brougham—The “Severals”—Bury Hills—Limekilns—Watching the morning work—“Courses for horses”—Number of meetings held—Craven Meeting—Good and bad years of certain stables—The travelling tout who wished to be cremated—First Spring Meeting—Second Spring Meeting—Newmarket Stakes—First July Meeting—Princess of Wales’ Stakes—Second July—First October—Two best meetings of the year—Second October Meeting—The chief prizes—Houghton Meeting—Description of courses—Beacon Course dissected—Turn of the Lands—A.F.—Rowley Mile—Big days—The July Course—Suitable for long-distance races—Newmarket programmes analysed—Five-furlong racing—Disadvantages of Stewards of the Jockey Club—Setting their house in order.

SUCH changes as have occurred in the general system of racing have been very gradual, though during the last twenty years the sport has become much centralised, and now, thanks to the many enclosures, it is almost possible for a Londoner to go racing every week of the year without sleeping out of town.

In its infancy the sport was much more scattered about the country, and, curiously enough, there was nothing like so much of it in the neighbourhood of London as there was in Yorkshire or the Midlands. Racing in its early days seems to have been most popular in horse-breeding districts, as was natural enough. Thus, in the first quarter of



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JOCKEY CLUB ROOMS

the century Yorkshire alone could boast of nearly twenty meetings, while in a large county like Surrey, Epsom, Guildford, Egham, and Reigate were the only centres of racing, and Epsom was the solitary place holding more than one meeting in the twelve months. The Midlands enjoyed plenty of horse-racing in those days, Staffordshire and Worcestershire providing the largest number of fixtures; but now in England and Scotland together there are less than fifty places where racing under Jockey Club Rules takes place, and, roughly speaking, about three-fourths of the old fixtures have disappeared from the Calendar.

The why and wherefore of the old county meetings ceasing to exist are plain enough. When the sport became general throughout the kingdom, there were no railways, and each meeting depended for its existence upon the local support it received. Its promoters worked with the co-operation of the surrounding gentry, who owned the horses which ran at the meeting, and who, as a rule, trained them at home. The attendance was almost entirely local, and, naturally enough, the stakes were of small value. When a King's or Queen's Plate was run for horses certainly came from other counties, and in some districts a series of country meetings formed a little circuit, round which various horses travelled, their trainers rarely galloping them, except on the various racecourses, and they were often away from home for a month at a time. Between the different towns where racing took place the horses walked all the way, for "vanning" by road only had a short existence, the railway being brought into general use before the van system had become common.

With the advent of railways everything became changed, and Newmarket-trained horses, which previously had done nine-tenths of their racing at home, and had been sent to such a meeting as Doncaster for not more than a decade or two previously, began to appear everywhere, and, in like manner, Yorkshire-trained horses made periodical visits to Epsom, Newmarket, Ascot, and Goodwood, if thought likely to recoup the cost of their journey, with possibly an eye to something more. Thus, about the middle of the century,

the sport at the larger and more important meetings began to assume quite a national character, whereas in the pre-railway age it had been almost entirely local.

At the present day the adjective local can only be applied to the least ambitious of the country gatherings, so far as the runners are concerned, and even to these meetings an odd horse or two is almost invariably sent from Newmarket. Northern "platers" seldom come South, and South-country horses of similar calibre do not often run north of the Trent; but with weight-for-age and handicap animals the case is quite different, and they are sent from one end of the kingdom to the other, if a race is advertised that is likely to suit them. Doncaster and, in a lesser degree, York and Lincoln, were the great battle grounds upon which North and South met, and at the present time North and South-country horses are seen in about equal numbers on the famous Doncaster Town Moor; but—and this is a somewhat curious circumstance—whereas the St. Leger in its early days was nearly always won by a Yorkshire-trained horse, and, in its intermediate career was very evenly divided between North and South, for the last five-and-twenty years it has been the prey of the Southerner, the name of no Yorkshire-trained horse being found on its roll of winners since *Apology*, trained by the brothers Osborne at Middleham, credited *Parson King* with the trophy in 1874.

At the beginning of the century we find that racing was vigorously carried on at nearly all the cathedral towns in the kingdom. This was probably because they were also the county towns. Anyhow the fact remains that, of the country meetings which have survived the rivalry of the modern enclosure, some of the best are those which are held beneath the shade of abbey or minster.

In this category may be included York, Lincoln, Chester, Salisbury, Worcester, Ripon, and Carlisle; but many of the cathedral town fixtures have disappeared, viz. Gloucester, Durham, Lichfield, Winchester, Oxford, Exeter, Canterbury, Hereford, and Rochester. The strongest have survived, and the weakest gone to the wall; but the survivors have all

been obliged to adopt modern ideas and to charge gate-money wherever it is possible. What really killed the bulk of these meetings at cathedral towns and a host of other small country fixtures along with them was the enacting of the rule that every race must be of the clear value of £100 to the winner, and the advent of the gate-money enclosure. The rule and the enclosure meeting came into existence at about the same time, and, as many of the country meetings were held on common land, and were not able to levy a charge for the outside portions of the course, they found themselves unable to guarantee five or six races of £100 apiece, and so ceased to exist.

A constant complaint that is nowadays made is that we have too much racing; those who put forward this reiterated opinion being certain sections of the racing world. Turf writers, for instance—and turf writers referred to in this connection are the critics of racing as distinguished from those whose duty it is to report the meetings—are continually telling us that the supply of horses is not equal to the demand. Owners and trainers sometimes tell us the same thing, too; but an examination of the facts goes to prove that fields are on the whole larger than they were fifty years ago, and that during the half-century the number of horses in training has about doubled.

In 1827 1,166 horses carried silk; in 1865 the number had risen to 2,042; whilst in 1897 3,506 faced the starter. The great increase has been with regard to the two-year-olds; and quoting figures again, we find that in 1827 only 142 two-year-olds ran, and 361 three-year-olds. Thirty-eight years later, in 1865, the two-year-olds had passed the threes as far as numbers are concerned, 659 of the former having carried silk, against 572 of the older ones. In 1897 there was even a greater change, no fewer than 1,358 two-year-olds having run, against 941 three-year-olds.

The number of four-year-olds and upwards running at the present day is very little larger than it was more than seventy years ago.

Whether Newmarket is the oldest racecourse in the country, or not, is a matter of no moment. Racing has been

the chief occupation of the place for more than two hundred years, and to racing it owes its prosperity—almost its very existence. The town of Newmarket, which is built in a dip of the land, is practically a single street of about a mile in length, with various back settlements, some of them dilapidated and disreputable enough in appearance, behind this street, and clusters of villa residences and training stables dotted about the outskirts. It is situated, partly in Cambridgeshire and partly in Suffolk, on the high road from London to Norwich, and is sixty miles, exactly, from the Metropolis, and something less than forty miles from the capital of Norfolk. Seeing that it is placed in a low-lying country, and is quite close to the fens, it has a somewhat lofty altitude, and out on the heath there is nearly always a breeze. The air is exceedingly bracing, and a perfect tonic to those in need of a change. A visitor to Newmarket must be prepared to pay extra prices for accommodation in the race weeks, and at all times the place is a dear one to live in, though the actual marketing is cheap enough. Naturally there is a good demand for houses, as many of the members of the Jockey Club, and a fair proportion of the "big" owners of racehorses, maintain an establishment at headquarters all the year round. This alone causes house-rent to be very high, and I have known of a villa and stabling changing hands at £15,000, which would have been dear at less than a fourth the price elsewhere, and not worth more than £5,000 on the banks of the Thames. Another common plan is to rent furnished houses by the year, or for an individual meeting, and in this case also rents are very high, as much as £100 being frequently demanded for an ordinary house of twelve or fourteen rooms during a race week.

With regard to lodgings it is much the same; from twelve to fourteen guineas a week for a sitting-room, bedroom, and dressing-room being generally asked for the best, while three guineas per room per week is a favourite charge for what we may call the second best. There are cheaper rooms of the cottage order, but they offer very uncomfortable accommodation, though they too bring in

far more than their value. To put it briefly, a sitting-room and bedroom which would let for thirty shillings a week in the West End of London can command ten pounds for a race week at Newmarket. As a matter of fact the general public have grown tired of these exorbitant charges, and many of the regular habitués, taking advantage of the facilities for economy offered by the railway, travel from and to London by special train every day, or else take up their quarters at Cambridge, Ely, or Bury St. Edmunds for the week. Some fix themselves for the time being at the neighbouring villages, and Exning, Dullingham, Burwell, and even Mildenhall and Barton Mills, can claim a few at the summer fixtures. As to the railway facilities referred to, the first-class return fare between London and Newmarket is nineteen shillings and eightpence, but the Great Eastern Railway issue tickets for each of the series of meetings at an enormous reduction. Thus there are three meetings in the spring within a period of five weeks, during which there are eleven days' racing, and for this series a first-class ticket costs £4 10s. The cost of eleven tickets at 19s. 8d. would be £10 16s. 4d., so the contract ticket takes one down at less than half the ordinary fare. The same policy is pursued at the autumn meetings, and by this means those who do not mind the journey can do their Newmarket meetings from London at less than half the cost they would incur if they stayed at the town itself.

Of course the up-and-down travellers miss the morning work, to the lover of the horse Newmarket's greatest attraction; but with many followers of racing the morning work—nay, even the horses themselves—are not of the least importance. "So-and-so went a good gallop this morning," I heard a well-known tout exclaim to a big backer in the Birdcage one day. "Hang the good gallop," answered the backer; "all I want is to see the 'heads' back him when his number goes up." On each racing day the G.E.R. run three or four specials from St. Pancras and Liverpool Street to Newmarket, and two or three back again after the racing. It is quite an easy matter to be able to breakfast at one's usual time in town, see the full pro-

gramme at Newmarket run through, and dine in town at eight o'clock.

The real lover of racing in its highest aspect will, however, suffer some slight inconveniences, and stay at headquarters. If he is a wise man, and not a very rich one, he will probably find it best to take a cottage, and furnish a bedroom and sitting-room for himself. He will then either take a cook, or a valet who can cook, with him each time he goes down, and shut the house up when he leaves, or else he will secure the services of a permanent housekeeper, who wishes to live rent-free, and who will look after him when he is down. Such housekeepers are perhaps not easily found, but I knew of a case in which a married "head lad" and his wife (with no children) were put into the cottage to reside. They lived there altogether, and waited on my friend during the race-weeks, or when he came down to try his horses. As it happened, they were a useful, willing couple, the "head lad" not being above cleaning his visitor's boots and brushing his clothes. In fact, this particular arrangement answered capitally, and my friend, who had previously had considerable experience of Newmarket lodgings, used to say that the new method was far more comfortable, and cost half the money. I may suggest that when such a system is adopted it is as well to bring down as many eatables and drinkables as possible, for Newmarket prices for the necessities of life rise to an awful height during race weeks. Amongst the many excessive charges I have had to endure the most exorbitant was when I was called upon to pay three shillings a pound for new potatoes in the Craven week, when the regular price was eightpence or ninepence. That was in lodgings, and as I was just leaving I had no time to ascertain what percentage the landlady was adding for herself. Once I wanted a walking-stick, and thought that an ash-plant would not cost very much. I saw a bundle at a shop door, the sort of sticks one may buy for about ninepence in any country market; three shillings and sixpence I was asked for it, and when I explained to the shopman that his demand was a little over the regular price, his reply was, "Oh, but it's race week; we must make a bit of money in

the race weeks." Such extortionate charges are far from being confined to new potatoes and ash-plants.

Here I have sounded the keynote to the greatest nuisance and humbug there is in connection with the turf, and given the chief reason why the Park meetings near London are all such great successes. At these gatherings there is no putting up of prices, except on the part of the railway companies, but at every country race meeting in the kingdom the racing man is a prey to exorbitant charges. He is asked double and treble fare by his cabman, he often pays twice what he should do at his hotel, and he is expected to fee anyone and everyone while travelling to and from the meeting. Guards and porters seem to look upon him as their lawful prey; and if by some trifling act they help to make his journey comfortable, they expect to be well paid for doing so. The boots and the waiter at the hotel where he stays require two sets of tips—one, something that is likely to win, the other a money compensation on leaving. How well I know the inevitable boots at a racing inn! He never leaves you until you have told him what you think will win the big race. If the horse wins, he meets you with a long face as you come home, telling you that you gave him so little encouragement that he was frightened to back it. If it has been beaten, of course he backed it, and his manner suggests that you should make good the stake he has lost.

When a countryman comes up to London for the Derby week he finds that the tariff at the hotel he is in the habit of using is the same as usual. The prices have not been raised because the Derby is about to be run, and though the establishment is probably filled from cellar to attic, everything goes on quite smoothly, and our traveller is not asked to pay above the regulation charge. In fact, barring his journey to the Downs, and his stand ticket, he need incur no extra expense beyond what is inevitable when staying away from home; and this applies to all the fixtures at Sandown, Kempton, and the other Park meetings which are handy for the Metropolis. Take the reverse side of the picture, and imagine a casual Londoner purposing to attend the Septem-

ber meeting at Doncaster. To begin with, if he wishes to stay in the town itself and at a hotel, he must secure a room weeks beforehand, and the choice of hotels at Doncaster is exceedingly limited. I need not go into minute particulars, it being sufficient to state broadly that he will have to pay at least a guinea a night for his bed, however miserable the accommodation, and that the charge for his breakfast and dinner will be raised proportionately. He will probably be crowded, uncomfortable, and badly waited on, and if he is a coffee-room visitor, will find that coffee-room invaded at all hours of the day by a crowd of burly "Tykes," whose appetites are in keeping with their enormous proportions.

I have in my mind the principal hotel of another town, where the great racing army foregathers two or three times a year, and this inn is in an ordinary way a really good one. I have had occasion to visit it in the hunting season, and have then been made most comfortable, but at race times the discomfort is almost indescribable. It has been my lot to survive a three days' stay at this hostelry several times, and on one occasion I made a few notes of what occurred. Although I had then been using the hotel at race times for some years, and had taken the precaution to order a room some weeks in advance, I was informed, when after some lapse of time the head boots recognised me, that "the missus says you are to sleep out in — Street." I struck against the contemplated arrangement, and after a while was escorted to an attic on the top floor. The room was good enough, but the furniture was beneath contempt, and a fourth-rate old tall hat on the top of the chest of drawers and a hard-featured black hair-brush on the thing that represented the toilet table showed signs of occupation. The boots grinned, and when I asked him what it meant, informed me that he thought "some of the extra waiters were using the room." I descended again, and after a deal of argument succeeded in procuring more comfortable quarters. It was then time to go to the races, and the hour that should have been devoted to luncheon was lost. On my return the coffee-room was invaded by a rush of men.

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WAITING AT THE BUSHES



Bookmakers with their clerks, trainers, an owner or two, and members of the general public, but most of them "professionals" of sorts, and the cause of their rush was "Table d'hôte 6 to 8 p.m." I did not wish to dine before eight o'clock, and so I caught the head waiter in the passage, and he promised to do his best for me. It was almost 9 p.m. before he could find me a quiet corner, but the state of that coffee-room after three hours' of table d'hôte was simply horrible, and although I insisted upon a window being opened, it was almost impossible to get rid of the smell of stale food. Then, though I had ordered dinner, and had to pay beyond even the race tariff for what they called a "special" dinner, really consisting of three very indifferent courses, they kept sending me up the remains of the feast, in the shape of potatoes which had been cooked for hours, and salad that looked as if it had been cut some days before. To add to my discomfort, two or three large and very noisy parties remained at the long table, and were now smoking and arguing after the manner of this class of race-goer. I remember that a member of one of these groups approached us (I had a friend with me), flourishing a large and very gaudy watch and chain, and solicited us to take tickets in a raffle for the same. It belonged, he said, to "pore old Bob —, and pore old Bob — was down on his luck, and it was only proper that his old pals should do him a turn." But we did not know the gentleman, we protested, and if he had so many "pals," why appeal to strangers?

The bright spot amidst the discomfort of this dinner was the very strong evidence of what a generous man the average turfite is. With regard to this particular watch and chain, it afterwards came to our knowledge that the straitened circumstances of "pore old Bob" had just been casually mentioned at this dinner, and that afterwards, when one well-known bookmaker had heard the state of the case, he had instantly pulled off his own watch and chain and sent a friend round the hotel with it. What is more, they secured some five-and-twenty or thirty tickets at a pound apiece, the watch was duly raffled, and the money sent

by registered letter to "pore old Bob" by the next morning's post.

The same state of affairs continued to the end of our visit; and since that time, when I have had to attend the meeting, I have stayed forty miles from the town, travelling to and fro by rail each day. With such disabilities to contend with, is it surprising that modern race-goers prefer the comforts that new meetings provide for them?

Though I have attempted to describe what is the worst side of the headquarters of the Turf, I hasten to say that, from a purely racing point of view, Newmarket is 21 lbs. and a beating in front of any other place in the kingdom where the sport is carried on. The drawbacks are simply connected with the pocket. Those who do not mind paying "extra risk" can be as comfortable there as in their own homes, and to do the meetings comfortably one should take down a hack, or hire one for the week. Since the Rowley Mile stands were built hacks have not been much used during racing hours, and at the Summer Course, in the two July weeks, they have almost disappeared, though a good many are used as a means of conveyance to and from the course. In the morning, however, unless one is very keen on walking, a hack, a bicycle, or a cab is absolutely necessary. To many a fine morning at Newmarket, in a race week, is more interesting than the races run later in the day, save when there happens to be a big event in the programme; but unless the Limekilns gallop is open, a great deal of moving about from place to place is inevitable, as horses are galloped here, there, and everywhere, and at such times one generally wishes to see the cracks, and the horses that have good engagements in the immediate future.

To anyone who has never visited Newmarket some description of its celebrated heath and training grounds may be interesting. In order that the uninitiated may be able to understand the general constitution of the greatest racing and training centre in the world, let us approach it from the London side, and by the high road. This road, which leaves London by way of Epping Forest, next touches the town of Harlow, and from that little town runs parallel

with the Great Eastern Railway as far as Great Chesterford, which is eleven miles south of Cambridge. Between Harlow and Chesterford it passes through Sawbridgeworth, Bishops Stortford, Stanstead, and Newport, and anyone at all versed in turf lore can easily trace the former greatness of this once famous highway all along the route. At Bishops Stortford one or two of the old signboards suggest that the inns were originally established to attract the racing men of the last century, as they travelled to the Turf Metropolis by road. The great inn yards, where a dozen coach-teams and three times the number of post-horses were kept, have mostly disappeared, or shelter oxen and cart-horses instead, but the "half-way house" of King Charles the Second remains, about two miles north of Stanstead, and half a dozen miles further on is the old-fashioned roadside house where, according to local belief, Nell Gwynne put up. This house, which is situated close to the railway at the northern end of Newport, can be seen from the train window, and a sign of its former importance remains in the crown over the front door. The house, like many of the lath-and-plaster erections in this neighbourhood, has gallantly withstood the ravages of time, and as a matter of fact is in very much the same condition it was two hundred years ago. At Great Chesterford the road and the railway part company, the road veering off to the right (or north-east) of the line, and going straight to Newmarket, by way of Bourne Bridge and Six Mile Bottom, while the line goes due north to Cambridge before the turn to the east is made. It thus happens that the railway journey to Newmarket is just over seventy miles, while the road takes one to the Blanton Memorial Clock—at the east end of Newmarket High Street—in ten miles less. From Great Chesterford to Bourne Bridge the route is prettily wooded, but from the last-named place, where there was formerly a large coaching-inn, the country beyond is somewhat bleak until Six Mile Bottom is reached.

At Six Mile Bottom Newmarket may be said to be begun. Hard by is Hare Park, so long the residence of the late Duke of Hamilton, and at one time I believe the Heath used to reach as far. Whether they ever raced from Six

Mile Bottom to the "top of the town" I do not know, but the starting-post for the Beacon Course (4 miles 397 yards in length) is only a few fields away on our left, quite close to the road, and the land on either side of the road is, from this point onwards, mostly laid out in stud farms. Still, little is to be seen by the traveller by road, which winds through an avenue of trees for at least three miles, and only emerges therefrom at the old toll-bar, hard by the head of the July Course. A mile before reaching this point we have passed the Lordship Farm training establishment of Mr. Joseph Cannon; but the glories of the "heath" are invisible until the toll-gate is reached, and here Newmarket is in panorama before us. We are on the fringe of a wide and sweeping plain, with considerable undulation in places, and the town itself situated about half-way up.

Immediately beside us is the "Ditch," a prodigious defensive construction of earth, of which the raised escarpment is far more prominent than the ditch at its base. It is some twenty feet in height, and about its origin there are many stories. I do not know that any really authentic account of its construction is to be found, but Mr. W. C. Manning, the well-known racing official, and an authority on such matters, says that it was made by the East Angles somewhere about 600 B.C., and that it was built as a line of defence. Its chief uses now are threefold. In the first place it serves to hide the July Course trial ground from sight; secondly, it offers an admirable coign of vantage to spectators of racing on the July Course, which is often spoken of as "behind the Ditch"; and, thirdly, it is an object of veneration with the superstitious racing man, who never omits to take his hat off or bow to it when he catches sight of it from the train window on his way to a meeting. The "Ditch" stretches from Dullingham nearly to Reach, a distance of about six miles, and it is very like a disused railway embankment that has been spokeshaved from the bottom, on either side, almost to a point at the top.

Standing on the top of the "Ditch," where it crosses the road, looking east, with our backs towards Newmarket,



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THE DITCH, OVERLOOKING JULY COURSE

in front of us two hundred yards away, and parallel with the "Ditch," is a long, narrow plantation of beech, which separates the heath from the Heath Stud Farm. Between the "Ditch" and the plantation lies the July or Summer Course, with its stands, enclosures, and paddocks. Looking further away—beyond the corner of the plantation—one can see the Round Course, and to the right of this one can almost discern the starting-post of the Beacon Course, though it is nearly three miles from where we stand. The Cæsarewitch starting-post is seen plainly enough about a mile away, and the eye can follow the line of the course through "Choke Jade"—named on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, because being downhill it is really the easiest bit of the course—down to the "running gap." If we face round and look to the west, before us are stretched hundreds of acres of grassy heath. The Rowley Mile Stands are right in front of us, nearly a mile away, beyond them is the Southfields Ground, and beyond that again the Southfields Farm. On fine days in the dim vista one can espy the towers of Ely Cathedral, and much nearer the spire of Burwell Church. Exning nestles amongst the trees, beyond the Southfields Farm, and looking over the top of Newmarket, the Bury Hills and Limekilns are easily discernible, these being the names of the two other portions of the heath. To the right of the road, and just beyond the "Ditch," lies the Links Farm, with its steeplechase course, stands, and paddock complete, as recently made by Mr. McCalmont, M.P., of Cheveley Park, and all this side of the town, *i.e.* from the beginning to the end of the Beacon Course, is what is generally known as "the Cambridge side."

All the Newmarket racecourses are on the Cambridge side of the town, and there are three sets of stands and no fewer than seven finishing-posts. In addition, at least one-half of the training takes place on this side. The training gallops are not done on the racecourses themselves, but immediately alongside, and what is known as the Cambridge Hill is the most popular gallop on this side of Newmarket. There is also a tan gallop of nearly two

miles in length and various trial grounds, while certain spaces are set aside for walking exercise. Resuming the road, after travelling a mile and a quarter, measured from the "Ditch," we reach the "top of the town," where the town converges on the heath. To the left is the old-fashioned "Portland" or "Duke's Stand," formerly the finishing-point of the Cambridgeshire, but now rarely used, except occasionally at the end of a day on "the Flat." The Craven Stakes, the Criterion, the Criterion Nursery, and the Old Cambridgeshire still finish here, but the Cambridgeshire itself was moved down below a dozen years ago or more, and has since been run so as to finish at the Rowley Mile Stands.

Continuing our journey through the town we pass the castellated mansion built by a well-known jockey, but now the property of Sir James Miller. Then comes a training stable, succeeded by two or three brand-new villas, erected by prosperous tradesmen of the town, and let for enormous prices in the race week. Next comes a public-house, with a bar open to the street. More private houses follow, and there is a steep descent to the High Street, in which are the Jockey Club Rooms, on the right, going eastward, and about the centre of the town.

It was down this hill, starting on the Cambridge Road, along which we have just come, that Bill Lang, the pedestrian, once ran a mile in 4 min. 2 sec. I once beat that record myself—in a runaway brougham, sharing the honour with the late Mr. J. Comyns Cole, of ever-cherished memory, and Mr. E. T. Sachs, his present successor on the *Field*. Newmarket was once a great place for pedestrian feats, and it was on this very road that Captain Barclay, in 1809, performed his feat of walking a thousand miles in a thousand hours, the finish of which was witnessed by ten thousand persons.

The Jockey Club Rooms are employed as a place of temporary residence by a few members, the Prince of Wales invariably staying there. Adjoining are the offices of the Keeper of the Match Book, an honoured and venerable title that elsewhere has been modernised into Clerk of the



DINING-ROOM, JOCKEY CLUB

Course, and on the other side is the Newmarket Bookmakers' Club, where the leading lights of the betting world assemble. This is the Newmarket home of members of the Victoria, Albert, and other London betting clubs.

Hereabouts also are situated the principal shops where the most recently exalted jockey apprentice is done for in the approved extravagant fashion, and now the new Hotel Victoria takes up an imposing position. A little beyond, with a corner to itself, is the comfortable "Rutland," to which the same visitors return year after year, and a few yards further the street ends somewhat abruptly at four cross roads. To the right lie the station and various training stables, to the left—which is the Burwell Road—many more training stables. Straight on, towards Norwich or Bury St. Edmunds, that part of the heath—used only for training purposes—known as the Bury Hills, is situated. On the left is the "Severals," a cut-up piece of ground used for walking, and very popular as an education ground for the yearlings in the autumn. Beyond the "Severals" the road is flanked for a mile on either side by training stables and private residences, but at the toll-bar it diverges on to the heath again, and the road forks right to Bury, and left to Norwich. The ground between the two, which is in the shape of an equilateral triangle, is known as the Limekilns, and this is probably the best training ground in the world. It has the reputation of never being hard, even in the driest of weather, and this is owing to its friable subsoil of lime, which causes the surface to crumble under the heat of the sun and the drying effect of the wind. The Limekilns are only used in dry weather, and thus they are never allowed to be cut up as they would be if horses were galloping on them when the ground is soft. Separated from the Limekilns by a belt of narrow plantation of lofty beech is the eastern end of the Bury Hills, and the Warren Hill lies to the right of that, and the Long Hill further round to the south, beyond Newmarket Station.

All these training grounds are kept in order by a large staff of employees. They are constantly manured—peat moss is much used—and are rolled, bush-harrowed, and

otherwise attended to, the work being done under the supervision of the Keeper of the Heath. This functionary also decrees which gallops are to be used from week to week, and takes care that any particular gallop is closed when it shows signs of being cut up, as gallops often do. There is so much good ground available on either side of the town that, in a general way, at least half a dozen different gallops are open, and these can be changed as often as it is necessary by placing "dolls" on the worn parts until they have had time to recover. "Dolls" are wooden trestles some eight or ten feet in length, and about three feet high, and their presence naturally prevents the trainer from taking his horses where they are. The Newmarket training grounds are of great breadth everywhere, and although nearly fifteen hundred horses are trained there, it is quite possible to find room for them all, without being obliged to crowd them into one place, as would be the case with horses trained on a railed-in course.

For example, the Limekilns are not much short of a mile in width at their base, and horses are galloped from the low—or base—end up to the top. About a mile and a quarter can be covered in this particular spin, and in an ordinary way at least half a dozen different tracks are open, each divided by rows of "dolls." The same system is pursued with all the other gallops, and the various tan tracks are harrowed every day. At the bottom or eastern end of the Limekilns is the Water Hall or Winter Ground, and this is open to the Limekilns in several places, the intervening spots being filled up with groups of trees. The Water Hall is square in shape, and between two and three miles round, and from the eastern end of it, to the top of the Limekilns, a grand trial ground for a Cæsarewitch horse is available. The Limekilns, by the way, are on a gradual rise from the start to the finish of the gallops, though if horses are galloped from the high side, near the Bury Road, the ascent is nothing like so steep as when they are started near the Norwich Road. The Water Hall is one of the flattest gallops at headquarters. Up the Bury Hills a long and very trying gallop can be managed, and on the Cambridge

side of the town there is every variety of gallop, as there is also every variety of racecourse. From the start of the Beacon Course, on the Bury side, to the furthest point on the Bury side of Newmarket is a distance of nine miles in a straight line, including the town itself.

The time to see the work on the Limekilns to perfection is, as a general rule, in either of the July weeks. In nine years out of ten much of the going at Newmarket has become very hard about this time, and in consequence there is a rush to the Limekilns, and horses, whose stables are on the far side of the town, are often taken right through, in order that they may take advantage of the good going. At such times, from before eight o'clock in the morning until about half-past ten, the place is alive with horses, and also with lookers-on. Ladies on horseback grace the scene by the dozen. Owners and their friends are grouped about, and on the Norwich Road quite a string of cabs and pony-carts is waiting. A bicycle is nowadays probably rested against each one of the telegraph posts that line the road, and whilst some two or three "strings" or "trainer's lots" are doing their work, in twos and threes, or sometimes in long-drawn file, many other strings are being walked out in circles. To a stranger the *tout ensemble* is novel and somewhat bewildering. Horses he sees in all directions, but amidst such numbers he is quite confused, and eagerly looks for someone who knows the ropes and can help him to untangle the mystery. To an habitué, even if he only sees it in the meeting weeks, the whole thing is quite plain. He knows all the trainers, at least by sight, and probably most of the owners who are present as well. At a glance he recognises one string by its blue clothing, a second by its crimson sheets, and a third from the face of the head lad, who is riding alongside. If he is in slight doubt, the lettering or coronet on the clothing helps to put him right, and before he has watched many minutes he has picked out the older and better-known horses as they walk past. The two-year-olds puzzle him, especially those which have not run, still he knows quite enough to make his morning most enjoyable, and he probably goes home with a fair idea as to

what condition many of the horses are in. Of course the habitué I have been referring to is the man with an eye for a horse—the man who, having seen a horse in the Birdcage at Newmarket, can pick it out again in a South-country paddock a month afterwards, and who really enjoys racing because of his innate love of the thoroughbred. There are many such, thank goodness; and though the paddock humbug, who pretends to know the horses but really does not, is always abroad, he can only impose on those who are more ignorant than himself. By the way, what a good thing for these gentry the numbering of horses in the paddock must be.

Needless to say, there are many racing men who never can acquire sufficient knowledge of horses to identify them a second time, for speedy recognition of a horse that has been seen before is almost a gift. I remember walking in the Doncaster paddock with an old gentleman who had a forty years' acquaintance with the turf, and not a very superficial acquaintance either. The St. Leger favourite came round, preceded by a stable companion, who wore similar clothing, but was a smallish chestnut, whilst the favourite was a strapping bay. Three or four times they passed us, and my friend raved about the favourite, "Such a walker he was, such quarters and thighs, and what condition his water mark showed." After a while he turned to speak to a friend (this was when the favourite and his stable companion were on the far side of the paddock), and just at that moment the favourite was taken to the boxes to be saddled. About the same time more horses had joined the paddock circle, and as the chestnut appeared again, with something else in front, my friend proceeded to point out the St. Leger favourite to his friend, who was waiting to see the crack. "Such a walker," etc., he began, when the other man said, "But that's a chestnut; I thought that Orme was a bay." "Chestnut, do you call it?" answered the old gentleman. "I call it a bay." Poor old chap, he really did not know the difference between a chestnut and a bay, let alone one horse from another; yet he had been following the sport for a lifetime.



NEWMARKET

ROWLEY MILE STAND AND PADDOCK

The great beauty of Newmarket racing is that for every horse can be chosen the course which suits him best. A really good horse is equally at home on any and every course, and the best of great horses are quite as good at five furlongs as they are at two miles. *La Flèche*, for instance, won the July Cup of six furlongs, and the Ascot Cup of two miles and a half; but she was an exceptional mare to whom all courses were alike. It must be understood, however, that there are many horses who must be well "placed" if they are to come out in winning colours, and a clever placer of horses will generally run his nag where he knows the course will be to its liking. Supposing the horse is trained at headquarters, he need not be taken away to run, for every sort of course but one is open to him on the heath. He can be placed so that the finish of his race is uphill, downhill, or on the level; but he cannot get a circular course, and it is a fact that a certain class of nag does much better round the turns than on a straight-away course. At Newmarket all the courses are straight, or nearly so, and therefore it happens that the weak spot in rogues or welshers is almost invariably found out there.

Nowadays as many as eight meetings are held at Newmarket during the course of the racing year. Three of these take place in the spring—Craven, First Spring and Second Spring; two in the summer—First July and Second July; and three in the autumn—First October, Second October, and Houghton. They entail twenty-nine or thirty days' racing amongst them.

The Craven Meeting generally has a four days' programme unless it falls in Easter week, and is perhaps the least interesting of the series. It is pretty well off for handicaps, but its weight-for-age races are not of much account nowadays, and it includes no event of the first magnitude. The Crawford and Babraham Plates are its principal handicaps, and there are three of what I may term second-class three-year-old prizes, viz. the Newmarket Biennial, the Column Produce Stakes, and the Craven Stakes, of which the two first-named are run on the Rowley Mile, and the Craven Stakes on the Ancaster Mile. There is also

a Biennial for four-year-olds of a mile and a half, and some three or four two-year-old events. The meeting, in a general way, is more poorly attended than any of the others, but it enables visitors to get sight of such of the more prominent candidates for the Two Thousand Guineas and Derby as are trained at Newmarket, and it occasionally brings out one of these favourites in one or other of the races mentioned above. For instance, St. Frusquin won the Column Produce Stakes a fortnight before he gained classic honours in the Two Thousand Guineas, and Jeddah, winner of the Derby in 1897, had previously won the Craven Stakes. Provided the weather is fine, there is much to be seen and acquired in the Craven week. One hears of horses likely to win spring handicaps still to be decided, and something is always learned of likely aspirants to two-year-old fame. Then, if a prominent performer of the previous season has turned roarer, this is the time and place to find it out; but perhaps the most important thing of all is the discovering which stables are in form at the moment. It is a curious circumstance in racing that few stables preserve a regular equilibrium of form, and that this is the case those who follow the horses trained in any one or two particular stables well know. Moreover, both the coming into and the going out of form are often, comparatively speaking, the work of a moment. A stable has had, let us say, a run of what I call bad form, but what the public and the sporting writers generally call bad luck. It shelters horses that are known to be good, on account of what they have done in the past. They are expected to win all sorts of races, but one and all unaccountably fail, and no one seems to exactly know why. At last their owners (and the public) become tired of backing them, and with many men they are shelved or forgotten for the time being. "What is the good of backing that? the stable is dead out of form," we hear exclaimed; but the bad form comes to an end one day, and when it is least expected one of the horses wins a good race, and no one profits thereby except the men who stand by the rails and shout for their living.

I once noticed that a somewhat small stable had a capital year, a long way the best it had ever had since its existence. During the following winter one saw all sorts of references to it in the sporting Press. Amongst its team were two or three horses who figured in the winter betting on the Derby, and one or two nags whom people said it was impossible to handicap out of such races as the City and Suburban and the Jubilee Stakes. In February it was supposed to shelter at least half a dozen two-year-olds, any one of which was good enough to win the Brocklesby, and there were rumours of better to follow, later in the year—the brothers and sisters of those who had performed so well as two-year-olds in the previous year. When the season began it seemed as if the predictions that had been so freely made were about to be verified. The Brocklesby horse was only just beaten, but several minor victories were scored in the first fortnight of racing ; then, just when everything looked well, the bad form set in, and the stable ran horses in forty odd events before they won another race. For the time being its day was over ; the three-year-olds failed to maintain their two-year-old form, and the juvenile brothers and sisters to the good winners of the previous season could hardly win a Selling Plate.

Instances innumerable of this sort of thing could be quoted. Only a few years ago the Kingsclere stable had brought out horse after horse at the principal spring meetings, which were backed by the public, and well beaten. After this had continued for three months turfites were saying, "What a really bad lot of horses they have at Kingsclere." On the Ascot Tuesday the case was put very forcibly to me. I was in the paddock an hour before the meeting began, and there encountered a Newmarket "adviser." As a rule these gentlemen cannot see beyond the horses trained on the heath, and very often not beyond those trained in one or two stables, but this worthy travelled a little, and was much more of a cosmopolitan tout than are most of his brethren, and I knew him to be a sound judge in a general way. Personally I had come to the conclusion that Kingsclere's time had come. I had

heard from a quite reliable source that the famous Hampshire establishment was likely to make a bold show, which I suggested to my friend the tout. He instantly curled his lip and delivered himself thus: "Captain"—he would call me Captain—"you give all them lot a miss in baulk." He declined to argue the question, but I saw him late on the Friday, after the Kingsclere stable had won about a dozen races, and he was absolutely the most dejected man on the course. He just shook his head when I accosted him, and after a heavy sigh ejaculated, "Captain, stand us the fare to Woking; I'm going to be cremated to-night."

The First Spring Meeting, with the exception of the Second October, is the most important of the Newmarket fixtures. It is always a four-day meeting, and on the Wednesday and Friday are decided respectively the Two Thousand and One Thousand Guineas, both of which are run over the Rowley Mile. Other important races decided in this week are the Hastings Plate, for three-year-olds on the Ditch Mile, the First Spring Two-year-old Stakes, and the March Stakes for three-year-olds and upwards (on the Rowley Mile until 1900, when it was run "Across the Flat") which generally attracts one or two of the highest class, and has been won in recent years by Amphion, Sir Hugo, Grey Leg, Whittier, Knight of the Thistle, and the Australian, Newhaven II. The balance of the programme consists of minor events and Selling races, and it may be added that the Two Thousand day is one of three days in which the usual Newmarket crowd is enormously augmented by a section of the general public, who never go there except on that occasion and on the two days in the autumn set down for the decision of the Cæsarewitch and Cambridgeshire. The Two Thousand Meeting, being held in May, is generally favoured with fine weather, but no matter what the elements may be doing, the patrician element of the racing world is present all the week, and the heir to the throne is a constant attendant.

The Second Spring Meeting is conducted on a much quieter

scale. Its biggest event is the Newmarket Stakes for three-year-olds, and since this old stake was revived in 1889 it has been won by such horses as Donovan, Memoir, Mimi, Isinglass, Ladas, Galtee More, Cyllene, and Diamond Jubilee. It has often been remarked that such a race for three-year-olds is not required between the Two Thousand and the Derby, and on two or three occasions the fields have been very small; but some big stake was required to keep the meeting going, and unless a handicap of at least equal value had been substituted I hardly see that anything better could have been done. In these days of great competition, when valuable prizes are being offered by the racing companies nearly every week, Newmarket, seventy miles from town by train, and with its high charges, has considerable difficulty in holding its own. As I have already explained, the casual London race-goer will not go there when he can see sport at his own door, so to speak, on a hundred days in the year, and the place is not so situated that it can attract a Midland or Northern crowd. It has to rely upon London and an exceedingly thin local population, and sometimes the attendances are so weak that one would think that it could not possibly pay to run the special express trains. It must be remembered, however, that the best horses in training run at headquarters, while the best supporters of racing as owners are amongst the attendance, and also that the Jockey Club are not anxious to make a profit, but are satisfied in making the two ends meet, while furnishing the best of sport. It naturally results that those who go to Newmarket must pay highly for their amusement: in other words, entrance to the stands is more costly than it is elsewhere. That the Jockey Club is anxious to march with the times—and it must be remembered that they have no huge income from gate-money, as the Parks have—is proved by the increase in value of the Newmarket Stakes, and also by the foundation of the two ten-thousand-pounds stakes run later in the year.

The Payne Stakes for three-year-olds, on the Rowley Mile, is also run at this meeting, and on the three days there are several good two-year-old prizes, viz. the Somer-

ville Stakes, Exning Stakes, Spring Two-year-old Stakes, the Breeders' Plate, and the Bedford Plate. The meeting is badly off for handicaps, there being nothing more important than the Newmarket Handicap (run Across the Flat —one mile and two furlongs), and the Flying Handicap on the Rous Course.

The First July Meeting generally commences on one of the last two or three days in June, though, as a rule, it is not finished until the month of July is reached. The running at all the three meetings held in the spring takes place on the Flat, with an odd race or two finishing at the Portland Stand, up the severe Criterion Hill. The headquarters of the racing at the spring meetings are the Rowley Mile Stands, and the various courses used are portions of the four-mile Beacon Course; but the scene is transferred nearly a mile for both the July fixtures, when all the racing takes place "behind the Ditch," on portions of what used to be called the Summer Course. The earlier of the two gatherings is much the more important. Two-year-old races form a strong part of the programmes in both weeks, the July Stakes at the first, and the Chesterfield Stakes at the second fixture, generally bringing out the best class. In 1894 the Princess of Wales' Stakes, of the value of £10,000, for three and four-year-olds, was established, and this is the most important stake decided at Newmarket in the summer. It is run on the Bunbury Mile, and has already been won by such as Isinglass, St. Frusquin, and Flying Fox. It is decided on the third day of the fixture, on which is also run the July Cup, a six-furlong race which is generally won by the best sprinter of the year. The July Stakes for two-year-olds is decided on the first day of the meeting, and this is one of some half-dozen races which are considered to be true tests of the two-year-old form of the year, the others being the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom, the Coventry and New Stakes at Ascot, the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, and the Middle Park and Dewhurst Plates, run at the Newmarket autumn fixtures. Besides the July Stakes, two-year-olds can run this week in the Exeter Stakes, the Stud Produce Stakes, the Plantation Stakes, the Fulbourne Stakes, and the

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JOCKEY CLUB STAND, JULY COURSE



Princess' Cup, and as the handicaps are only of minor importance, those who do not care for two-year-old racing might just as well give the meeting a wide berth. The Second July Meeting has no really big event on its programme, but there are plenty of good second-class races to be contested, and the sport is often quite as good as that which has been seen on the same ground a fortnight before. Again two-year-olds play an important part, the Chesterfield Stakes being the most valuable prize for youngsters. Then there are the Soltykoff Stakes and the Two-year-old Stakes, and fair three-year-old prizes in the Zetland and Midsummer Plates, besides handicaps of a rather better sort than those of the first week.

With the First October Meeting (the early days of which are always in September) we get back to the Flat, which is the scene of the three autumn fixtures. The programme for the first of this series of meetings is just an average one, by no means so strong as those of the two meetings which follow. The Jockey Club Stakes of a mile and two furlongs is its trump card, and this was established in 1894, and already has such names as Isinglass and Persimmon and Flying Fox on its roll of winners. The Great Foal Stakes and Newmarket St. Leger for three-year-olds are also decided at this meeting, and a Triennial for four-year-olds over a two-mile course. The Great Eastern Railway and Newmarket October are the chief handicaps, and the Rous Memorial, Rutland, Boscawen, Buckenham, and First October Stakes the principal two-year-old prizes. On the whole the First October is a quiet meeting, and nothing like so well attended as the two which follow it. Many of the habitués have not returned from Scotland, Homburg, or elsewhere, and in spite of the Jockey Club Stakes the fixture hardly holds its own.

Just the reverse may be written concerning the Second October Meeting, which, in my opinion, is quite the most popular of the Newmarket series of eight. The weather is sometimes bad, and perhaps more often doubtful and cold, but the fixture is better attended than any of the others, and this must be entirely set down to the excellence

of the racing. Yet there is no "classic" event on the programme—no ten-thousand-pounder, as at the previous meeting, or other very valuable prize—but somehow the card for each day is most attractive, and as a general rule about nine of the best ten horses in training (of every age) are seen under silk during the week. Had I the chance of only two weeks' racing in the year, I should certainly choose Ascot and the Second October Meeting at Newmarket, in preference to all others, and with plenty of experience behind me, I should take care to be provided with thick winter clothing and the strongest of boots—though every now and then the meeting is favoured with a touch of Indian summer, when flannels and straw hats can perform their last duty of the year.

Tuesday's card, as a rule, embraces four races which bring out horses of the best class, viz. the Clearwell Stakes for two-year-olds, the Champion Stakes (run until 1899 "Across the Flat," but lengthened in 1900 to the last mile and three-quarters of the Cæsarewitch Course) for three and four-year-olds, the Newmarket Oaks on the Two Middle Miles, and the Royal Stakes for three-year-olds, which is decided Across the Flat. On Wednesday the Cæsarewitch, the most important handicap of the year, is decided. This race is run over a course of two miles and a quarter, and I call it the greatest handicap of the season because a Cæsarewitch winner takes higher stud rank with most breeders than does the winner of any other long-distance race of the year, the Ascot Gold Cup alone excepted. A Cæsarewitch winner must be a genuine stayer, and though occasionally a moderate horse gets home with a light weight on its back, the race has been won by many famous nags, and fillies—always fit at this time of the year—are often seen to the greatest advantage. In the last twenty years, for instance, Robert the Devil, Corrie Roy, St. Gatien, Plaisanterie, Ténébreuse, and Sheen have helped to swell the list of winners; and, taking the race from its initiation up to the present time, no other handicap can show such a list of winners. At first glance the bead-roll of the Jubilee Stakes at Kempton Park may read more brilliantly, but the Jubilee



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LOOKING ACROSS THE JULY COURSE

Stakes is run on a mile course, and great as the achievements of Minting, Bendigo, and Victor Wild have been in this, the most popular of the Spring Handicaps, they cannot, in my opinion, compare with such a performance as that of Sheen in the Cæsarewitch, nor with that of St. Gatien winning the same race under 8 st. 10 lbs. when only a three-year-old. On Thursday the principal items are the Bretby, and Prendergast Stakes for two-year-olds, the Challenge Plate for all ages, and the Lowther Plate for three-year-olds. On Friday the big event is the Middle Park Plate, sometimes spoken of as the two-year-old Derby, and almost invariably won by a good horse, the names of Galtee More, St. Frusquin, Ladas, Isinglass, Orme, Signorina, and Donovan all occurring during the last ten years.

The Houghton Meeting, at which the curtain is rung down on racing for the year at Newmarket, has also a strong programme, and though the weather often acts as a spoilsport, it is quite one of the best of the Newmarket fixtures. Its principal handicap is the Cambridgeshire, and the Cambridgeshire perhaps takes more winning than any other similar race in the whole season. A Cambridgeshire winner does not afterwards take such high rank as a Cæsarewitch winner, because his triumph is achieved on a course which is more than a mile shorter, but the Cambridgeshire is famous for good performances on the part of great horses, and notably Foxhall, when a three-year-old, won it with 9 st. in the saddle, while with only 2 lbs. less to carry the French mare Plaisanterie was victorious, a fortnight after she had won the Cæsarewitch. Another great performance in this race was that of Florence (9 st. 1 lb.), in 1884, and eight years later La Flèche won under 8 st. 10 lbs., being at the time a three-year-old. In the list of winners are also to be found the names of See Saw, Montargis, Peut-être, Isonomy, Bendigo, and Winkfield's Pride, and however the race may result it invariably draws a large field of high-class horses, some of the best "classic" form being generally represented every year, though such representatives are not always successful, as witness the defeat of the twenty-thousand-guinea Galtee More in 1897. On the first day of the Houghton Meeting

the Criterion Stakes for two-year-olds generally takes a good deal of winning, and on this day the Troy Stakes is also decided, besides the Limekiln Stakes for threes and fours, and the Scarborough Stakes for three-year-olds only. On the Cambridgeshire day the Cheveley Stakes for two-year-olds and the Subscription Stakes for all ages help to swell the programme, while the Dewhurst Plate stands out on Thursday's card, and has been won by such celebrities as Kisber, Ormonde, Donovan, Orme, and St. Frusquin. Another big event decided on the same afternoon is the Free Handicap for three-year-olds, and on Friday the Jockey Club Cup takes premier rank, though it is many a long year since there has been anything like a field for this race. The Houghton Stakes and the Free Handicap for two-year-olds help to fill the bill on the last day, and the two last races (of the programmes of late years) are decided at the "top of the town," these being the Old Cambridgeshire Handicap and the Criterion Nursery, both run up the severe hill, finishing at the Portland Stand.

I have already remarked that all the racing which takes place in the spring and again in the autumn at Newmarket is decided on various portions of the Beacon Course. That same Beacon Course is 4 miles 1 furlong 177 yards in length, and has its starting-post close to the Cambridge Road, about three miles and a half from the Portland Stands in a bee-line. It, however, zig-zags slightly in places, and these deviations cause it to exceed the bee-line by something over half a mile. The early part of it is fairly flat, but nowadays the first mile is never used save when there happens to be a contest for the Whip. About a mile from the Beacon Course starting-post is the Cæsarewitch starting-post, and from this point to the Portland Stand is about three miles and a quarter, and on this three miles and a quarter there are five winning-posts and about twenty different courses. From the Cæsarewitch starting-post to the running Gap—where the course bisects the Ditch, or Devil's Dyke—there is a considerable descent. Just as the Ditch, or the running Gap, is reached the ground rises somewhat abruptly for seventy or eighty yards, and then

**PLAN
SHEWING THE VARIOUS STARTING
AND WINNING POSTS ON
NEWMARKET RACE COURSES.**

NEW MARKET
PLAN OF THE RACE COURSE

comes an almost dead level of some six or seven furlongs to the Bushes (a couple of rather stunted hawthorns, carefully preserved by being fenced round). There is perhaps a very slight rise from "the entrance of the rails" up to "the Bushes," and then comes a sharp descent into the "Dip," or the "Abingdon Mile Bottom," as it is more correctly called. From the Abingdon Mile Bottom to the Rowley Mile winning-post (opposite the Jockey Club Stand) there is a rather steep ascent, and it may be added that this particular winning-post is more used than any of the others. From the Beacon starting-post to the Ditch the course points towards the east. At the running Gap it swings a little to the right, and points more in a westerly direction until the Rowley Mile Stands and paddock are passed. It then bears slightly to the left again, and is perfectly straight to the final finishing-post at the Portland Stand.

Just beyond the paddock the hill rises very sharply, and in fact from the "Turn of the Lands," six furlongs below the Portland Stand, it is all on the rise, except perhaps the last 200 yards, which, if not quite on the flat, are much easier. The full Cæsarewitch Course, which finishes at the Rowley Mile Stand, is not much in requisition. There are, however, a few races over the Two Middle Miles, and these begin at the Cæsarewitch starting-post and finish at the Bushes, a quarter of a mile below the stands. On the Flat, which is that part of the Beacon Course which lies between the running Gap and the Rowley Mile Stands, there is a variety of courses, perhaps the best-known of which is the Rowley Mile. All of them are portions of the course called "Across the Flat" (A.F. for short), this course comprising a mile and two furlongs. The Rowley Mile is the last mile of A.F. (plus 11 yards), the Dewhurst Plate Course the last seven furlongs, the Bretby Stakes Course the last six furlongs, and the Rous Course the last five furlongs, all of these finishing at the Rowley Mile Stand. The Cambridgeshire Course is a furlong short of Across the Flat, being exactly 2,000 yards in length. Coming from the Ditch towards the stands, the first winning-post, about half a mile from the stands,

is the T.Y.C. post, the course for which is 5 furlongs 140 yards. Older horses run on this course as well as two-year-olds, and it is generally considered an easy course. About this I am not at all sure, for it is very level going, with no give and take, as there is on the Rous Course. A furlong nearer the stands is another judge's box, at the end of what is called the Ditch Mile, and this is placed within a few yards of the Bushes, and just before the descent to the Abingdon Mile Bottom is commenced. The Ditch Mile is considered easier than the Rowley Mile, and certainly there is no hill to finish up; but, as with the T.Y.C., it is all on the flat, and I have seen horses fail to stay this course that could win on the Rowley Mile. But it must not be overlooked that some horses are suited by one and some by the other. The third judge's box on the Flat is at the foot of the Bushes Hill, at the end of the Abingdon Mile, and various portions of this mile are used, one or two races finishing there in every week of racing. This finish is on a sharp descent, and is a rare place for non-stayers, provided their forelegs will enable them to travel at top speed down the hill. The various portions of the Rowley Mile are more often used than the similar portions of the Ditch and Abingdon Miles; but it must be remembered that all the races run on the Rowley Mile, or portions of it, or Across the Flat, finish right opposite the stands; while to see a finish on any portion of the Abingdon or Ditch Miles, or at the T.Y.C., one has to leave the stand, and walk, ride, or drive from a furlong to half a mile from the paddock. Comparatively few people leave the stands when a race is being run which finishes in the Dip (Abingdon Mile), but there is a general stampede when the winning-post is at the Bushes or T.Y.C., and it is this variety which gives such a charm to racing at Newmarket. A section of Newmarket visitors complain loudly at having to travel down the course generally about twice in each day, and some newspapers never forget to make grievous lamentation on the same score, but the malcontents must wilfully blind themselves to the reason why so many different courses are used at Newmarket.

As mentioned elsewhere, it is the aim of the Jockey Club to provide every description of course, and owners and trainers are thankful for the variety, if some of the public are not.

On the "big" days of the year, the Two Thousand day and those on which the Cæsarewitch and Cambridgeshire are decided, all the races finish opposite the stands, but this is on account of the increase in the attendance, and because it would be difficult to accommodate them elsewhere. Finishing at the Portland Stand, or "the top of the town," are the Ancaster Mile, which is the last mile of the Beacon Course, and the Criterion Course, which is the last six furlongs—from the Turn of the Lands—of the Ancaster Mile. The Ditch In (two miles) also finishes here, and the now never-used Audley End Course of 1 mile 7 furlongs and 56 yards; but nowadays we never see any races finish at the Portland Stand which are not run on the Ancaster Mile or Criterion Course, except the race for the Old Cambridgeshire, the starting-post for which is two furlongs west of the Ancaster Mile starting-post, and quite off the Beacon Course. This fine course, on which the Cambridgeshire was run for the first thirty years or more of its existence, is now never used, except for the one particular race mentioned, which is decided on the Friday of the Houghton week, and this is in my opinion a matter for regret. It is true that the Portland Stand affords very little accommodation, and only a moderate view, but I should dearly like to see a new and larger stand take its place, and the last two races of each day decided there.

Seen from the July Stands behind the Ditch lies the Round Course, which personally I have never seen used. It begins at the end of the plantation, rather more than a quarter of a mile below the stands, and describes a circle of 3 miles 4 furlongs and 138 yards, the last mile being the Bunbury Mile. It touches the Beacon Course on its easterly side, but leaves it a quarter of a mile to the south of the running Gap, and wheeling round to the right, runs parallel with the Ditch up to the July Stands. Not so long ago I rode over this line and lamented that so fine a course was not used.

But modern racing seems to have no use for such courses, and, except the Whip, there is not a single race in the Calendar of more than three miles, and only one of that distance, viz. the Alexandra Plate at Ascot. It has lately been mooted by Lord Penrhyn that as the July Course affords the best going to be found anywhere for a long race at midsummer—when so many other courses are, as a general rule, burnt up and hard—that one or more new long-distance races be instituted for the Newmarket July Meetings. The suggestion is, I understand, being considered by the Stewards of the Jockey Club. The Ascot Gold Cup is two miles and a half, and so too is the Goodwood Cup. The Metropolitan Stakes, the Chester Cup, the Jockey Club Cup, and the Cæsarewitch are two miles and a quarter, and at present these are the only races in the whole season where the course is beyond two miles. The Bunbury Mile corresponds to the Rowley Mile Course a mile away, and portions of it are the favourite courses behind the Ditch, and there is a very sharp ascent to the winning-post of nearly a quarter of a mile. The Suffolk Stakes Course of a mile and a half—the last mile and a half of the Round Course—is the longest course now used behind the Ditch, and the Ellesmere Stakes Course, of a furlong less, but finishing at the bottom of the hill, is much more popular in both weeks. There is a T.Y.C. on the Bunbury Mile of 5 furlongs 142 yards, and on this the July Stakes is run. Six furlongs, with the same finish, is called the Exeter Stakes Course, and the last five furlongs of the Bunbury Mile—much severer, for two-year-olds, than the longer T.Y.C.—are used for the Chesterfield Stakes and other short races. Here it was that La Flèche made her first public appearance, and I recollect as well as if I saw it now how she came bounding up the hill with her ears pricked, and won without effort. It was an extraordinary promise of excellence to come, and that promise was more than fulfilled in the three following seasons.

A feature of the July Course is the beautiful carpet of grass which covers it. This grass does not seem to be so coarse as that which is found beyond the Ditch, and

is full of short herbs. It affords quite the best going I know of on any racecourse, and even in times of drought, when the ground is naturally hard, there is enough soft cover here to prevent concussion.

The two July Meetings, if they do not always provide the best sport, are in some ways the pleasantest of all the Newmarket fixtures. They are held at a time when in nine years out of ten the weather is warm and fine, and in really fine weather there is no pleasanter spot where racing men congregate than the course behind the Ditch. If the sun is very powerful, the plantation, a quarter of a mile or more in length, offers an impenetrable shade, and this place is much used by the trainers, a large majority of the runners being walked about and saddled there before every race. It is a slight drawback that the course is over two miles from the centre of the town, but the road between is generally well watered, and the cab fare is not a heavy item, unless one engages a vehicle for the day. Then the scenic properties of the July Course are not to be despised, and at no course in the kingdom is there so little crowding or bustle. At the Rowley Mile Stand the paddock—Birdcage it is usually called—is on the same side as the stands, the Jockey Club enclosure opening into it, while there is a tunnel from the chief ring; but on the July Course the paddock and the largest enclosure, for members of the Newmarket Stand, are on the far side, the public rings being immediately behind the Ditch. Two or three gates are opened, and in a dry week there is little sign of the foot traffic even on the fourth day of the meeting. No one seems to be in the slightest hurry in the July week, and a new face is a rarity, but it is the beau idéal of a race meeting; and with sales of thoroughbred stock both before and after the racing, those with a fondness for horses are provided almost with a surfeit.

The fault of Newmarket is that there is far too much sprint racing, and that very little encouragement is offered to stayers. As I have said already, the longest races decided there (always excepting the *Whip*) are the *Cæsarewitch* and the *Jockey Club Cup*. Beyond the first-named there is

no handicap of more than a mile and a half, and during the course of the year there are few of any sort beyond that distance. Taking 1900 as a guide, I find that 194 races were decided at the eight meetings, and that these were divided as follows:—

5 furlongs and over, but less than 6 furlongs	76
6 furlongs	31
7 "	11
1 mile	29
1 mile and 1 furlong	2
1 mile and 2 furlongs	9
1 " 3 "	2
1 " 4 "	27
1 " 6 "	2
2 miles	2
2 miles and 2 furlongs	2
4 miles	1
	194

From the above statement it will be seen that sprint races still are the most popular with those whose duty it is to issue the programmes of the Newmarket Meetings, but I am strongly of opinion that it would be for the good of the turf were a wholesale curtailment made of these short races. Before the new rules came in Newmarket set a very bad example to the racing world, and in fact encouraged sprint racing more than any other turf executive. Only three years ago, in 1897, the races under 6 furlongs were 91 out of 207, and there was only one race of a mile and a half against 27 in the past year. Five furlongs is no sort of a course, except as a test of speed, and I would like to see five-furlong racing discontinued altogether, except for two-year-olds. From a sporting point of view a five-furlong race amongst old horses is but a sorry sight. A good start and a quick beginning mean so much. Then if the field is a large one and the best horse at the weights does not get off well, he is very often shut in, and beaten because he cannot extricate himself in time. Five-furlong races too are productive of longer delays at the post, and more bad starts

than any other description of race, and with many horses a continuous subjection to these delays means total ruination of the temper. It cannot be denied that rogues and "welshers" are very common at the present time, and five-furlong racing is in a very great measure responsible for these vices. Of course there are horses who can race and will not, whose tempers, from foalhood onwards, are naturally bad; but the horse who deliberately "cuts it" just when he appears to be winning in a canter is, in nine cases out of ten, the victim of too much sprint racing. He has been jumped off, and pulled back after going a hundred yards or so, times without number. At first he does not know what is intended of him, but after a while he resents the whole thing, and as soon as he finds that he has to struggle hard to beat his opponents he tries to stop, preferring the hiding his jockey may possibly give him to running his race out. With the starting-gate coming into universal use most of the trouble at the start will have disappeared.

Another great disadvantage of five-furlong racing is that it tends to make bad jockeys. Boys who are just beginning to make their mark should not be asked to bring their horses through from end to end; but this is what is required of them in five-furlong races, and it causes them to adopt a thoroughly bad style, which only the very best survive. To learn a knowledge of pace, or how to wait, is almost impossible for a boy when riding in a five-furlong race. An older and really skilful jockey may do it, but a boy cannot. He is all hurry and bustle, and far too anxious to get home in these short cuts, and unless he gets a lot of riding in longer races he stands very little chance of making his way. That five-furlong racing does not suit a majority of the horses who take part in it I am quite sure. That it was not altogether acceptable to the public before the advent of the starting-gate, on account of the long delays at the post, is pretty certain, and that it is not in the best interests of the improvement of the breed is proved by the fact that breeders, as a general rule, fight shy of patronising stallions who have retired from the turf with the reputation of being speedy sprinters and nothing more.

Let anyone who doubts this read the list of sires advertised in the Calendar, and note which stand at high fees, which at low ones; which are "full," and to those which "a few nominations are vacant." Those with the five last-mentioned words attached are nearly always either horses whose performances hardly justified their being advertised at all, or horses who, even if they were good winners in the past, scored all their triumphs on short courses. No breeder deliberately sets to work to breed a five-furlong horse. The animal he breeds may be nothing more, either from natural causes or because it has fallen into hands which give it no other chance; but the fact remains that when its sire and dam were mated, the possessor of the latter was doing *his* best to breed a Derby winner. This is the most serious indictment I can make against five-furlong racing, viz. that the horses which pass their racing lives in competing for this class of event are scorned by the best breeders when their running days are over. That they are used for stud purposes at all is a pity, but unfortunately many breeders—enthusiasts in the science too—are poor men, who must buy their brood mares cheaply, and who cannot afford the high fees charged for the best sires.

Another strong argument against five-furlong racing is that it allows of roarers winning races. That many really good horses are roarers I am fully aware, and that many of them can win in good company at a mile, and even over a longer course, I know very well; but one swallow does not make a summer, and because there are one or two good roarers every season, it does not follow that roaring is not harmful to the breed. Why five-furlong racing encourages roarers is easily explained by enunciating the fact that nine roarers out of ten cannot go an inch further at top speed. Some of course cannot travel so far under pressure, but were there no five-furlong races to be won, probably two-thirds of the existing roarers would be turned out of training as soon as their roaring proclivities were found out. As it is they are kept in the string because they can go for five furlongs, and the fillies, if they happen to be well-bred and good-looking, are sent to the stud in

due course to breed more roarers. On the Continent breeders are far more particular about roaring than we are in England, and the many buyers we have from France, Germany, Austria, Hungary and Russia would sooner go back without a horse at all than take one from England that was unsound in his wind. In the South American States they are not so particular.

Recently the Stewards of the Jockey Club have made some attempts to set their house in order, and while Lord Durham was in office certain new rules were agreed upon, despite considerable opposition. Briefly, these provided for an increased number of longer races, for a decrease in the number of five-furlong events open to old horses, and for a curtailment of the value of early two-year-old prizes. It was finally decided that on each day's programme there should be two races of a mile and upwards of the minimum aggregate distance of two miles and a half, and that no more than £200 should be added to any two-year-old race before the 1st of June. This is all very well as far as it goes, but in my opinion it hardly goes far enough, and especially do I think that three-year-olds and upwards should never run less than six furlongs.

With perhaps the exception of the Fern Hill Stakes at Ascot, we could do without all the five-furlong races that are now run, saving those which are for two-year-olds only, but I imagine that the reform has begun to a large extent at the other end, and that more long races will be gradually insisted upon. Newmarket possesses the grandest course in the world for long-distance racing, and to Newmarket we look to set the example by giving some of its best prizes for races of two miles and upwards. I think there should be a two-mile handicap at each of the eight meetings held on the heath, and I say handicap advisedly, because weight-for-age races seldom bring out a good field. Even with penalties and allowances, such races, when the time for running them arrives, are often at the mercy of one horse, or of one of two or three horses, and the unwelcome "walk over" too often takes place. Count Schomberg, to quote a notable instance, was allowed to "walk over" for the

Goodwood and Jockey Club Cups; and though I have no wish to hear of those races being done away with, I am nevertheless of opinion that, except in a few particular cases, long handicaps of good value afford better sport than weight-for-age events over a two-mile course. I would also increase the distance of some of the selling races, and let the platers run a mile and a half, and two miles, instead of five and six furlongs, and I should be much inclined to increase the distance of such valuable prizes as the Eclipse Stakes and the two ten-thousand-pounders which are decided at Newmarket in July and September.

CHAPTER III

ASCOT AND GOODWOOD

Ascot the most important meeting of the year—Star performers—The course—The best and worst of it—State of going—Suggestions for improving the run-in—Analysis of programme—The gradients—The Cup Course—Old and new miles—The stands badly placed—Value of the stakes—The Goodwood Course—Comparison with Newmarket—Straight miles—None at Goodwood—Date of fixture—Low charges—Two-year-old racing—Panorama from stands and paddock—Birdless Grove—Distance from London—Chichester—Neighbouring villages—Places available for visitors to meeting—Drive from London—Cabs and vans—Road from Chichester—Chain-horses—Queen's Plate Course—Cup Course—Other courses used—Goodwood programme—Value of stakes—Analysis of programme—Stabling dear—Two trainers' bills for meeting—Goodwood Cup—Winners thereof.

ASCOT

ASCOT is by far the most important race meeting of the year. Every race on its four-day programme is of importance, and its Gold Cup is almost invariably won by the very best horse in training. To compare Royal Ascot with other meetings to its detriment is not possible. The going is nothing like so good as that of Newmarket, and it is an expensive meeting to those of its visitors who take up their quarters in the neighbourhood for the week ; the journey from town on any of the race days is an uncomfortable business ; the accommodation for horses is very dear, not very plentiful, and nothing like so good as that to be found at the Park fixtures ; yet, in spite of all drawbacks, Ascot, both from a social and sporting point of view, is the king of race meetings.

In regard to its position with most meetings, we can liken it to the London theatre and the country theatre. At the first-named, or rather at some of the first-named, one

sees a whole company of stars. The cast is made up with a big star for the best parts, a slightly lesser star in the second-best part, and minor stars are amidst the rank and file of performers. Not a name is on the programme that is not known, and known well. Very often, however, when the star goes on tour he does not take other stars with him, but chooses a company of second or third-rate artistes, who tend to show the excellence of his performance in an even brighter light than would be the case were he a star playing amongst lesser stars in town. So, at many race meetings there is one big event on the card, and a lot of minor items to complete the bill of fare. We have seen a ten-thousand-pound prize given a setting of selling plates and one-hundred-pound handicaps, but at Ascot we have a star performance all round, and the least valuable of the twenty-eight prizes is seldom won by a bad horse. Not that it is in every case the value of the prize which attracts a good horse to Ascot. It is true certainly that some of the prizes offered during the week are of great value, but no such amount as ten thousand pounds has ever been heard of on the Royal Heath, something under four thousand pounds being the greatest amount of money which can be won in one race.

But because Ascot is a bigger and better meeting than any other in the Calendar, no blame attaches to those meetings which cannot approach it. No executive can offer big prizes without a big revenue behind it, and at many meetings, especially those a long way from London, a large revenue is an impossibility. Though a really valuable stake will always attract good horses, a meeting with but one such stake and the rest third-rate plating does not take such high rank as one where there is uniform good value and no monster prize.

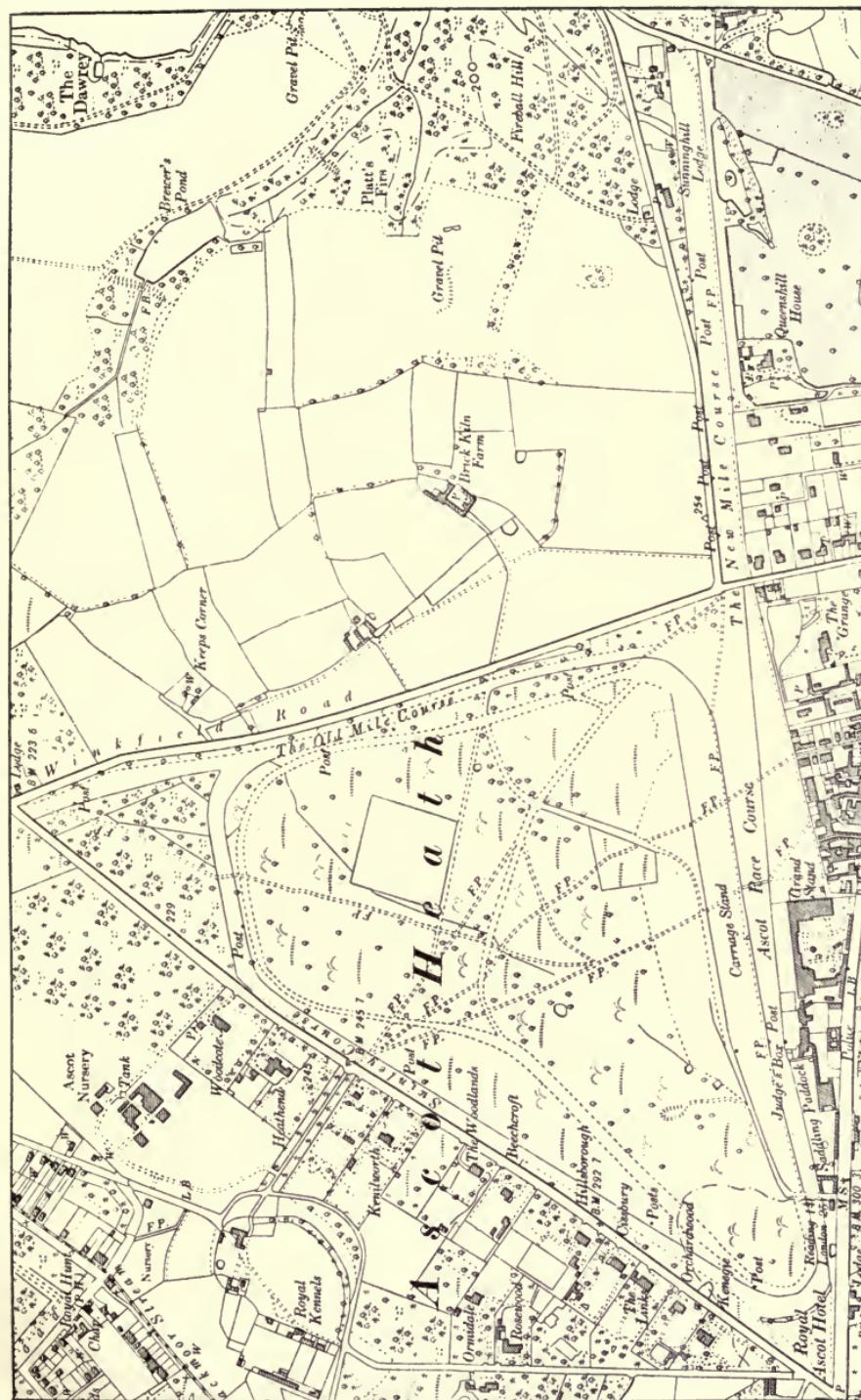
If there were several meetings of the Ascot stamp the supply of good horses would soon be exhausted, and the good prizes would become the prey of third-rate nags, because there would be nothing better to run for them. The platers, too, must have their chance, and if Ascot does not cater for them, every other meeting in the year does, though some do so only in a minor degree. About nineteen

horses out of every twenty in training have no pretensions to high class, but the nineteen are quite ready to run when the chance is offered, and it is presented everywhere but at Ascot. Indeed, some meetings lay themselves out to catch the platers, and give no prizes that are likely to attract good-class horses, yet those meetings live, and earn enough to go on from year to year. There are meetings, too, at which at least half the races will draw a fair class, and some—Goodwood and Doncaster to wit—where even a greater proportion of the events is contested by good horses. Still, there are selling races at both these places, while at Ascot no such event is permitted on the programme.

As a rule Ascot draws all the best horses of the year, of every age. All sorts and conditions are provided for, but only the best run in every class. The Cup, the Vase, and the Alexandra Plate attract the best stayers of the day; the Prince of Wales' Stakes, the Ascot Derby, and the St. James' Palace Stakes draw many of the best three-year-olds. The Coronation Stakes is generally contested by the winners of One Thousand and Oaks, and the Coventry and New Stakes bring out the best youngsters of the year, though of course it occasionally happens that the best of this age are not seen on a racecourse until the Autumn Meetings at Newmarket. The Hardwicke Stakes and the Rous Memorial Stakes are generally won by about the best horses at a mile and a mile and a half in training, and such events as the Fernhill Stakes and the Queen's Stand Plate by the fastest sprinters of the day. There are very few handicaps during the meeting, but the Royal Hunt Cup has been won by some great horses, and is always productive of the highest mile-handicap form of the day, while the Ascot Stakes must fall to a stayer, even if his class be not quite so good in comparison. It is every owner's ambition to win a race at Ascot, where all the world and his wife are looking on, and this ensures good entries for all the events. The meeting being held in the second week in June, it is unfortunately often celebrated in times of drought; and when fields are small and good

horses are not allowed to fulfil their engagements, the state of the going is always responsible. Provided there have been plenty of showers beforehand, the best horses are always allowed to run, and except through the accident of its being very lightly weighted in one of the four or five handicaps, it is impossible for a really bad horse to win.

The course is in many ways the best in the kingdom. As already remarked, it cannot be compared with Newmarket as a stretch of galloping ground, but it has some advantages even over headquarters, and the chief of them is that almost every inch of the racing—except the actual starts on the new mile—can be seen from the stands. But the statement that the course is in many ways one of the best in the kingdom can by no stretch of courtesy be made to apply to the going. The Ascot Course is Crown property, and is to a certain extent under the care of the Master of Her Majesty's Buckhounds. The heath is also common land, and in consequence all sorts of difficulties have arisen from time to time, with the result that it has been no easy matter to keep the turf in good order. Indeed, I have known some parts of it to be very bad, with an uneven surface and a scanty crop of poor grass, and some years ago I actually found—near the Brick-kilns—holes deep enough to turn a horse over, if he happened to put his foot in one of them. Of late years, I am glad to say, there has been a marked improvement in this respect, and when, not long since, I walked the full circuit, there was no room for complaint except that the ditch, on the right-hand side below the hotel turn, was not railed off for something like a quarter of a mile. For over a mile and a quarter new white rails have been placed, but there is a piece to which the rails do not extend, and on the right, or inside of this piece, there is an awkward ditch, almost entirely covered with gorse and other growths. This ditch is practically hidden, and luckily the spot where the rails are absent is so far from home that accidents are unlikely to occur. Still, it is a dangerous place for a bolter, and just as bad should a horse be bored to the right by



ASCO'I
PLAN OF THE RACECOURSE

one of his opponents. The circuit of railing should most certainly be completed, for the cost would be a mere nothing, and such a course as Ascot should be railed in all round.

After an inspection I made in the year 1898 I came to the conclusion that some pains must have been taken with the going. The grass had been evidently well manured and top-dressed, with the result that there was a thick, close covering of herbage, altogether different from the state of affairs I alluded to just now. It struck me, however, that the soil of the course was very poor, and in all probability the ground requires strong dressing every year, and constant care and attention, if it is to show the same appearance that it did at the meeting of 1898. I am sorry to say that two years later things were as bad still. The result of my inspection went to suggest that it is possible to provide good going at Ascot, or rather to provide a course with an even surface and a good covering of grass. But there are no hydrants on the ground, as at the racing enclosures, therefore, in times of drought, hard going cannot be prevented. Another serious drawback is that people are allowed to walk where they like between the races, and, if the weather is dry, the run-in of about a quarter of a mile becomes so worn before the end of the week that it presents a surface more like glass or ice than a racecourse of turf, and when this condition is reached it of course becomes difficult for horses to maintain their foothold. In 1898 I saw a filly slip up and turn end over end on her way to the post, whilst of a beaten favourite I overheard a jockey remark that the animal in question was "slipping about all over the shop in the last three hundred yards." I made a mental note of the remark, and was not surprised when the colt—a two-year-old—won two valuable races elsewhere within the next four weeks. It might be a difficult matter to prevent the great mass of people coming on to the course, but it is done at Doncaster, York, and elsewhere, and in the interests of sport it ought to be done at Ascot.

When there is a semi-state procession the course is

cleared, and a rope held across to keep the people back. At Doncaster there is always a rope just beyond the winning-post. At Ascot the foot traffic from the stands to the carriages and tents on the other side of the course is enormous, but I think it might in a great measure be avoided. To begin with, those who go backwards and forwards from the Royal enclosure, the owners' and trainers' stand, and from the paddock are well beyond the winning-post. All that need be required of them is that they should go straight across instead of turning down the centre of the course. With the occupants of the Grand Stand it would be more difficult to arrange, but were the rails thrown back—say twenty feet—on the far side, the space thus procured could be given to making a twenty-foot passage in front of the stands to beyond the winning-post. This passage could be equally divided, so that those going and those returning would each have a road to themselves, and the result would be that the run-in would be saved for the horses. It is just as difficult for a horse as for a man to maintain his foothold on slippery ground. Mark how the wood and concrete pavements in London, when greasy from rain, or suffering from the after-effects of a frost, bring horses down! Yet on the London streets much is done to minimise the slipping by washing, brushing with revolving wire brushes, and sprinkling with gravel. At Ascot, on the other hand, the course being left to the people all the week except when the races are actually in progress, the grass become so worn by constant foot traffic as to be really unfit for horses to gallop upon at top speed, and even if few actually come down when racing, many of them flounder at a critical moment, which has the same effect so far as winning the race is concerned.

Now to the programme. Not only is it the best as regards the grand total of prize money given, but it sets an example to all other fixtures because of catering so liberally for stayers. From a sporting point of view long-distance racing is the great feature of the Ascot Meeting, and this can be best shown by tabulating the races. Naturally enough, the programme has been changed from time to time, and



ASCOT

NUMBER BOARD (ROYAL ENCLOSURE)

many once popular races have long since disappeared, but, even now, where for sixty years the tendency has been to shorten races, Ascot stands out alone in the way of encouraging stamina. In writing of Newmarket I showed what proportion of the two hundred and odd races decided there every year was run on long and what proportion on short courses, and with Ascot I will adopt the same plan. Unfortunately only one meeting is held on the Royal Heath during the racing season, and for some years past the card has contained seven events each day, it having known no change since the Coventry Stakes for two-year-olds was established in 1890. Taking the races in order of distance, the twenty-eight are thus divided:—

The Alexandra Plate	.	.	3 miles.
The Gold Cup	.	.	2½ "
The Ascot Stakes	.	.	2 "
The Gold Vase	.	.	2 "
The Triennial (four-year-olds)	.	.	2 "
The Prince of Wales' Stakes	.	.	1 mile and 5 furlongs.
Ascot Derby	.	.	1½ miles.
Hardwicke Stakes	.	.	1½ "
Visitors' Handicap	.	.	1½ "
High Weight Plate	.	.	1½ "
Trial Stakes	.	.	New Mile.
Biennial (three-year-olds)	.	.	Old Mile.
Hunt Cup	.	.	New Mile.
Coronation Stakes	.	.	Old Mile.
New Biennial (three-year-olds)	.	.	Old Mile.
Rous Memorial Stakes	.	.	New Mile.
St. James' Palace Stakes	.	.	Old Mile.
Triennial (three-year-olds)	.	.	New Mile.
Wokingham Stakes	.	.	6 furlongs.
Coventry Stakes (two-year-olds)	.	.	5 furlongs and 136 yards.
Biennial (two-year-olds)	.	5	136 "
Triennial (two-year-olds)	.	5	136 "
New Stakes (two-year-olds)	.	5	136 "
Biennial (two & three-year-olds)	5	136 "	136 "
All-aged Stakes	.	5	136 "
Windsor Castle Stakes (two-year-olds)	.	5	136 "
Queen's Stand Plate (all ages)	.	5	136 "
Fern Hill Stakes	.	.	5 furlongs.

From this list it will be seen that there are five races of two miles and upwards, five of distances varying from a mile and a quarter to a mile and five furlongs, eight of a mile or thereabouts, and only ten of six furlongs and under, exactly half of which are for two-year-olds only, and the least valuable race is generally worth £400. This is emphatically a model programme, and comparison with that of any other meeting in the Calendar would be to the immense advantage of Ascot.

Always excepting "the Whip"—which produces a contest but very occasionally—the Alexandra Plate is now the longest race of the year, in fact, is the only contest in which the distance exceeds two miles and a half. Unfortunately, it is not always the great race it ought to be, for in a considerable measure it is discounted by the Gold Cup, run twenty-four hours earlier. Moreover, the conditions are such that maiden four-year-olds are allowed 10 lbs., and maidens of five years and upwards 14 lbs. Then there are various penalties for winners, including one of 10 lbs. for winning the Gold Cup, thus it occasionally happens that this race is won by a horse of moderate class. A stayer of course it must be; but there are stayers and stayers, and only in 1898 I saw a horse that had been beaten a hundred and fifty yards in the Ascot Stakes carry off the Goodwood Plate with the greatest ease. Occasionally it happens that a really high-class horse wins the Alexandra Plate, and its bead-roll of winners includes some famous names, but of late years few Gold Cup winners have attempted the double event, and we have to go back to 1889 to find both races won by the same horse. On that occasion *Trayles* was the hero, and in the previous year *Timothy* scored in similar fashion; and it is worthy of note that this brace of stayers were trained by the same trainer, the late James Jewitt. *St. Gatien* completed the double in 1885, and *Robert the Devil* in 1881, as did *Verneuil* in 1878, and *Doncaster* three years earlier. *Verneuil* also won the Gold Vase on the first day of the meeting, and I cannot help thinking that present-day owners seem to be more afraid of pulling their horses out again, to run



ASCOT

THE STANDS : BEFORE THE GOLD CUP

a second time at a meeting, than were the owners of a decade or two ago. No doubt there is often very hard ground in the Ascot week, but taking one year with another, it is no harder now than it was in the seventies, and most certainly there was less of the "policy of funk" about then than there is now. The course for the Alexandra Plate commences at the beginning of the New Mile and embraces a complete circuit of the old course in addition. The old course is circular and sixty-six yards short of two miles, *i.e.* from the winning-post round to the winning-post again. To make the two miles the horses are started sixty-six yards below the judge's box, immediately after passing which there is a slight descent as far as the end of the paddock, or for rather more than a furlong. Beyond the paddock the ground rises slightly to the hotel turn, and then for about three-quarters of a mile there is a gradual descent to where the Old Mile joins the circular course seven furlongs from home. Along the bottom (after joining the Old Mile) there is a little up and down, near what is known as the Brick-kilns, but the last five furlongs are all on the rise, which is steepest from the junction of the New Mile (nearly four furlongs from home) to about one furlong from the winning-post.

The last bit of all, alongside the Royal enclosure, is rather easier than the three furlongs which immediately precede it, and on the whole, in spite of the hill finish, I do not consider the two miles anything like so severe as are, for instance, the Two Middle Miles, or the "Ditch In" at Newmarket. The turns are by no means sharp, and in the Cup, or two-mile races, it is very seldom that anything runs wide. With a large field on the Old Mile the reverse is sometimes the case, but in such races horses have only come half a mile when they reach the turn, and naturally many of them are pulling hard. The Old Mile starting-post is amongst the trees, about a furlong further from the stands than its junction with the round course; this distance is a few yards beyond the mile, and though the course is not so hard as a straight mile (on account of the turn) it takes a fairly genuine stayer to "get" it, and

is a very fair test of merit. The Swinley Course is the last mile and a half of the round course, and is therefore practically half a mile on the descent, about three furlongs nearly level, and the last five furlongs uphill. The only race of a mile and a quarter (the Ascot High Weight Stakes) is run on the same course, starting a quarter of a mile nearer home. The New Mile is straight, and the starting-post is hidden from the stands by a rise in the ground. The first two furlongs are on the ascent, then comes a drop of about two furlongs to the junction with the round course, and the last half mile (more or less) is the last half-mile of all the Ascot courses. The New Mile is fifty-four yards short of a mile, and the three miles of the Alexandra Plate lose these fifty-four yards plus the sixty-six yards that the circuit is short of two miles, so the entire distance is a hundred and twenty yards less than three miles. The Wokingham Stakes is run on the last six furlongs of the New Mile, the T.Y.C. is the last 5 furlongs and 136 yards, and the five-furlong races are run on the last five furlongs of the same.

The New Mile at Ascot is not altogether a success, and I think it would have been for the great benefit of the meeting had Lord Ribblesdale's proposal been entertained a few years ago. During his tenure of office as Master of the Buckhounds it occurred to Lord Ribblesdale that it was impossible to see what was taking place at the starting-post in races on the New Mile, and also that, as the grand stands are parallel to the course, no satisfactory view of races run on that course can be obtained by more than a few people. He therefore designed another New Straight Mile, the starting-post for which would have been further out from the stands, and a better view of both the start and the racing would have been a natural consequence. This proposal met with the full approval of the Stewards of the Jockey Club, but, as they very pertinently observed, it was for the ruling powers of the Ascot Meeting to make the change, not the Stewards of the Jockey Club, whose only duty in connection with Ascot was their stewardship. Unfortunately Lord Ribblesdale went out of office



ASCOT
THE PADDOCK

almost immediately afterwards, and since that event nothing has been heard of the project.

The stands at nearly all the modern enclosures are placed at an angle to the course, and in consequence a far better view of the racing is obtained than is the case at the older meetings, such as Epsom, Ascot, and Goodwood, where they are parallel to the course, and where, when horses are scattered over the whole width, it is a much more difficult matter to note what is going on than when the stands are set at an angle. With regard to races on round courses the case is somewhat different, because the very fact of there being a turn drives all the runners to the inside, so that they may not lose ground, and in ninety-nine races out of a hundred all of them finish on the far side, which must of necessity be the inside of the turn. Carry the mind back to any Derby or Ascot Cup of recent years, and it will be remembered that the finish was always on the far side, both at Epsom and Ascot. Think again of the races for the Hunt Cups, and winners will be called to mind that have finished near the stands, in the middle, or on the far side. Perhaps a better example still of what a turn will do is the Cæsarewitch, or any other race at Newmarket which begins beyond the Ditch and finishes at the Rowley Mile Stand. In nearly every race run on such courses the horses all finish right on the rails opposite the stand, and even when passing the Bushes they are massed together on, say, that third part of the course which is furthest away from the stands. Exceptional cases there are now and then, but it is generally a bad swerve which lands a horse under the judge's box at the finish of a race with a turn in it, as was the case with Rockdove when she won the Cæsarewitch in 1895. Yet the turn at the running Gap at Newmarket is hardly a turn at all compared with the turn into the straight at Ascot, or with Tattenham Corner, but it as certainly drives the runners towards the far side of the course from the stands, that being the shortest way home. At Ascot, in races run on the New Mile and parts of it, it is quite as common for the winner to finish on

one side as on the other. Not on every straight course, however, does this happen, for at Epsom by far the larger proportion of winners of five-furlong races finish on the far side close under the winning-post opposite the judge. This, however, is caused by the ground sloping away from the stand side, consequently hundreds of horses, when running on this particular course, are sent to the far side, even if they have started on the near or stand side.

I will now take a glance at the programme, to which as much added money is given as the state of the funds will allow. There is no dividend to be earned for shareholders at Ascot, and after expenses are paid by far the largest portion of the income is devoted to the stakes. Indeed, it is generally understood that all the surplus is applied in this manner, and the following table will show exactly what was added to the different races in 1900:—

Tuesday: Trial Stakes, £500; Prince of Wales' Stakes, £1,000; Coventry Stakes, £1,000; Ascot Stakes, £2,000; 43rd Biennial, £500; Gold Vase, £200, and a vase worth £200; 46th Triennial, £400—total, £5,600.

Wednesday: Visitors' Plate, £300; 42nd Biennial, £500; Hunt Cup, £1,000 from the Trustees; Hunt Cup, £500 from the Master of the Buckhounds, and cup value £500; Fern Hill Stakes, £300; Coronation Stakes, £300; 48th Triennial, £400; Ascot Derby, £500—total, £4,300.

Thursday: 37th Biennial, £500; St. James' Palace Stakes, £300; Gold Cup, £3,000, and cup value £1,000; New Stakes, £1,000; Rous Memorial Stakes, £1,000; All-aged Stakes, £300; 38th Biennial, £500—total, £7,600.

Friday: High Weight Stakes, £300; Windsor Castle Stakes, £300; Queen's Stand Stakes, £800; Wokingham Stakes, £500; Hardwicke Stakes, £2,000; Alexandra Plate, £1,500; 47th Triennial, £400—total, £5,800.

The total for the four days, therefore, amounted to £23,300.

In the Gold Cup the second horse received £700, and the third horse £300, out of the added money, and in various other races there were considerable amounts for second and third.

The sums above stated represent what was given by the Trustees of the meeting, otherwise by the Ascot Race Fund. The actual winners of races received the following :—

Tuesday : Trial Stakes, £640 ; Prince of Wales' Stakes, £2,100 ; Coventry Stakes, £1,809 ; Ascot Stakes,* £1,655 ; 43rd Biennial, £1,232 ; Gold Vase, £620 ; 46th Triennial, £658—total, £8,714.

Wednesday : Visitors' Plate, £435 ; 42nd Biennial, £1,196 ; Royal Hunt Cup, £2,490 ; Fern Hill Stakes, £620 ; Coronation Stakes, £2,750 ; 48th Triennial, £759 ; Ascot Derby, £1,750—total, £10,000.

Thursday : 37th Biennial, £1,060 ; St. James' Palace Stakes, £2,000 ; Gold Cup, £3,370 ; New Stakes, £1,928 ; Rous Memorial, £970 ; All-aged Stakes, £350 ; 38th Biennial, £880—total, £10,558.

Friday : High Weight Stakes, £565 ; Windsor Castle Stakes, £732 ; Queen's Stand Stakes, £930 ; Wokingham Stakes, £865 ; Hardwicke Stakes, £2,429 ; Alexandra Plate, £1,465 ; 47th Triennial, £770—total, £7,756 = £37,028.

From the above, prizes for second and third horses and the entrance money of the winners, are deducted, and yet the totals show that the twenty-eight races decided on the four days averaged about £1,322 apiece to the winners. It will be seen that the Gold Cup was the most valuable prize, and next in order were the Coronation Stakes, the Hunt Cup, the Hardwicke Stakes, the Prince of Wales' Stakes, and the St. James' Palace Stakes, each of which was of the value of £2,000 and upwards. The added money at Ascot has not varied much in recent years, and what difference there is in the value of the prizes occurs, as a general rule, through the subscriptions. In 1898 the added money was the same as in 1900, yet in the first-named year the winners received £3,673 less than in 1900, the difference being caused by the fact that the entries were much larger in 1900 than two years previously.

* In this race the second received £500, and the third £200, out of the stakes.

GOODWOOD

If Newmarket possesses the best, Goodwood certainly has the second best racecourse in the country, and there are many good judges of racing who even prefer the famous tracks laid down by Lord George Bentinck to the galloping grounds of the classic heath. There is no need to compare the two places, and if I am individually of opinion that Newmarket cannot be beaten—neither the Flat nor the magnificent course behind the Ditch—I may still say that Goodwood is almost as good as headquarters, and probably in nine years out of ten it affords better going at the end of July than Newmarket would give at the same period of the year. The Cup Course in the Duke of Richmond's park stands out by itself as the model of what a Cup Course should be, but there is no longer straight course than the six furlongs used for the Stewards' Cup. It is probably well known that nowadays the Stewards of the Jockey Club will not license any new racecourse which has not a straight mile amongst its courses, but it is very debatable whether a straight mile is universally popular, and certainly there are owners and trainers who prefer a mile course with some kind of turn in it to one that is absolutely straight. Races of five and six furlongs ought certainly to be run on a straight course, for a bend or turn necessitates easing up or running wide, and sprint races are—or should be—run from end to end at top speed. In mile races, however, the horses do not go at top speed all the way, and in about nine out of ten of such races the winner is waited with until somewhere about the distance-post.* The chief objection to running mile races on circular tracks is that when the field is large there is often a deal of crowding at the turns, so that horses are very liable to be shut in; but with similar fields on a straight course the same thing frequently occurs. Visitors to Newmarket will be able to call to mind more than one instance of a horse being badly shut in with only four or five runners. The being shut in is largely a question of jockeyship, though partly a question

* A "distance" is 240 yards.



GOODWOOD

THE RACECOURSE

of manners on the part of the horse. A sharp jockey who has all his wits about him, and who is able to note what is taking place in a race, is seldom shut in, provided his mount is a smooth and generous goer ; but if he is riding a bad-mannered, hard-mouthed horse, that horse will pull him into difficulties, no matter whether he is racing on a round or a straight course, and such animals will often be shut in at a critical moment, however great the artist who has the mount.

Goodwood gets on well enough without a straight mile ; but all its courses are good of their kind, and the going of the very best. Lord George Bentinck was at great pains in making the present course some sixty years ago, and he left no stone unturned in his endeavours to procure a suitable track. In all probability the turf was good to begin with, but a perfect system of top-dressing was carried out over a period of years, and, good as the turf may have been in its pristine condition, it was improved to a very great extent. The grass is shorter, closer, and of finer quality than that which covers Newmarket Heath, and in suitable weather its appearance reminds one of a well-kept lawn rather than a range of open downs, at a high altitude above sea-level.

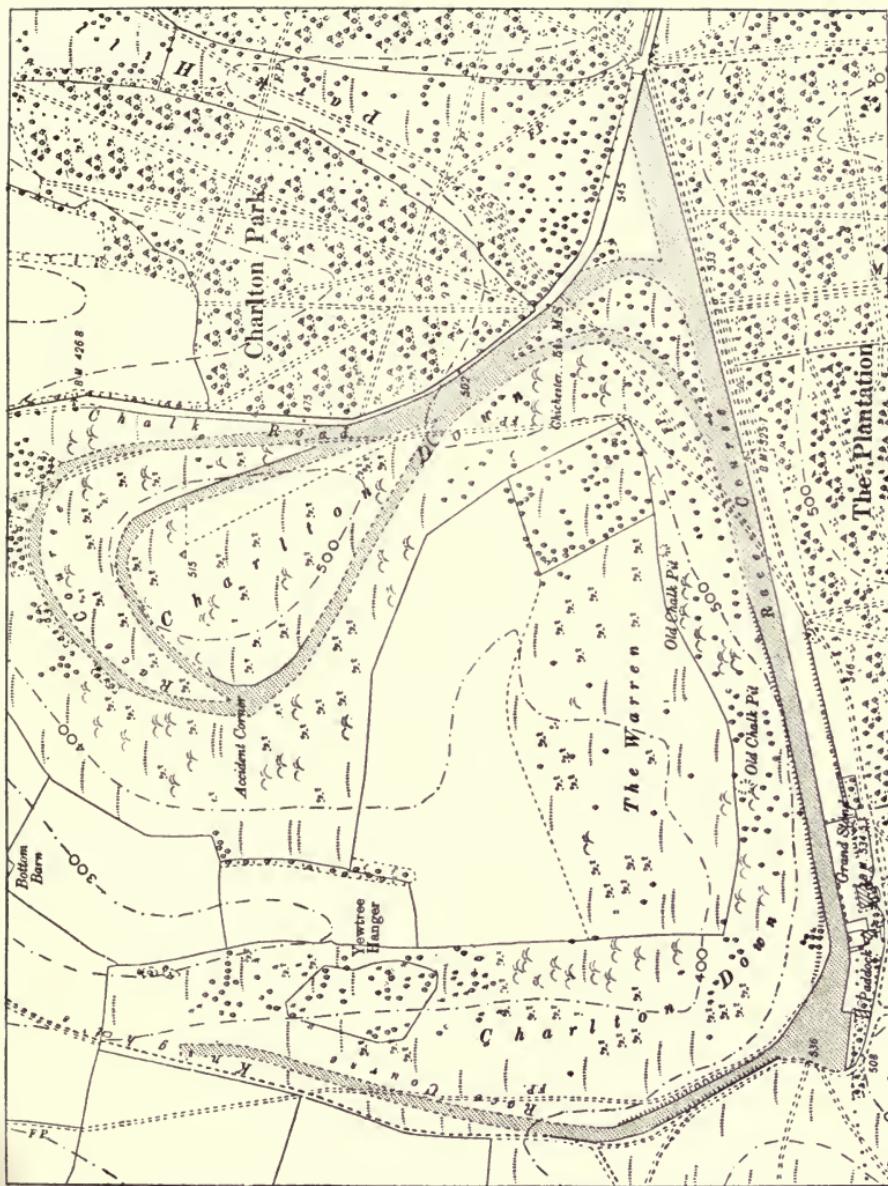
That Goodwood has been a fashionable and popular meeting for the greater part of the present century I need hardly state, and even in these days of great opposition it fairly holds its own, though, as is only natural, its former glories have in some measure departed. Not more than a quarter of a century ago the Newmarket Meetings, Epsom, Ascot, Goodwood, and Doncaster stood out by themselves as the greatest of the year, and between Ascot and Goodwood there were no more important fixtures than the one meeting then held at Newmarket in July, the Stockbridge and Bibury Club fixtures, and such affairs as Newcastle-on-Tyne and Liverpool, both of which were much more local than they now are. The racing world has not stood still, however, in the last five-and-twenty years, and now, in addition to the meetings just named, and a second July Meeting at headquarters, there is racing at Sandown,

Kempton, Hurst Park, Gatwick, and Lingfield, between Ascot and Goodwood, and such races as the Eclipse Stakes and Princess of Wales' Stakes are decided at some of these meetings. Sandown has its two biggest meetings of the year in June and July, the first in the week following Ascot, and the second generally only ten days before Goodwood; and at Liverpool and other places further away the money value of the stakes has been much increased. It therefore results that not so many of the best-class horses are kept for Goodwood as was formerly the case, and, all things considered, it is wonderful that the meeting maintains its place so well as it does.

But one would like to see Goodwood right at the top of the tree again, and I have often thought that the revenue might be considerably increased without causing the attendance to be any less than it now is. The charge for admission to the lawn (in which enclosure the Grand Stand is situated) might be doubled and another enclosure added, with a cheap entrance fee—which latter would probably draw off a large section of the undesirable visitors who have been conspicuous on the lawn. It is the fact that the place obtained a very unenviable notoriety on the ground that bad characters were allowed admission to the enclosure, but the ruling powers of the meeting are now well aware of what has been going on, and a better permanent state of affairs exists.

In many ways Goodwood is the most enjoyable meeting of the year. As far as the position of the course goes, and the views discernible therefrom, it is absolutely unrivalled, and from a picnic point of view it has an even greater popularity than Ascot. The two-year-old racing is generally about the most attractive of the year, and if the high standard of the Berkshire Meeting is not maintained throughout, the tit-bits of the Goodwood programme generally draw upon the ranks of the best horses in training, and somehow or other the place is celebrated for close finishes.

The course lies high on the hills, nearly six miles north-west of Chichester, and about 700 feet above sea-level. Looking to the north, the view travels over miles upon



GOODWOOD

PLAN OF THE RACE COURSE

miles of wooded uplands. Range upon range of hills are discernible on a clear day, as far as the eye can travel, but the villages are hidden away in the hollows, and from the top of the stand it is almost impossible to discern a human habitation on this north side. At the back of the stands, and over half of the lawn, venerable beeches spread their shade, and immediately behind lies the famous "Birdless Grove," a beech plantation where the feathered songster is unknown. Why the birds of the district should forsake this particular wood is a mystery which I have never been able to penetrate. Plenty of them are to be seen and heard lower down the park, but in all my journeys through the Birdless Grove I have never seen a bird nor heard any note beyond that of a carrion crow, and he was in full flight high above the beeches. To the east of the stands the paddock lies, and this paddock is situated right on the crown of the hill, so that views are obtainable on either side. The north view I have described. To the south a vast panorama of open country lies, with the English Channel beyond, and the hills of the Isle of Wight further away. Of the two this is really the prettier peep, and it is seen to advantage on the early part of the return journey to Chichester.

The one drawback to Goodwood is that it is so far away from London, so that one either has to go through a great deal of travelling during the week, or incur considerable expense by taking up quarters for the meeting in the neighbourhood of the course. The Brighton Railway Company run special trains from London to Chichester on each day of the meeting, and the railway journey occupies about two hours each way. Then the drive from Chichester to the Grand Stand takes more than an hour, being nearly all uphill, so that should one elect to do the meeting from town each day, about seven hours must be spent in travelling. The Brighton Company issue a cheap ticket, available for a fortnight, between London, Chichester, Brighton and Lewes, and with this it is possible to do the four days at Goodwood, three at Brighton, and two at Lewes, for a very reasonable cost. Still, the nine days of racing involve something like a

thousand miles of travelling, and though the specials are pretty well filled every day, they cannot be correctly termed popular ones.

Villages in the immediate neighbourhood of Goodwood are few and far between. Those actually nearest to the course are Charlton and Singleton, and nearly all the accommodation that these two places offer is taken up year after year by the horses and their attendants, and by the trainers and jockeys. Chichester possesses one good hotel, the "Dolphin," but lodgings are plentiful in the race week, and some are good, some bad, and some just passable, while all are dear. As a rule all the accommodation available near the course is secured by those who have business at the meeting, and a few parties still take houses, at all sorts of distances from two to ten miles away. The taking of a house for the week is not so common a custom as it once was. Not so long ago parties were made up months beforehand, but a high rent had to be paid, servants and wine taken down, and usually the services of a waggonette and a pair of horses to be procured, for driving to and from the course. Nowadays the most popular plan is to stay at Brighton or Southsea, and travel to Chichester by rail every day. Brighton is about thirty miles away, and Southsea seventeen, and of late years so many people have resorted to the last-named place (or Portsmouth) that three or four specials are run to Chichester on each racing day. The train journey occupies about half an hour, and with ordinary luck one can leave Portsmouth Town at 10.50, and reach the course about 12.30. The return journey is not so comfortable, because the passengers, carried in three or four trains during the morning, all wish to depart at the same time. The result is that there is much crowding, and it is odds against the holder of a first-class ticket returning in the class for which he has paid. Only return tickets are issued, and the fare is raised about 50 per cent. above the ordinary. This, however, is what racing men are accustomed to in the South of England.

Bognor, Littlehampton, and Worthing all have racing visitors in the Goodwood week, but from Bognor to the



GOODWOOD

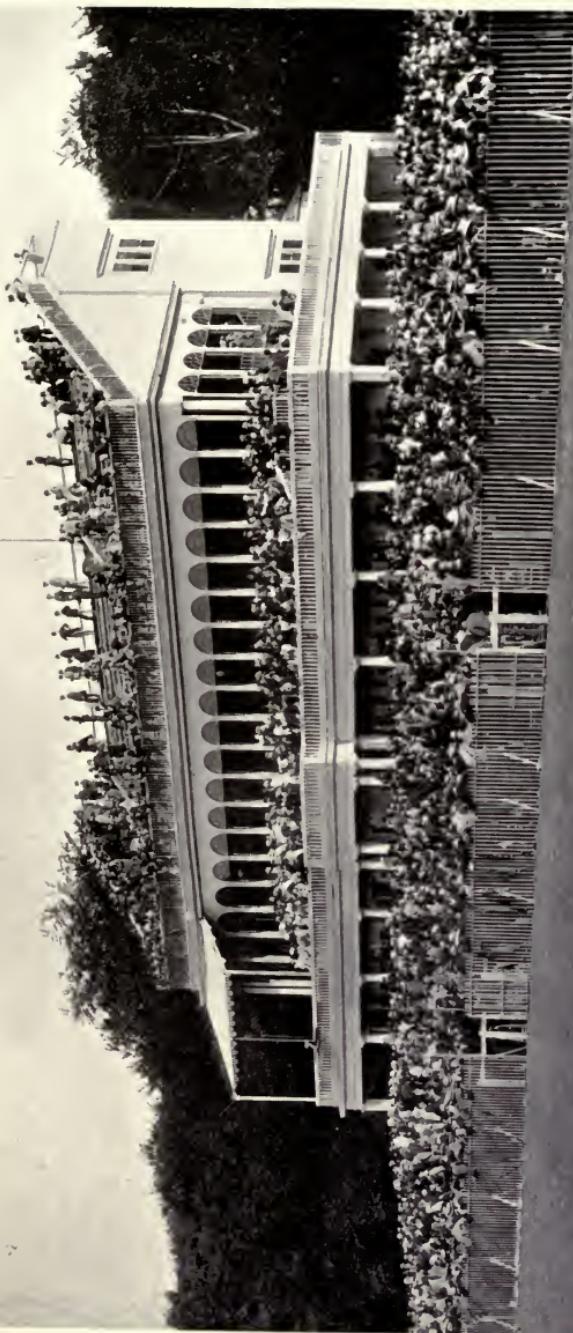
PRIVATE STAND, TATTERSALL'S AND TRUNDELL HILL.

course the drive is a long one, and when the Brighton trains stop at Worthing it is often difficult to find a seat. Arundel, Midhurst, and Petworth are within driving distance of Goodwood, but the roads are hilly, and should one decide to stay at any one of the places named, it would be as well to have arrangements for a carriage completed beforehand. Some years ago the writer drove down from town, stayed in Chichester for the meeting, and drove back again on the Saturday and Sunday. This plan can be recommended for anyone fond of driving, for the route lies through some of the prettiest scenery in the Southern Counties, and the roads, though hilly, are very good. On the occasion referred to the old Portsmouth road, through Esher, Ripley, and Guildford, was taken as far as Godalming. Then a divergence to the east was made, and the journey broken at Haslemere, where the night was spent. The second day's drive was through woodland scenes of great beauty to Midhurst, and from thence through Singleton and West Dean to Chichester. On the return journey the road to Petersfield, by way of Up Park—where there used to be racing a hundred years ago—was chosen and Liphook made the stopping-place for the night. From Liphook over Hind Head, and by the Devil's Punch Bowl the views are magnificent, and one can either travel to London by Farnham, Bagshot, and Virginia Water, or join the Guildford road near Godalming. A third route is by Dorking, Horsham, and Arundel, and this also is a good road, and less hilly than the others, but not quite so well off for scenery.

If it can be managed comfortably, undoubtedly Goodwood is best done from a cottage near the course, from which one can see the morning gallops, and enjoy the beautiful scenery before and after racing. Such cottages are not very numerous, but some on the Goodwood estate are available, and the prices demanded are nothing like so ruinous as would be asked for similar accommodation at Ascot. Living in one of those one can avoid the long and dusty drives to and from Chichester, and be independent of trains and waits; but if the cottage be more than a couple of miles from the course it is as well to take a pony

down, and then an attendance on the morning work becomes a pleasure rather than a toil. Not that four miles before breakfast is anything out of the way for a healthy man, but it must be remembered that from every cottage within two miles of the course it is uphill all the way, and that the weather is generally warm. Goodwood is no place for bicycles.

The greatest nuisance visitors who come by train—no matter whether from London, Brighton, or Portsmouth—have to contend with is the drive from Chichester, and back from the course. The yard outside Chichester Station is not a large one, but on the race days it is blocked with traffic, and directly the station is left the visitor finds himself one of a surging, struggling crowd, largely composed of touts for the long array of vehicles which are waiting for passengers. Not so long ago open cabs and hansoms were numerically the strongest, and most of the hansoms had come from London, some engaged beforehand and some on speculation only. A good cab could often secure a job at seven or eight guineas for the meeting; but London cab-drivers are nothing like so numerous at Goodwood as they used to be, the reason being that the open van with "garden" seats has to a great extent monopolised the traffic. Slower than most of the vehicles are these lumbering concerns, but they are on the whole the safest of the Goodwood conveyances, hence their popularity. Half a crown or three shillings a seat is the usual charge, but on the Cup day four or five shillings is demanded, and generally paid, there being always a much augmented crowd on the Thursday of the meeting. The road for about three and a half miles is fairly level, but whether the route is taken past Goodwood House, and through the park, or by the Kennels, up Trundle Hill, the last two miles are terribly steep, and have to be done at a walk. Moreover, the surface of the roads up either ascent becomes very bad before the week is over, the loose stones all working out, where in a general way there must be very little traffic of any sort. The heavier vehicles are not allowed to go through the park, and this is a wise regulation, as the outside road is much



(GOODWOOD)
THE GRAND STAND

the better, being both wider and firmer than the other. At the foot of either hill chain-horses are requisitioned by a majority of the drivers, and all sorts of prices are paid, the tariff ranging from eighteenpence for a bigger sort of pony to five shillings for a powerful cart-horse. At one time the supplying of these chain-horses seemed to be a prerogative of the gipsies, but of late years the farmers must have been securing a share of the harvest, as many good-looking cart-horses are now to be seen in charge of smock-frocked farm servants. Some of the most active of the men can earn five-and-twenty to thirty shillings on the Cup day with one horse, and though any of them will tell you that the game is not so good as it was, I can see no diminution in the long strings of vehicles, and most certainly the prices are higher than they used to be when I paid my first visit to Goodwood—the year when Paganini won the Stakes.

The Goodwood Grand Stand is of the old-fashioned sort, being a large oblong house of considerable height, with balconies in front, and a roof from which a capital view of the racing can be obtained. It is unfortunately placed parallel with the course, and this makes it difficult for everyone to see the horses when they are running in the straight, but a splendid view is obtained from the grass slope which lies between the lawn and one end of the stand, and this is a favourite coign of vantage, especially for races on the T.Y.C.

The longest course marked out, though it has not been used for many years, is the Queen's Plate Course of over three miles and a half, the starting-post being on Charlton Downs, about a mile to the north-west of the stands, and quite close to the village of Charlton. From Charlton Downs the horses used to come inwards to the stands, and then run the present Cup Course. The starting-post of the last-named is just outside the paddock gate, and for the first half-mile the horses go down the course, past the stands and lawn. They then turn out to the west and go round the loop—the "Clump," it used to be called—coming back into the straight course more than five furlongs from home. Every inch of the races run on this course can be seen from

the top of the stands, but from the lower balconies the horses are invisible for a few hundred yards when rounding the loop. The track is of a give-and-take nature, downhill at first for something like half a mile, and then a gradual rise to the Craven Course starting-post. Round the loop there is another sharp rise, and to the junction with the straight course it is all on the ascent. Then come two furlongs of downhill, whilst the finish is slightly on the ascent again. Such a varied two miles and a half on such grand old turf, such a Cup course, in a word, is not to be found on any other racecourse in the kingdom, for, as already remarked, horses running over the same distance at Newmarket are out of sight for the first mile, while on the early portion of the Flat they are most difficult to make out unless the light is particularly good and the race-glasses very powerful. The T.Y.C. at Goodwood is six furlongs straight, downhill at first, and with a rise to the finish. The Old Mile starting-post is on the upper or eastern side of the loop, but it is not the last mile of the Cup Course, as the horses do not go to the top of the hill, but turn on to the inner course and join the straight lower down. The Craven Course of a mile and two furlongs is from the western end of the loop inwards to the straight course, and then home, and this is in most years one of the most popular of the Goodwood courses, and nothing like so difficult as are some courses of a mile and a quarter.

As has been the case with many other old meetings, the Goodwood programme has known many changes. Sixty years ago very little added money was given, and whereas nowadays there are generally twenty-seven races advertised for the four days, the cards were then considerably shorter than they are now. Thus, in 1838 there were five races on each of the four days, yet, sixteen years later, in 1854, no fewer than forty-three races were run, the collective value of which amounted to £32,389, and for which 242 horses started. This was when the meeting was at its zenith, during that period of Turf history when Lord George Bentinck dominated the councils of the Jockey Club.

During the last quarter of a century there has been a

gradual falling off, both in the value of the stakes and in the number of runners, but even now the prizes are well worth winning, and it must be borne in mind that they are of fairly even character, with the exception of the Selling Plates, and that there is no monster stake to attract the crowd, as has become the custom at several of the enclosures. To go into figures, the actual stakes to the winners in 1900 were: On Tuesday, £3,515; on Wednesday, £2,859; on Thursday, £6,605; on Friday, £2,267. Total, £15,246. This is a capital total, and moreover the programme pulls to pieces fairly well, though long-distance racing is not so much in evidence as at Ascot. The following table shows the various distances over which last year's races were run:—

The Goodwood Cup	.	.	.	2½	miles.
„ Goodwood Stakes	.	.	.	2½	„
„ Gratwicke Stakes	.	.	.	1½	„
„ Craven Stakes	.	.	.	1	mile 2 furlongs.
„ Drayton Handicap	.	.	.	1	„ 2 „
„ Chesterfield Cup	.	.	.	1	„ 2 „
„ Charlton Handicap	.	.	.	1	„
„ Sussex Stakes	.	.	.	1	„
„ Corinthian Plate	.	.	.	1	„
„ Visitors' Plate	.	.	.	1	„
„ Nassau Stakes	.	.	.	1	„
„ Ham Stakes	.	.	.	6	furlongs.
„ Stewards' Cup	.	.	.	6	„
„ Richmond Stakes	.	.	.	6	„
„ Prince of Wales' Stakes	.	.	.	6	„
„ Findon Stakes	.	.	.	6	„
„ Rous Memorial Stakes	.	.	.	6	„
„ Molecomb Stakes	.	.	.	6	„
„ West Dean Stakes	.	.	.	5	„
„ Halnaker Stakes	.	.	.	5	„
„ Sweepstakes of £125	.	.	.	5	„
„ Selling Plate (two-year-olds)	.	.	.	5	„
„ Lavant Stakes	.	.	.	5	„
„ Selling Plate (two-year-olds)	.	.	.	5	„
„ Singleton Plate	.	.	.	5	„
„ Chichester Stakes	.	.	.	5	„
„ Selling Stakes (all ages)	.	.	.	5	„

From the above it will be seen that there are eleven races of a mile and upwards, and sixteen of five and six furlongs. Amongst the latter class are several overnight Selling Stakes, and unfortunately selling races at Goodwood seem to fare worse than at any other place. This no doubt is due to the fact that the charges for stabling are very high, and that the place is not easily reached. It is easy to imagine an owner of a selling plater coming to the conclusion that there is little use running his horse at Goodwood when he can do so at half the cost elsewhere, and that "elsewhere" there will probably be a much larger field, and consequently a better price obtainable. Wherever a plater is run an entrance fee and a jockey's fee have to be paid. The former is usually £3, and the latter *nominally* £5 5s. for a winning, and £3 3s. for a losing mount. It is the fact, however, that much higher fees are paid to the best jockeys, even in Selling Plates, especially by those who make a study of the game, and lay themselves out for Selling Plate coups. For the sake of argument, however, let us suppose that the owner pays the regulation jockey's fee only. In that case his lowest liability for running in a Selling Plate is £6 3s., with an additional £2 2s. contingent upon his horse's winning. Then if he elects to run at a modern enclosure he may spend £2 more in railway fare for his horse and stabling, and to give a fair margin he may incur a total outlay of £10.

Now, at Goodwood stabling is scarce and dear, and from £7 to £10 used to be the charge for a box a few years ago, whether used for one night only or for the whole meeting. The year that Philomel won the Cup for Colonel North that gentleman's trainer was charged upwards of £100 for the expense of taking some six or seven horses to the meeting, this being the amount of the bill tendered by an inhabitant of the village of Charlton, who put up the trainer, his son, the half-dozen horses, and their boys. On the same occasion a Newmarket trainer brought two horses on the Monday and sent them back on the Wednesday, he himself staying on until the end of the meeting. For his own board and lodging, for the two boxes, for forage, and for the boys



GOODWOOD
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in charge of the nags £35 was charged, and this bill was shown everywhere for weeks, and finally published in a sporting newspaper. This was in 1890, and I think that since that time many of the smaller owners and trainers have fought shy of the place in consequence of the high charges. At all events, careful men will not spend £20 over running a plater in a £100 stake at Goodwood when they can do the same thing for less than half the sum elsewhere. At the Goodwood Meeting of 1898 four selling races were advertised ; one of them failed to fill, and the other three brought out only seventeen horses amongst them. Yet just previously Selling Plate fields had been very large all over the country, and a winner at Sandown (Little Saint) had been sold for 1,600 guineas, while a week or two before Fairy Field had been bought in for 1,150 guineas, after winning at Kempton Park.

For many years past the Goodwood Cup has been but a second-rate sort of affair, which has seldom attracted the best Cup horses of the day. Such Ascot Cup winners as Persimmon and Isinglass never attempted to win the Goodwood Cup, probably because such a success would hardly have helped them at the stud. Indeed, we have to go back to the middle eighties, when The Bard and St. Simon were winners of the race, to find the very best class, and to 1889 to find an Ascot Cup winner in the list. The last to complete the double event was Trayles, but previous to St Simon's day the list contained many great names, and I need only mention Isonomy, Kincsem, Hampton, Doncaster, Flageolet, and Favonius as winners well within my memory. Indeed, I saw Siderolite win before any of these had come to fame ; and in those days the race was unquestionably invested with far greater prestige than has been attached to it of late. All the more welcome, then, was the news that the conditions had been overhauled, and the race made one of £2,000 value. For this reform Lord March is responsible, and it is sincerely to be hoped that owners will respond to this call, and make the Goodwood Cup what it once was—second to none in importance among long-distance races, save to the Gold Cup at Ascot.

CHAPTER IV

EPSOM

Importance of Epsom—Size of crowd—Derby winner as best of his year—Some recent winners—Galtee More—Persimmon—Sir Visto—Isinglass—Ladas—Sir Hugo—Common—Sainfoin—Ayrshire—Donovan—Jeddah—Flying Fox—His pedigree and ancestors—Performances—Defeats and victories—Three-year-old career of Flying Fox—The great sale at Kingsclere—Description of Flying Fox—Prince of Wales' second Derby—Diamond Jubilee—His singular two-year-old career—Comes out an improved three-year-old—How he won the Guineas—What happened on the Newmarket Stakes day—Race for the Derby—Poor Forfarshire—Description of Epsom Course—Scene on the hill—National carnival—Epsom stands—Advantage of horses sometimes running on steep gradients—Other Epsom courses—The Metropolitan Course—The Epsom programme—Value of stakes—Two-year-old events—The City and Suburban—Railway arrangements—Special trains—Charges.

IN many respects Epsom is the most important racecourse in the kingdom. It has withstood the rivalry of the modern enclosure, and in like manner its Derby has not lost caste through the institution of the ten-thousand-pound prize. It draws a far bigger crowd than does any other meeting, open or enclosed, and yet it has disadvantages innumerable when it is compared with any of the more modern, up-to-date establishments. Nevertheless, in spite of these disadvantages, the people go there in their tens of thousands, both in the spring and in the Derby week; and for many years past it has been a popular article of faith that at least a million people are present when the Derby is run, though thousands of these do not see the race at all, other attractions of one sort and another taking them to the Downs on that particular day. Still, unless one has been present at Epsom on a Derby day, it is almost impossible to realise what a tremendous hold racing has on the British public. That London supplies the greater part

of the crowd goes without saying, but vast numbers come from the provinces every year, and in this respect the attendance is much more cosmopolitan than are the attendances at the Park meetings, where—except on bank holidays—the same people go week after week, so that it becomes almost difficult to pick out a fresh face in the paddocks.

Epsom was in its glory as a racing centre all through the eighteenth century, and its Derby is now 121 years old, the Oaks being a year older. Almost from its commencement the Derby came to be regarded as the greatest contest of the year, and even now the same opinion prevails, and the Derby is still the blue ribbon of the Turf. Moreover, a Derby winner is always held in great estimation by the breeders of blood stock, and until he is tried and found wanting he can command a high figure when sent to the stud. As a general rule, too, the Derby winner is the best of his year, and though it occasionally happens that in a bad year the race is won by a bad horse, such is the exception. Take, for instance, the last dozen years, from 1887, when Galtee More won. About the famous Irish horse being the best of his year there is no question whatever, and to dismiss him briefly, he was quite 10 lbs. in front of any other three-year-old who carried silk that year. Next we come to Persimmon, and though the Prince of Wales' equine wonder was no better than St. Frusquin at a mile, we must judge the pair on their performances, and Persimmon beat the Two Thousand winner a neck at Epsom over a mile and a half, but when giving 3 lbs. at Newmarket at a mile was beaten half a length by Mr. de Rothschild's colt. So far there was little or nothing between them, but, whereas St. Frusquin never ran again after winning the Eclipse Stakes, Persimmon won the St. Leger in a canter, and in the following year accounted for the Ascot Cup and the Eclipse Stakes. That both were horses of exceptional merit admits of no doubt, but St. Frusquin never won over a longer course than the ten furlongs of the Eclipse Stakes, while Persimmon was a cup gem of the first water, and is fairly entitled to be called

the best of his year. Galtee More and Persimmon were a long way beyond the average Derby winner in point of merit; but 1895 was a bad year, yet in all probability Sir Visto was, with perhaps two exceptions, the best of a moderate lot. He was beaten in the Two Thousand, but he won both Derby and St. Leger with something in hand, and if there was a better three-year-old that year I should make choice between Whittier and Marco. The first-named was undoubtedly the best two-year-old of the previous year, and he won the March Stakes in great style when a three-year-old. But he was difficult to train, and was not a good-tempered horse, and very little was heard of him after the spring of his three-year-old career. Marco had no classic engagements, but during the autumn of Sir Visto's year he was very smart, and as a three-year-old he won five of the seven races in which he took part, his victories including the Lewes Handicap under 7 st. 6 lbs., and the Cambridgeshire, when he had 7 st. 9 lbs. in the saddle. This last-named race he won in a hack canter, giving no less than 16 lbs. to Count Schomberg, of his own age, and beating the five-year-old Best Man at 19 lbs. The three first-named were the placed horses, and amongst the unplaced lot were Le Justicier, who had won the Eclipse Stakes; None the Wiser; Green Lawn; Portmarnock; La Sagesse, who won the Oaks that year, and carried 1 lb. more than Marco; Rockdove, winner of the Cæsarewitch; and Telescope, who had run second to Sir Visto for the St. Leger, and who carried 13 lbs. less than Marco; and several others who were able to win good races. This was undoubtedly the best three-year-old performance of the year, and if further proof was necessary that Sir Visto was lucky in not meeting Marco in the Derby and St. Leger, it was afforded in the following autumn, when the two met in the Champion Stakes Across the Flat. On that occasion the pair were opposed by Whittier and Labrador, but of Whittier's running little heed can be taken, as the horse was not wound up and was not in the least fancied. He had beaten Marco as a three-year-old, but now 100 to 8 was offered against him in a field of four, Sir Visto starting favourite at 5 to 4, with Marco well backed

at 2 to 1. The Cambridgeshire winner of the previous year had not the slightest difficulty in defeating Sir Visto, but he was unable to give 8 lbs. to Labrador, the runner-up to Persimmon for the St. Leger, and certainly Labrador was smart then, though he afterwards deteriorated. Neither was Marco so good at four years old as he had been when a year younger; but it was the hard ground that stopped him, and he was never properly wound up after the winter following his meritorious three-year-old career. He had bad feet, and consequently gave his trainer a lot of trouble, but during the autumn of 1895 the going was just to his liking, and he would most certainly have won the Cambridgeshire with 8 stone in the saddle. All the running of the two horses suggests that Marco would have won both Derby and St. Leger had he been engaged therein, but he went to the stud at a lower figure than Sir Visto, and this shows what prestige is still attached to a Derby winner.

In 1893 and 1894 the Derby winners were Isinglass and Ladas, and most certainly these were respectively the best of their years. Isinglass was in fact a great horse, and an Ascot Cup winner, and if Ladas was not quite in the same class, he was a beautiful specimen of the thoroughbred, who might have lasted longer on the turf had his pasterns been a trifle longer and stronger. He was defeated by Throstle in the St. Leger, but there was something very fluky about that race, and, moreover, Throstle was a great mare when she chose to give her best running. A more beautiful mover than Ladas has not been seen for many a year. He went to the stud with a far higher reputation than Sir Visto, and it was understood that his subscription was filled for two years privately, but at a price which has never been made public. The previous winner of the Derby to Ladas was Sir Hugo, and though this colt beat La Flêche in the Derby, the latter was the best of the year and turned the tables most decisively on her Epsom conqueror in the St. Leger. Still Sir Hugo was the second best colt of his year, the best no doubt being Orme, who was unable to take part in the Derby, and whose St. Leger chance was spoilt by the reckless manner in which he

was ridden, and that his reputation was a great one was evidenced by the fact that he went to the stud at a fee of 150 guineas and that his subscription was soon filled at that price. How Sir Hugo came to beat La Flêche in the Derby has been a fruitful source of argument ever since, and the general opinion is that the mare was "steadied" so long when coming down the hill that she had no chance of making up her ground afterwards. This may be the correct version of the case, and it is certain that La Flêche was worse placed half-way between the top of the hill and Tattenham Corner than she had been in the earlier stages of the race; but the fact remains that in the Oaks two days later she only just scraped home, and her running in both races suggests that she was not in the same form which she showed later in the year, notably when she won the St. Leger, the Lancashire Plate, and the Cambridgeshire. In the last-named race she carried (being then a three-year-old) 8 st. 10 lbs., and came out of the Dip with the race in hand. She was as game a bit of stuff as ever carried silk, and was quite the best mare of the last quarter of the century.

In 1891 Common won not only the Derby, but the Two Thousand and the St. Leger as well, and he showed considerable superiority to all his opponents, and was unquestionably the best of his year. That it was a great year cannot be for a moment suggested, and perhaps Common as the hero of a triple classic victory gained more fame than was his due. Yet he was a big, upstanding, Isonomy horse, and he was as sound as a bell of brass when taken out of training. This happened almost immediately after the St. Leger, Common being bought for a long figure (£15,000 was stated to be the price) by Sir J. Blundell Maple for stud purposes alone. As a two-year-old Common never ran, and his name was never mentioned in connection with classic races until quite late in the spring. He made his first appearance in the Two Thousand, for which 9 to 1 was offered against him at the start, but he won very decisively, and the Derby and St. Leger were just as easily secured.

In 1890 Sainfoin won the Derby for Sir James Miller, and that this horse was not the best of his year has been an accepted fact ever since. The field he beat for the Derby were unfortunately not only moderate for the most part, but some of them were rogues in addition, notably Surefoot and Le Nord. Surefoot ought to have won the race, and would have done so had he put any heart into his work, but he was trying to savage other horses instead of attending to the business in hand ; yet he finished close up with the winner. Probably Surefoot was the best of his year, at all events up to a mile and a quarter, and a year later he created a big surprise by winning the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown, when Common was beaten into third place. However, such a bad-mannered horse as Surefoot will go down to posterity as a savage rather than as the best of his year, and, all things considered, the award of merit must go to Memoir, who won the Oaks and St. Leger, and who could have won the One Thousand also had not the Duke of Portland made a declaration to win with Semolina. Memoir's St. Leger was a curious race, and there was so much squeezing at the Intake turn that the chances of some half-dozen horses were destroyed. Meanwhile Memoir secured a clear course and scored the win quite easily. Those who were said to have suffered most were St. Serf, Queen's Birthday, and Heaume, and probably all these three were better than Sainfoin, whose career after his Derby victory was a most inglorious one, and who so far has been a very qualified success at the stud.

The two previous winners to Sainfoin were Ayrshire and Donovan, and the latter was certainly considerably the best of his year, though he suffered defeat from Enthusiast in the Two Thousand Guineas. In stake money Donovan won more than has ever been won by any horse before or since, with the exception of Isinglass, and at the stud he has sired Velasquez. About Ayrshire the case is not so clear. He won the Two Thousand and Derby, but was fairly and squarely beaten in the St. Leger by Seabreeze, and this beautiful filly also beat the Duke of Portland's colt in the valuable Lancashire Stakes. Indeed, most

good judges would declare Seabreeze to have been the best of her year; but I have now gone through ten years, and according to my judgment the claims of Galtee More, Persimmon, Ladas, Isinglass, Common, and Donovan cannot be disputed. Ayrshire has a rival in Seabreeze, Sir Hugo was admittedly inferior to La Flêche, while a good case can be made out against Sir Visto. Sainfoin on the other hand has no claims to the title of best of his year, and thus while six winners out of the ten will always hold the title, two others (Ayrshire and Sir Visto) will always dispute it merely, and only two are clean out of it. In the case of Sir Hugo, it will be said that he was the second best colt of his year, though not the equal of La Flêche. Jeddah, the winner in 1898, was a very moderate horse in a very moderate year, but amongst Derby winners Flying Fox, the hero of 1899, will always take very high rank, indeed by some critics he has been spoken of as one of the horses of the century. That he has claims to such a position will hardly be denied, and though he failed twice when a two-year-old, he passed from one triumph to another a year later, and in my time I can recollect no other racehorse who put on such a wonderful sequence of victories with so little trouble to himself. He won all his three-year-old engagements in a canter, and at the end of the season he stood out about a stone and a half in front of the next best of his age. In the spring of his four-year-old career he was sold to a French owner, M. Blanc, and was at once sent to the stud. Thus we have had no opportunity of judging what kind of a four-year-old he would have made, but he was as sound as a bell when taken out of training, and on the day he was sold his muscular development was simply extraordinary, a somewhat singular circumstance, because the great Kingsclere sale was held in March, just at the end of the average racehorse's easy time, and before anything like strong work had been begun.

Flying Fox was bred at the Eaton Stud by the late Duke of Westminster, and is a son of Orme out of Vampire by Galopin, her dam Irony by Rosebery out of Sarcasm

by Breadalbane. Vampire and Irony were bred by Mr. J. G. Hodgson, of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

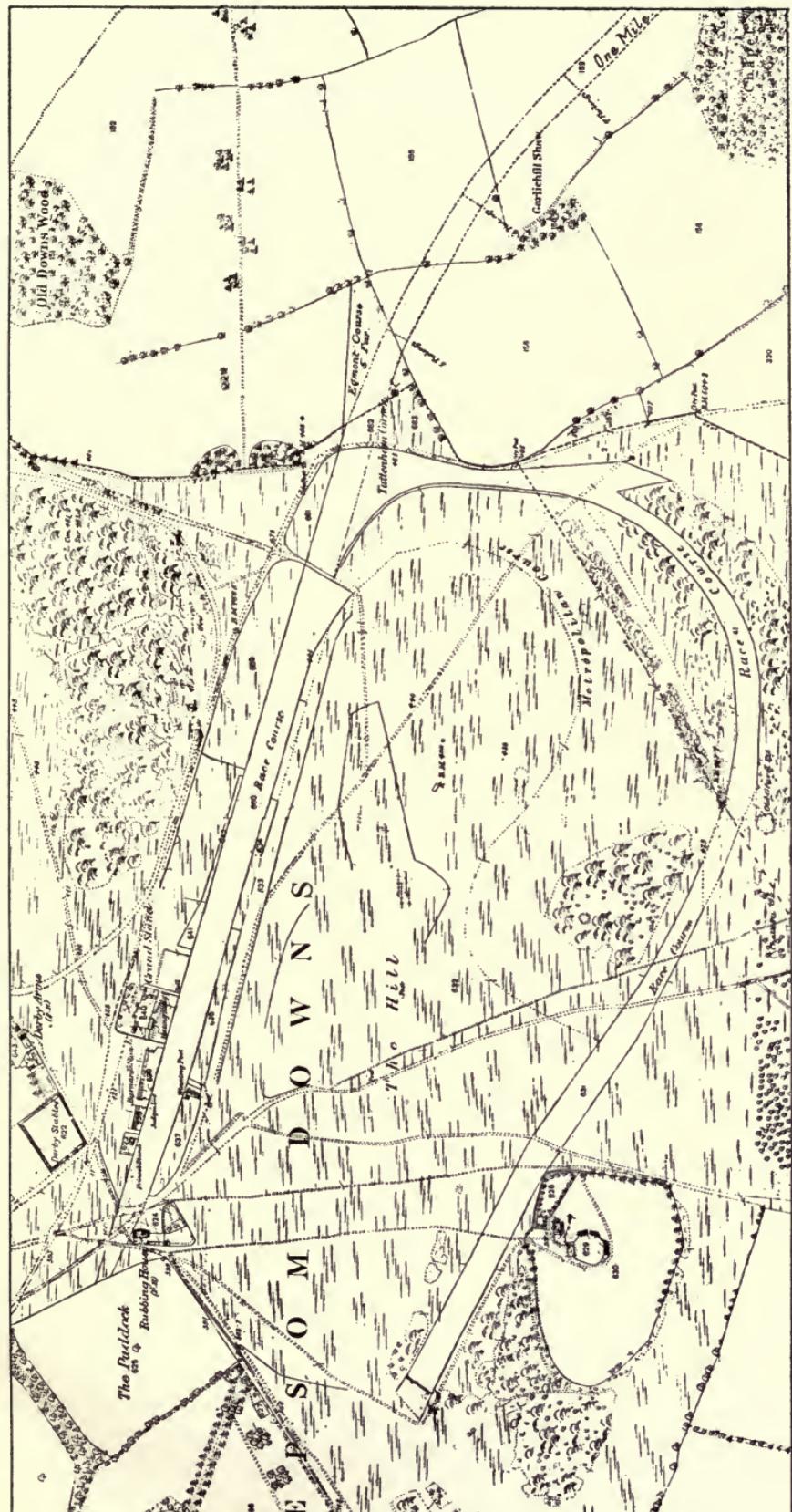
Sarcasm was bred by Mr. F. A. Williamson at the Whitfield Stud, near Liverpool, and was owned by Mr. Williamson and Mr. J. G. Hodgson jointly. She was sent to Wadlow at Stanton, and was, as a two-year-old, being prepared to run at Chester, when she had a severe attack of congestion of the muscles of the loins, and never seemed to recover her action. Mr. Williamson shortly afterwards gave up his stud, and sold his half-share in Sarcasm to Mr. Hodgson, for whom she first bred a grey colt to Strathconan, who, when trained by Charles Lund at Malton, won a small race. The best she bred, however, was the said Irony, a very useful mare, who was trained by William I'Anson at Malton. I'Anson, however, could never quite get her to his liking, owing to a troublesome splint which no blistering could cure. Nevertheless, she won the Newcastle Autumn Handicap, the Thirsk Handicap, and the Pontefract Handicap, and was a good stayer and good-looking. Her first foal was Lamprey by Beauclerc, who won the Molyneux Stakes at Liverpool the first time out, and later the Fitzwilliam Stakes at Doncaster for Mr. Hodgson. Unfortunately he turned rogue, and was allowed to leave the stable after winning the Fitzwilliam. Irony continued to breed, but though her yearlings sold well they were moderate until she threw Vampire to Galopin. This filly Mr. Hodgson sold privately to Mr. Noel Fenwick for £1,000, and after she had won one race the last-named gentleman sold her to the late Duke of Westminster for (I believe) the same sum that he had given. On her arrival at the Eaton Stud the late Duke tried unsuccessfully to persuade Mr. Fenwick to take her back, and it is common knowledge that she is a troublesome mare to deal with to this day. Indeed, had she been a good "traveller," instead of being almost impossible to "box," she might never have been put to Orme (because of his very close inbreeding to Galopin), and in that case there would have been no Flying Fox.

As a two-year-old Flying Fox made his first appearance in the New Stakes at Ascot, and, having won a fair Kings-

clere trial, started a hot favourite. He ran just a trifle green, but won cleverly, being followed past the post by Musa, who was destined to win the Oaks a year later. At this period of his career Flying Fox was a light-framed, wiry colt, who carried far less substance than many of Bend Or's descendants. His limbs, however, were perfection, and his action, when extended, remarkably fine. When galloping he swept over the ground with a smooth, far-reaching stride, and the regularity of a machine, and when full pressure was turned on he gave one the idea of being a much bigger horse than he really was. In his slow paces he was not seen to such advantage, and on his way to the post he was inclined to potter along until his jockey took him by the head and asked him to gallop.

The Ascot performance created a most favourable impression, which was in no way lessened when the colt cantered away from No Trumps in the Stockbridge Foal Stakes, with nearly a stone the worst of the weights; but at Kempton Park, early in October, Flying Fox sustained the first of the only two defeats he met with during his racing career, and I have always been strongly of opinion that, in this race at least, he should not have been beaten. The contest was the Imperial Produce Stakes, which, in 1898, was about the most valuable two-year-old prize of the year. Flying Fox put up the full penalty, and was beaten a head by St. Gris, to whom he was presenting 5 lbs. The pair finished very wide of each other, and I believe it is a fact that M. Cannon—who was on the stand side and nearest the judge's box—thought he had won, whilst the deceased noble owner of Flying Fox entertained no doubt at all upon the point. The jockey afterwards stated that he could have got more out of his horse had he thought it necessary, but being of opinion that he was a good head in front during the last fifty yards of the race, he did not push his mount as he might otherwise have done. St. Gris was, however, a good horse at the time, and even if the form was right it was no great slur on the Fox's escutcheon to be beaten a head by him when giving 5 lbs.

This Kempton race was run on a Friday, and exactly a



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PLAN OF THE RACECOURSE

week later Flying Fox was sent to Newmarket to oppose the American horse Caiman, in the Middle Park Plate. What took place on that occasion has been a constant topic of conversation among racing men ever since. There was a terribly strong wind blowing right up the course, and Sloan, who rode Caiman, came right through with his mount, and in my opinion stole the race. Afterwards a great deal was said about wind pressure, and how the little American, hidden behind his horse's neck, had presented so small a surface of resistance to the gale, that it meant an advantage of 7 or 10 lbs. But the fact is—and I admit that under the very unusual circumstances the American seat must have been an advantage—that Flying Fox was waited with too long, and when Cannon sent him out there was too much ground to make up. The colt's effort out of the Abingdon Mile Bottom was a grand one, and stamped him as the gamest of the game. The result of the race was a fluke, and even with a similar head gale blowing such a result would never have occurred again, unless, for a second time, the English jockey had allowed the American to get so far ahead.

It may also be stated here, on the word of no less an authority than John Porter, the colt's trainer, that Flying Fox was not himself either at Kempton or in the Cæsarewitch week. Porter did not wish to run him, and had his probably very mild advice been taken, it is quite certain that Flying Fox would have copied the example of his grandsire Ormonde, and retired from the turf an unbeaten horse. Luckily the colt took no harm from his two defeats, and came out again in the Houghton week to oppose his old conqueror St. Gris in the Criterion Stakes. With the Kempton running only three weeks old, backers were much divided in their choice, and at the start Flying Fox had only a fractional call of St. Frusquin's half-brother. In the race, however, he made hacks of the opposition, winning in a canter from Sinopi—in receipt of a lot of weight—with St. Gris beaten out of the first three. The performance was about the smoothest accomplished by a two-year-old during the season, and the way Flying Fox collared the stiff

ascent of the Criterion Course was strongly indicative of what was to take place in the classic races of the following year.

As I have already stated, Flying Fox's three-year-old career was a most remarkable one. All through the winter he did as well as it is possible for a horse to do, and during the early spring it was an open secret that he had made far more than the usual improvement from two to three years of age. The upshot was that when he went to the post for the Two Thousand Guineas slight odds were laid on his chance, despite the fact that he was opposed by his Middle Park Plate conqueror, Caiman. In this race no waiting policy was pursued and the Kingsclere colt, coming away at score, had all his opponents dead settled shortly after the Bushes were passed. The judge's verdict was only two lengths, but the Two Thousand was never more easily won, and the winner was eased up long before the post was reached. The horse literally won in a canter, and had there been no Holocauste in the Derby field it is extremely probable that at least 5 to 1 would have been laid on Flying Fox for the great Epsom race. As it was he started at half that price, and though he was perhaps hardly seen to so great advantage as he had been at Newmarket a month before, he nevertheless asserted great superiority, and was out by himself in the last quarter of a mile. That an element of danger was removed when the French horse Holocauste fell and broke his leg is just on the cards, but it is impossible to say what the ill-fated grey would have done had he stood up, as the accident occurred almost half a mile from home, and long before the crucial point had been reached. Full pressure had indeed not been turned on, and I must leave the subject with the remark that Holocauste was lying well up with his horses when he came to grief, and that all speculations as to what he might or might not have done are futile. The broad fact remains that Flying Fox was a far easier winner of the Derby than were Persimmon and Isinglass, for he was never seriously challenged in the run home, and won without the aid of whip or spur, Cannon only

shaking him up with his hands somewhere about the distance-post. Even Ormonde did not defeat The Bard in such summary fashion as Flying Fox did Damocles and Innocence, but the little Petrarch horse was of far better class than the Derby second and third of 1899, and it has often been urged that the weak point in Flying Fox's history was that he never had much to beat.

About this time it was thoroughly recognised that Flying Fox was an exceptionally good colt, and far superior to the next best of his year. It was hoped that he would have an opportunity of meeting Cyllene in one of the ten-thousand-pounders, but such a meeting was not to take place, Cyllene going amiss in training just when the excitement of such a contest was beginning to make itself felt. Thus it came about that when Flying Fox met four-year-olds they were only the second best form of the previous year. After the Derby the Princess of Wales' Stakes at Newmarket (in July) was his next outing, and here of course he put up the extreme penalty, and met the four-year-old Ninus—who had just won the Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot—at 6 lbs. for the year. The only other four-year-olds in the field were Greenan and Dieudonne, but the threes included Musa, who had won the Oaks a month before, My Boy, who had finished close up with the placed horses in the Derby, and a brace of maidens in Royal Emblem and Birkenhead, both of whom had been talked about and to whom the Derby winner was set to give 17 lbs. each. All those mentioned, except Musa (in receipt of 9 lbs.), were more or less fancied at the weights; thus backers could support the Fox by laying 6 to 4 on—a very liberal price when the betting is judged by what took place.

The race was an extraordinary affair, and will probably live long in the memories of those who saw it. The colt, as I have said, had the full penalty in the saddle and was meeting all his opponents at a great disadvantage in weight, yet he made them appear like a field of bad selling platters, so easily did he beat them. As in the Two Thousand Guineas, Mornington Cannon adopted forcing tactics, and

starting very wide of his field on the extreme right, he came along with such a terrific burst of speed that the whips were going on all the others by the time the corner of the plantation was reached. At this period of the race Flying Fox was so far in front of his nearest opponent that Cannon brought him over from right to left, crossing in front of his field, not one of whom had a struggle left. Then he let his horse stride along at ease, and so easily was the victory gained that it looked as if Flying Fox could not have been beaten had he carried 11 st. instead of 9 st. 5 lbs.

The Eclipse Stakes at Sandown followed three weeks later, and this time odds of 100 to 14 were laid on Flying Fox, who was again opposed by Ninus, and was also accompanied to the post by his stable companion, Frontier. This time the crack was waited with until they were close home, when he went out and won as he liked from Frontier, the late Duke of Westminster thus securing both first and second money. In the St. Leger Caiman once more opposed Flying Fox, and such great improvement was the American horse thought to have made that as little as 4 to 1 was accepted about him, while backers of the Derby winner could get on by laying 7 to 2. The race, however, was all one way, Flying Fox winning the rubber with Caiman, and completing the triple classic event in the most decisive fashion.

Only once again did Flying Fox carry silk, viz. in the Jockey Club Stakes, and this time he was afforded the chance of meeting the Derby winner of the previous year. It is only fair to say that Jeddah had received a very half-and-half sort of preparation owing to leg trouble, and was indeed never really trained when a four-year-old. Neither he nor any other horse in the field could extend Flying Fox, who won the race much after the fashion in which he had taken the Princess of Wales' Stakes three months before, except that he did not change sides in the course of the race. In this, his last public appearance, odds of 8 to 1 were laid on Flying Fox, and as much as 100 to 7 were offered against the second favourite, Scintillant,

placed in the St. Leger, who now had a pull in the weights of 11 lbs., and who, a fortnight later, was destined to win the Cæsarewitch.

The last chapter in the English history of Flying Fox was the sale at Kingsclere in March, 1900, of the late Duke of Westminster's horses in training. The whole sale was a wonderful one ; nineteen horses in training—of whom four were untried two-year-old geldings that commanded very little money—were sold for a total of 70,440 guineas, or an average of over 3,707 guineas apiece. Flying Fox was of course the hero of the hour, and was put in at a reserve of 30,000 guineas, this reserve being even a higher price than had ever been paid at auction for a thoroughbred before. (Ormonde once changed hands privately for something like £30,000, but I have never been able to find out the exact amount, the money having been paid in South America, and the sum was inclusive of certain charges.) Unfortunately there were few English bidders prepared to go to so much money, and the battle for possession was fought out by an American and a French buyer, the Frenchman securing the horse at 37,500 guineas, a sum which, I need hardly say, constituted a record. M. Blanc, the new owner of the 1899 Derby winner, sent Flying Fox to the stud at once, and whether he is to carry on the line of Bend Or as his immediate ancestors have done has yet to be proved. In taking leave of certainly one of the greatest Derby winners of modern times, I am tempted to quote a description of him as he looked on the sale day, which appeared in the *Field* on the Saturday after the sale, and which tallies with my own ideas of the horse :—

" Flying Fox monopolised chief attention, and the great horse never looked better in his life. Though the year is yet so young he carried little or no superfluous flesh, and was, indeed, as hard as a cricket ball and as bright as a star. Four better or finer legs we never saw on a thoroughbred ; but, considering his size, his hocks are undoubtedly somewhat far from the ground, and his arms rather short. The most wonderful thing about him just now is the muscular development on his shoulder and neck, and here it may be mentioned that Flying Fox never carries any flesh on his flanks.

As many of our readers will know, the horse has never been great in substance, but the fact is that what substance he has got he carries in the proper places, and never where it is only an encumbrance. On Thursday one could count his ribs, and yet the horse was quite the reverse of thin. In appearance he has undoubtedly improved, and, as has always been the case with him, the more he is examined the more difficult it is to find a fault. Of course, there was never any horse foaled about whom nothing in disparagement could be said, but if we remark that Flying Fox might be an inch and a half longer in the neck, and had rather a prettier head—without the drooping ears—we have said all that we can possibly urge against him."

In 1900 the Prince of Wales won his second Derby, and, curiously enough, the winner is a full brother to Persimmon, who carried the Royal colours to victory in 1896. That Diamond Jubilee will ever take quite the same high rank as a racehorse that Persimmon did cannot be affirmed or denied as yet, but that he is a Derby winner of more than average merit seems quite certain, yet no Epsom hero of modern times has had a more curious history or given such totally different running.

The Coventry Stakes at Ascot was chosen for the *début* of this handsome colt—who was foaled in the Diamond Jubilee year, and named by the Princess of Wales—and so well had he been tried that only the slightest shade of odds was offered against him, though such previous winners as Vain Duchess, Chevening, and Bourne Bridge were in the field. John Watts had the mount on the Prince of Wales' colt, and as they approached the distance it looked as if he was about to win easily enough. Two hundred yards from home, however, the colt swerved badly to the left, and putting no heart into his work when pulled straight again, could only finish fourth to Democrat, Vain Duchess, and the French filly Lucie II. This was a bad beginning for one of such distinguished lineage and great good-looks, but worse was to follow, and in my experience I can recollect no future Derby winner behaving worse than Diamond Jubilee did in the July Stakes at Newmarket. For this event there were half a dozen runners, and as the other five seemed to be

moderate, Diamond Jubilee was backed against the field, in spite of his wayward show at Ascot.

Watts again had the mount, and the colt got rid of him at the post, galloping riderless to the back of the stands. He was caught and taken back, but in the race he would not try a yard, and finished the absolute last of the half-dozen, something like eighty yards behind Captain Kettle and Galveston, the first-named—a great lengthy son of Buccaneer and Comette, who was bred by Mr. Waring at Beenham House—winning cleverly for Mr. Wallace Johnstone in Allsopp's hands. A more wayward performance on the part of a good-looking young horse who was known to possess smart form was never seen, but even then his stable, and the general public also, were not wholly discouraged, for at Goodwood, when he ran for the Prince of Wales' Stakes, they again made him favourite, taking as little as 7 to 4 about him, although one of his opponents was Alt-na-bea, who had run third in the July Stakes referred to above. This time M. Cannon had the mount, and though it was quite evident that Diamond Jubilee had the foot of his field, he curled up when the pinch came, and allowed himself to be beaten half a length by the very moderate Epsom Lad.

After Goodwood nothing was seen of the future Derby winner until the Newmarket First October Meeting, when he was sent to the post for the Boscawen Stakes. The best of his opponents appeared to be Vulpio, a good winner in the early spring, and it having been rumoured that Diamond Jubilee had mended his manners, he was once more entrusted with good money, and was in fact an even-money chance in a field of five. This time (his fourth race in public) he gave a much better display, but he only got home after a hard fight with Paigle, and many were inclined to decry the form because Paigle had run him to a head. In this they were quite wrong, for Paigle was decidedly smart at the time, as was proved by the fact that, three weeks later, she very easily won the Great Sapling Plate at Sandown, giving a lot of weight away to Lady Min, Strongbow, and others, while Longy, who met her on weight-

for-sex terms, could not even secure a place. Indeed this running of Paigle showed Diamond Jubilee in a vastly improved light, and he finished up the season with a brace of creditable seconds in the Middle Park and Dewhurst Plates. In both races his conqueror was the American gelding Democrat, and the same form, as regards the pair, was shown on both occasions. The two races made it as clear as noonday that Democrat was the better two-year-old, and he retired into winter quarters the acknowledged best youngster of the year.

At the same time a majority of the critics* were strongly of opinion that Diamond Jubilee showed greater capability for improvement than Democrat did. The last-named, a gelding, was more set and furnished than the Prince of Wales' colt, but he had been set and furnished when he came out in the spring, whereas Diamond Jubilee, no matter how waywardly he had behaved in any particular race, had come out each time looking a bigger and grander horse than when he last ran. As a matter of course Democrat was the winter favourite for the Derby, but in the early spring the name of Diamond Jubilee began to be freely mentioned in connection with the classic races, and it was soon an open secret that in his work he had given the greatest satisfaction, and also that he had grown into a very grand horse.

As the time for the Two Thousand Guineas drew nigh it also became generally known that Democrat had not pleased his trainer, and though on his two-year-old form he held an even-money chance for the first of the classic races, the American gelding had no good word from the Newmarket touts, and, to dismiss him briefly, he was not even sent to the post. Neither was the gossip very satisfactory concerning Diamond Jubilee. The old stories about

* By critics in this connection I mean a certain band of men, drawn from every section of the racing community, whose delight it is to spend nearly all the racing afternoons at Newmarket in the Birdcage, who watch the cracks of the year all the time they are on view, and who are quick to note their condition from meeting to meeting, seeing at once improvement or retrogression, and, naturally enough, forming opinions as to the future which in a majority of cases turn out to be correct.

his temper were revived, and about a fortnight before the race it became known that the horse had conceived an invincible dislike to Mornington Cannon, but that he went kindly enough in the hands of Herbert Jones, a light-weight attached to Marsh's stable, who had ridden several winners a year or two before, and who is a son of the late "Jack" Jones of Epsom, in life a well-known trainer of steeplechasers.

It seems a curious thing that where an owner has first claim upon the first jockey of the day, he should have to go past him to ride a "Guineas" favourite, but the decision to put up Herbert Jones on Diamond Jubilee instead of Mornington Cannon was undoubtedly a wise one, and Cannon himself was strongly of opinion that the colt would run better in the hands of the lad who rode him in his work than if he took the mount. In all probability the questions of temper and jockeyship had an influence on the market, for when the numbers went up for the Two Thousand Guineas both Elopement (trained at Kingsclere and a good two-year-old winner) and Sailor Lad were preferred to the Prince's horse. How Sailor Lad came to be backed at such a price I never could make out. He had run only once as a two-year-old, and then he finished about a hundred yards behind Democrat and Diamond Jubilee. He did not fill the eye as a classic horse, and though he was by Ladas out of Seabreeze, the sire had made no particular mark, and Seabreeze had never bred anything half so good as herself. In the race Sailor Lad finished in his old place "down the course," but Diamond Jubilee came right through and won just as easily as Flying Fox had done a year before, and neither in the paddock, nor at the post, nor while running, did he show a vestige of temper. He "slaughtered" his field in great style, and so smooth was the performance that he at once became a great favourite for the Derby, giving Forfarshire the go-by in the betting.

Between the two races the Newmarket Stakes intervened, and as the prize was a valuable one Diamond Jubilee was pulled out again, and was this time opposed by

Alvescot, winner of the Hastings Plate at Newmarket, and Chevening, winner of the Queen's Prize at the Kempton Easter fixture. Jones again rode the Prince's colt, who carried odds of 2 to 1 on, and the public were greatly surprised when Chevening and Diamond Jubilee ran home locked together, the last-named only winning by a head, after putting in all he knew to avert defeat. At first it seemed as if Diamond Jubilee's Two Thousand victory had been overrated, but, as a matter of fact, the Egerton House stable were only too pleased that their horse had won, and if the public had known what had taken place during the forenoon they would certainly never have laid odds in the fashion they did.

It appears that when the Egerton House team were at their usual exercise that morning, the horses walking round in a circle, Diamond Jubilee suddenly reared up several times, and finally fell backwards to the ground, rolling over with Jones underneath. Luckily Marsh was near enough to catch the horse's rein as he rose, and thus he did not get away loose. Luckily also neither horse nor jockey was hurt, but shortly afterwards Diamond Jubilee began to tremble and sweat, and such a condition was he in soon after the occurrence that his attendants were hardly able to get him dry before it was time to take him to the course. No doubt he had suffered from fright of some sort, and when I saw him in the Birdcage some hours later his coat was still half standing up, and with none of the bloom it had borne on the Two Thousand day. It was commonly reported afterwards that Diamond Jubilee had caught sight of Morny Cannon, who had gone down to ride a gallop on one of Marsh's string, before he began to play the fool, but I understand that the famous jockey was never very near the horse, and I can only say that if the sight of Cannon was the real cause of the contretemps, then horses have far quicker sight and greater sensitiveness than is generally supposed. What is really clear is that Diamond Jubilee was not himself, and it is wonderful that he escaped defeat after passing such a morning. The exceedingly clever riding of Chevening by

Sloan very materially contributed to the closeness of the race.

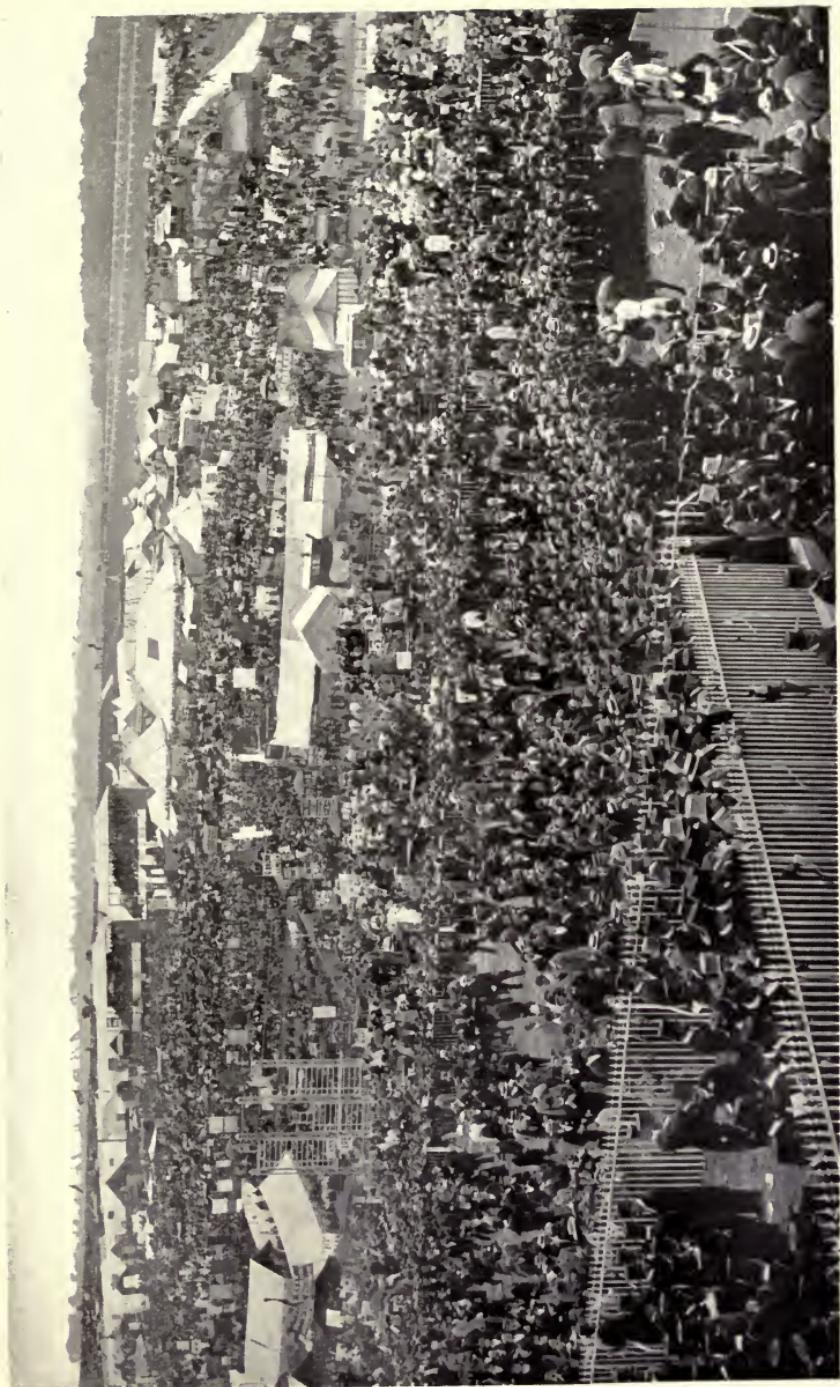
Before treating of the Derby I should say that Diamond Jubilee had never met Forfarshire as a two-year-old, but the last-named, an upstanding chestnut colt by Royal Hampton out of St. Elizabeth by St. Simon, had put on a capital sequence of victories in his first season, and, having cleverly defeated Democrat at Kempton only a week before the decision of the Middle Park Plate, had, on the book, considerably the best of Diamond Jubilee. During the winter Democrat and Forfarshire had disputed Derby favouritism, but the last-named was not entered for the Guineas or Newmarket Stakes, and his one performance of the spring had not given general satisfaction. This was in the Brinkley Plate against a solitary opponent named Ardmore, and though Forfarshire won he did his work in rather slovenly fashion, and was not greatly liked when looked over in the paddock. His trainer, however, was confident, and when the flag went up for the Derby 6 to 4 was offered against Diamond Jubilee and 100 to 30 against Forfarshire. Both were in the van at Tattenham Corner, where Disguise II., ridden by Sloan, came slap at the pair from behind, forcing them apart. Forfarshire immediately dropped out, but Diamond Jubilee, who only received what I may call the reversion of the shock, went on, and won by half a length from Simon Dale, who came with a great rush on the outside, and for a moment looked like snatching the race out of the fire.

As it was Diamond Jubilee won cleverly, if not easily. He was ably handled by Herbert Jones, who thus, by a curious freak of fortune, found himself at the summit of a jockey's ambition merely because a certain horse would not go kindly for the first jockey of Marsh's stable, whilst he took kindly to himself.

What would have occurred had Forfarshire not been cannoneed against it is impossible to say. What did occur was that the second favourite was struck violently on the hock, and also on the hip, and when he reached the paddock he was dead lame, the round bone being then the principal cause of trouble, probably owing to the injuries to hip and hock.

For six weeks afterwards the horse was never out of his stable. Sloan was called before the stewards and cautioned for his reckless riding, but in my opinion he got off far too lightly, for he ruined the chance of a Derby second favourite who was going well at the time, and possibly altered the result of the race. I believe the American jockey admitted that he lost his head for the moment, but unless it was known that *Disguise II.* was an awkward beast to ride and a hard puller—and I never heard this even suggested—a reference to the Stewards of the Jockey Club followed by a suspension and a £500 fine would not have been too great a punishment.

Diamond Jubilee was not sent to Ascot, but he failed to follow in the footsteps of Flying Fox and win the Princess of Wales' Stakes at Newmarket. There was, however, little disgrace in his defeat, as he was asked to give 20 lbs. to Merry Gal, who ran second to La Roche in the Oaks, and the fact that he was unable to accomplish this performance merely suggests that he is not exactly a great horse. A fortnight later, however, he wiped out his Newmarket defeat by a clever win in the Eclipse Stakes, and as he this time gave Chevening 10 lbs. and a half-length beating, it was clearly established how wrong the running had been when Chevening got to the head of the Prince of Wales' colt at level weights in the Newmarket Stakes. The opposition to Diamond Jubilee for the Eclipse Stakes was not very strong, but the horse ran his race out boldly enough in Herbert Jones' hands, and though Chevening was catching him at the finish the fact remains that the one who was giving the weight won cleverly. I was much surprised after the race was over at hearing opinions expressed to the effect that Diamond Jubilee was as good as Flying Fox, and more especially surprised when I found that Marsh and Huggins were amongst those who held this belief. Of course it is impossible to make a fair comparison between horses that have never met, but I must say that, judged through Caiman and Scintillant, Flying Fox has much the best of what collateral line of form there is, and Flying Fox must certainly be judged on his three-year-



EPSOM
THE HILL

old and not on his two-year-old form. In my opinion the style of the Kingsclere celebrity was vastly superior to that of Diamond Jubilee. The last-named had no great amount in hand, either in the Newmarket Stakes, Derby, or Eclipse Stakes, whereas as a three-year-old Flying Fox cut down all opposition, no matter whether from those of his own age or from older horses, in most summary fashion, and won each of his races with a "ton" in hand. The St. Leger was an easy affair for Diamond Jubilee, but a month later he failed to secure a place in the Jockey Club Stakes, won by Disguise II., with Jolly Tar and Forfarshire second and third. It should be added that the Prince's colt was giving 12 lbs. to Disguise II., 9 lbs. to the four-year-old Jolly Tar, and 6 lbs. to Forfarshire; but he ran much below his form, and was clean out of the race a quarter of a mile from home.

One of the greatest causes of the popularity of Epsom is the situation of the course, the physical conformation of which allows of the racing being seen by an enormous crowd. The same remark applies to Goodwood, but, as previously stated, Goodwood is situated in a thinly populated neighbourhood, whereas the Epsom Course is only a trifle over seventeen miles from town, and therefore within driving distance. The Sandown Course is also on a slope, from which an unrivalled view of the racing can be obtained, but at Sandown the charge for admittance is never less than half a crown, and therefore the "outside" crowd is never very large. The Epsom stands are on a hillside, and the course lies below it, the rings always sloping downwards to the running track. Immediately beyond the rails, opposite the stands, the ground is level for some little distance, and this allows of room for coaches, carriages, and thousands of foot-people. Below this plateau there is a small valley, and beyond the ground rises abruptly, the greater part of the inside of the Derby Course forming what is known as "the hill," which in the race weeks is covered with tents and an enormous crowd. Hereabouts all the late-coming coaches, which cannot obtain a place on the rails, nine-tenths of the "garden seat" buses, and a heterogeneous mass of vehicles are drawn up, and some-

thing is to be seen of the racing, though when the Derby is being run the course is lined with people all the way round, and little can be seen from the hill except the caps and jackets of the jockeys. On the hill all the "fun of the fair" is to be found, and many of the annual visitors to the Derby and Oaks never dream of seeking any other place, but contentedly pass their days on the hill, where unlimited refreshment is procurable, and where there are all sorts of attractions in addition to the racing. Frith's "Derby Day," painted nearly forty years ago, depicts the sort of scene that may be found a dozen times in an afternoon even now, for, allowing for the changes in fashion, much the same state of affairs prevails at the present day, though the management has put a stop to some of the noisier attractions, such as steam roundabouts—not known in Frith's day. The gipsies, negro minstrels, itinerant musicians of every sort, the fourth-rate burlesque professional boxers, the workers in brass wire, vendors of fruit and gingerbeer, and the huge crowd of tipsters are all in evidence on the Epsom Hill, and though Ascot knows them well too, Epsom is their happiest hunting ground, and there they are seen in far greater numbers than elsewhere. What these gentry do at other times is a mystery. Fifty years ago, or less, their ancestors followed the meetings, but nowadays nineteen out of every twenty meetings are on the enclosed system, and most certainly the enclosure knows not this lowest form of Turf follower, except occasionally at a bank holiday fixture. The latter-day policeman, too, is quickly down on anything which is not permitted by law. He never attempts perhaps to stop the begging, but he is ruthless enough when he finds the three-card trick being performed, and I have seen him stop an enterprising gentleman who was selling purses for a shilling, in each of which he had apparently placed two half-crowns.

Epsom is a national carnival, and the hill is the chosen spot for those to whom the racing is a secondary matter. They go for the day's outing, with a determination to have as much fun for their money as is possible. The racing people proper divide their time between the stands and the paddock,

and perhaps the greatest drawback to Epsom is that the paddock is so far away from the stands. The actual distance must be three hundred yards, perhaps a little more, but at race times the journey seems four times the length because of the crowded state of the route. One has either to go along the course, over which thousands of people surge after every race, or to the back of the stands, where the road is less crowded. In any circumstances it is not a pleasant walk, and if one "does" the paddock properly before each race it is almost impossible to be back in time to see the horses canter to the post. Once reached, the paddock is pleasant enough, but very large, and as the horses are scattered about in all parts of it, a lot of exercise is brought into the day's work. Another nuisance caused by the paddock being where it is is that the jockeys, after they are weighed out, have to worm their way through the crowd in order to find their mounts, with the result that racing at Epsom is almost invariably late, the last race being sometimes decided three-quarters of an hour after the advertised time.

The stands at Epsom are old-fashioned but good, and probably larger than any others in the kingdom, unless it be those at Doncaster. From the roof of the principal building there is a magnificent view over the Surrey hills, and in more circumscribed fashion this view is obtainable from all the rising ground on the course. The tiers of boxes are a feature of the Epsom stands, and these are very necessary because the club enclosure is small, and ladies are not admitted. The club system had not come into vogue when the present stands and rings were laid out, and no space was available for a lawn: even now, with men only admitted, the club enclosure is far too small, and a similar remark applies to the rings, where the crowding and squeezing is simply awful in the Derby week. A portion of the club enclosure is reserved for the members of the Jockey Club, and it is somewhat remarkable that this stand and the club enclosure should both be a considerable distance below the winning-post, so that in a very close finish it is almost impossible for those occupying them to know what has actually won until the numbers go up. Opposite the win-

ning-post, in by far the best position, is the enclosure known as "Barnard's Stand," the charge for admission to which on ordinary days is six shillings, and I have often thought that if the Epsom executive could obtain this space, they could, to a certain extent, remodel the present arrangements and give more room to the rings, the Club Stand, and the weighing-room enclosure, which latter place is ridiculously small and inconvenient. What vested interests there may be in Barnard's Stand, or whether it would be possible to close the passage between the last-named place and the weighing-room enclosure (which appears to be a right of way), I do not know, but two things are quite certain, viz. that the enclosures are far too small, and that the meeting is one of the richest in the kingdom. Moreover, Barnard's Stand is much the least liberally patronised of any of the Epsom enclosures: the crowd is never very large there, and even on Derby day it is far thinner than in "Tattersall's" or the Grand Stand enclosures.

The Epsom Course is on down land, and if the weather has been favourable it affords capital going. In times of drought it becomes very dry and hard, and there is no supply of water available for purposes of irrigation. At the same time, no pains are spared to make the surface of the track as good as possible, and were it not for the fact that the crowd is allowed to wander all over it between the races, it would remain good to the end of the week. As it is, it becomes terribly worn and dry in fine weather, or a sea of mud should there chance to be rain during the meeting. The subject has already been alluded to in the description of Ascot, and the remarks which I made there are even more applicable to Epsom. About the course itself much has been written, and many opinions have been given. Perhaps more abuse has been showered on Epsom than on any other meeting, but, for all that, the Derby Course of one mile and a half is a great test of merit, proof of which is afforded by the fact—emphasised a few pages back—that the best horse nearly always wins, and that as a very general rule the form is confirmed at Ascot. A steep descent in a racecourse is very uncommon, and

therefore not exactly popular, but horses ought to run over all sorts of courses, and as the Two Thousand and St. Leger are decided on ground that is almost flat (especially when compared with Epsom), I think it all for the best that the Derby and Oaks are run on such an up-and-down course. The turn at Tattenham Corner is certainly rather abrupt—too abrupt to be free from danger, indeed—and the run-in is not a particularly long one; nevertheless, the horses which take part in the Derby seldom run wide, and though accidents at Tattenham Corner are not unknown in connection with the chief race of the year, they very seldom occur, in spite of the fact that the jockeys all try to get places as near the inside as possible. The Derby Course in use at the present time measures a mile and a half, and is shaped after the form of a horseshoe. The start takes place at what is called the High Level starting-post (into the "forties" it used to run behind Sherwood's house), which is about half a mile from the stands, on the opposite hill, and some few hundred yards below the gate into Sherwood's training stables. For the first half-mile the ground is on the ascent, but it becomes more level where the New Course joins the old one close to the well-known landmark called the Furzes. Hereabouts the line bears slightly to the left, and then comes the long hill down to Tattenham Corner, perhaps the steepest hill to be found on any race-course except that of Brighton. Down the hill the horses are gradually turning left-handed, and at Tattenham Corner, a short half-mile from home, they sweep into the straight, up the last three furlongs of which there is a very gentle rise to the winning-post. Good shoulders are generally considered most necessary for a favourable show on the Derby Course, but it is a fact that many horses thought to be too straight in the shoulder have accomplished the descent in faultless fashion, whereas many of the "just the sort for Epsom," and "made for the course," have failed. There seems to be no sort of reason why a horse which is on the leg should not win the Derby, if he is truly made in other respects, and to quote recent examples I need go no further back than Jeddah, Persimmon, Isinglass, and Common, of whom

Common stood 16 hands 2 inches, Isinglass 16 hands 1 inch, while Persimmon and Jeddah are probably well up to 16 hands 1 inch, though I have never heard their exact height stated.

Races of a mile and two furlongs—the City and Suburban to wit—and races of a mile are run on the Derby (called the Old) Course, and races of five, six, and seven furlongs, and of a mile, on the New Course, which runs into the Old Course at Tattenham Corner. Of this New Course the last five furlongs—known as the Egmont Course—are almost straight, but for six furlongs and over the horses are started out of sight of the stands, and the first portion is slightly on the turn. There is a sharp descent in the early part of this course, but not so steep as the run down to Tattenham Corner on the Old Course. Still, a quick beginning and a nice turn of speed count more in a five-furlong race at Epsom than they do at such places as Newmarket or Sandown, and year after year we see horses winning the sprint races at Epsom who never win elsewhere, except sometimes at Brighton, where the course is very similarly constituted. For some years there has been no longer race at the Epsom Summer Meeting than the Derby, but at the Spring Meeting a course of two miles and a quarter is used for the Great Metropolitan, and this affords one of the prettiest contests of the year. The start takes place exactly opposite the stands, and as in the Goodwood Stakes and Cup, the horses run down the course at first; they approach Tattenham Corner in a direction the reverse of that which is taken by the Derby horses, but turn rather sharply to the right a few yards short of the corner, and leaving the Derby Course wind up the hill, inside the horseshoe, joining the Derby Course close to the start for the Mile Course, which they then follow to the winning-post. There are naturally several turns in this course, but they are all easy ones, and in a race of two miles and a quarter a few turns are of no consequence, the pace never being very good as a general rule. All the way the Metropolitan runners are in full view, and perhaps in days to come the course will be more frequently used, but it is not always in the best condition.



EPSOM PADDOCK

THE FAVOURITE FOR THE OAKS

The Epsom programmes, though somewhat mixed, and with sprint running somewhat in the ascendant, are very popular with all ranks of racing men, and large fields are the rule rather than the exception. At present only two meetings are held each year, one in April and one at the end of May or beginning of June. There used to be an autumn fixture, but it has not been held for many years, the London and Brighton Railway withdrawing the pecuniary support it was in the habit of according. Seven races a day is the number usually decided. Handicaps are the chief feature of the Epsom Spring Meeting, the Great Metropolitan of two and a quarter miles on the first day, and the City and Suburban of one and a quarter miles on the second day, being the most popular items of the racing. Indeed the "City," with the exception of the Jubilee Stakes, is the most popular of all the Spring Handicaps, and its decision invariably draws a huge crowd. The minor races at this meeting are of passing interest only, and notably the two-year-old events seldom bring about the *début* of anything likely to make a great name in the future.

The programme of the Summer Meeting is much more ambitious, nor does it depend solely on the Derby and Oaks, for there are important races on each of the other days, and in 1897 the Epsom Cup—weight-for-age, a mile and a half—was reinstated. Taking 1900 as an average year, I find that twenty-five races were run, the total value of which to the winners was £17,702 (I have taken no account of prizes for second and third horses, which in the cases of the Derby and Oaks are very considerable), and that these races were contested by 231 horses, or an average of between nine and ten runners to each race. The Derby and Oaks were respectively of the value of £5,450 and £4,550 to the winners, while the Royal Stakes was worth £900, the Epsom Cup £820, and the Durdans Plate £935. The longest race was a mile and a half, the Derby, Oaks, Epsom Cup, and Norbury Plate being decided at that distance. There was also one race (the Durdans Plate) of a mile and a quarter, three races of a mile, two of seven furlongs, five of six furlongs, and ten of five furlongs, so

that sprint racing predominated during the four days of the meeting.

Two-year-old racing is one of the features of the Epsom Summer Meeting, and the Woodcote Stakes (on the Tuesday) is the first race of the year in which the youngsters run six furlongs. The Woodcote is considered to be a genuine test of merit, and though its bead-roll of winners will not compare with those of such events as the Middle Park and Dewhurst Plates, or the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, it is often won by a good horse, and Ladas and Cremorne may be quoted as Derby winners who made their *début* in this race. Another notable two-year-old prize is the Great Surrey Breeders' Foal Plate, decided on the Thursday, and the Stanley Stakes and Acorn Stakes, the latter for fillies only, are conspicuous features of the programme. Much the most popular of the Epsom Handicaps is the City and Suburban, run on the second day of the Spring Meeting, and this race shares with the Jubilee Stakes at Kempton the suffrages of the best handicap nags in training during the spring. The City and Suburban is quite one of the first half-dozen handicaps of the season—I place the Cæsarewitch and Cambridgeshire first in importance, and next to them the Kempton Jubilee Stakes, the City and Suburban, the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot, and the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood—and it is very often won by a really good horse. In 1876 Thunder, owned by the late Mr. Clare Vyner, won with 9 st. 4 lbs. in the saddle, and four years later Master Kildare, who distinguished himself at the stud by siring the Derby winner Melton, carried 9 st. 2 lbs. into first place. In the following year Bend Or, who had won the Derby a year before, carried 9 st. to victory, and a more recent good performance was that of Worcester, who won in a canter with 8 st. 12 lbs. up. It is often said that the course, on account of its ups and downs, is one on which roguish horses figure to advantage, and a notorious rogue who won the race in 1872 was Digby Grand. Another of the same kidney was King Charles, who won in 1893, and no doubt bad-tempered horses are more likely to win here than at such places as

Newmarket, where they have an endless perspective of heath before them from the moment the race begins. The Metropolitan unfortunately does not attract the sort it should. It has been won by such good horses as Dutch Skater, Hampton, and Chippendale, and by many honest stayers of the second class; on the other hand, it has often fallen to very indifferent ones, and class was poorly represented when such as Fatherless and Cornbury won.

Epsom, though it provides such good racing, is not exactly a model meeting. The time kept there is the worst in the kingdom, and the crowding is greater than anywhere else. Nor is the place conveniently situated as regards coming and going. At the time of writing the Downs Station is the nearest point to which one can take train, and between this and the stands there is a walk of a mile over rough down land, in which the putting greens of the Epsom Golf Club form oases. Cabs ply, but in dry weather the journey by road is a very dusty one, whilst should it happen to be raining a ridiculous fare is demanded. The L. B. and S. C. put up the return fare for the specials—and they are all specials after a certain hour in the morning—to eight shillings, and no class of carriage is guaranteed, so that the chances are that one travels in a third-class carriage with a first-class ticket. There is another route by rail, viz. from Waterloo to the Epsom Town Station, the walk from which to the stands is considerably further, uphill the greater part of the way, very dusty in dry seasons, and very much more crowded with pedestrians. By this line the return fare for the specials is raised to seven shillings and sixpence, and, regardless of the extra distance, the cab fare to the course is about the same as from the Downs. It is not a bad plan to leave Victoria on the big days at about 1 p.m. One will miss the first race, but the thickest of the crowd is also missed, and the chances are that the journey will be pleasanter in every way. The service of specials on each of the lines, both for the Epsom Spring and Summer Meetings, is wonderfully good. The trains are filled and despatched as quickly as possible, and very rarely is there any delay on the road. On the

Derby and Oaks days return trains begin to run very soon after the decision of those races, and it is quite possible to see the Derby and be in town again before half-past four. A new line to the course, with a station adjoining Tattenham Corner, has been constructed. It is on the South-Eastern system, and though the journey is much longer than the other routes, a lower fare will cause it to be used, and this seems to be the only means by which the extortion that has so long been practised can be checked. The ordinary first-class return fare by the two lines now serving Epsom is three shillings, and whilst the service of special trains is running the two companies will not issue an ordinary ticket to anyone, be it a case of life or death. The poorest person, wishing to get to a dying relative, would have to pay either seven shillings and six-pence or eight shillings.

Driving to Epsom is nothing like so fashionable as it used to be, amongst the upper classes at least. The holiday-makers, who want a long day out of doors, avail themselves of the brakes and omnibuses, but the Downs route has knocked out all the posting. Of those who still go down by road, many now drive by way of Surbiton and Ewell Marsh, or by Wimbledon and Worcester Park, and they are wise who do this, as the buses have quite spoiled the old routes from a driver's point of view, and the roads indicated are free from the blocks which are so common all the way from Clapham to Sutton.

CHAPTER V

THE YORKSHIRE MEETINGS

Yorkshire as a home of racing—Old Yorkshire meetings—Durham Races—Curious accident—Scarborough Races—Raid on the stands—Yorkshire owners—Malton and Middleham—Supply of horses—South-country platers at Northern meetings—Lord Durham astonished—Doncaster Races—Run by the Corporation—Appearance of course—St. Leger Course—Cup Course—Spring Meeting—Attendances at September Meeting—Doncaster crowd compared with that of Epsom—Cheap transit to course—Too much Butter-scotch—Excursionists—Yorkshire critics—Northern opinion—Doncaster programme—Distance of races—Value of stakes—York Races—Retrospective—“Cross and jostle”—Story of Archer and Snowden—Dates of meetings—August fixture—Its importance—Ebor Handicap—Some of its winners—Luncheon to huntsmen—John Osborne chaffed—The jockey gets the best of it—Great Yorkshire Stakes—St. Leger winners beaten therein—Tom Cannon’s riding of Ossory—The Gimcrack Stakes—Gimcrack’s defeats—Minor Yorkshire meetings—Stockton and its programme—Redcar Races—A capital course—Proposal to alter fixture list—Saltburn-on-the-Sea and Redcar as health resorts—Pontefract—Beverley—Ripon—Catterick Bridge—The real Goodwood of the North.

YORKSHIRE was always a great home of horse-racing, and I believe that at Black Hambleton, a few miles north-east of Thirsk, and at Kipling Cotes, near Market Weighton, there were races several hundred years ago. Hambleton is situated on moor land, or rather on moor edge, and though there has been no racing there for generations, it is still in great request as a training ground, for it affords the very best of going, even in times of drought. What was once the racecourse at Kipling Cotes is now a sandy lane, which leads from Goodmanham (one mile south-east of Market Weighton) to two or three neighbouring farms, but, curiously enough, the local folk race over it still (or did until very recently) with a Kipling Cotes Stake of £5—under what rules I never heard. The list of Yorkshire

meetings which have ceased to exist would fill a page of this book. Of them Northallerton, Richmond, Hedon (near Hull), Scarborough, and Malton have disappeared from the Calendar within the last twenty years, and no new fixtures have been found to take their places. At the present time the Yorkshire meetings are fourteen in number, viz. Doncaster (two), York (two), Pontefract (three), Catterick, Ripon, Thirsk (two), Redcar (two), and Beverley, the fixtures at York and Doncaster being much the most important. The Redcar Summer Meeting has a somewhat ambitious programme, which is generally productive of good sport, and Stockton is practically a Yorkshire meeting, though the town of Stockton-on-Tees is really in the neighbouring county of Durham. The course, however, lies on the southern side of the river, and if the meeting has its headquarters in Durham, Yorkshire can claim the course on the Mandale Bottoms. Doncaster is so handy for Newmarket, since the Great Eastern Railway extended their line to the town, that it draws equally upon Northern- and Southern-trained horses, even at its Spring Meeting. The September gathering ranks third to Ascot and Epsom only, and horses come from all parts of the kingdom, a majority of the prizes now going to the South. York Spring Meeting is more local, but there is always a contingent from Newmarket, which is greatly increased at the summer fixture. In the same fashion Redcar is local as regards its spring fixture, but more cosmopolitan at the August Meeting. Stockton draws pretty freely on the Southern stables, but Catterick, Thirsk, Beverley, and Ripon are all local fixtures, nine-tenths of the horses who run at those places being trained in Yorkshire and other Northern counties. Pontefract, on the other hand, is fairly well supported by Newmarket, though even here Northern horses are in the ascendant; but it must be remembered that Pontefract has a go-ahead Corporation with plenty of life in it, and that the town lies a long way south of Ripon, Thirsk, and Redcar. With the exception of Stockton, the county of Durham has no meeting whatever. Durham itself was the last place in the county at which racing under Jockey

Club Rules was held, but nearly twenty years have passed since Durham Races disappeared from the Calendar, and the course was so dangerous that their cessation was no loss to the racing community. The winning-post was some three hundred yards below the stands, and much of the intervening space was filled with tents, shows, steam roundabouts, and so forth. On one occasion, not long before the fixtures ceased to exist, three horses took fright at a steam whistle, and bolted straight at a high masonry wall which separated the racecourse from the gardens behind the houses in Old Elvet. One of the three horses was leading by about half a length; he jumped as high as he could, struck the wall about two feet below the top, and fell into the gardens beyond. Another horse fell back on the racecourse side of the wall, and the third jumped through the gap which the first had made, trotting through into the street no worse for the contretemps. All three jockeys were dangerously hurt, and at least one of the horses had to be destroyed. The turn at the top of the course was a bad one, and I well remember seeing a hard puller go straight on into the river instead of rounding the turn. So, all things considered, it was just as well that Durham Races came to an end. I never liked the Richmond Course, though it was the scene of many a glorious struggle during the middle of the century, when better horses were trained there than is now the case. Neither was Northallerton a particularly good course, and Scarborough was nothing to boast of, though it survived much longer than Northallerton or Richmond. The place was famous for roughs, who came from all parts of the kingdom for the meeting, and I was present on one occasion when they raided the principal enclosure. The attack had evidently been well organised, for at a signal it was commenced both from the course and the back of the stands. The turnstiles were rushed and all the money taken up to that time secured, and at the moment the attention of the few police on duty was turned to the back of the buildings dozens of ruffians climbed over the rails which divided the course from the paddock. Then commenced a scene of ruffianism; book-

makers were "held up" where they stood ready to commence operations on the first race, watches and money were stolen on all sides, and for some ten minutes the utmost lawlessness prevailed. Nor was it possible to secure an additional supply of police at a moment's notice, for Scarborough Racecourse is three miles from the town, and at the top of a very steep hill. A similar scene was once enacted at Shrewsbury, but I was not present, whereas I watched the Scarborough raid from a carriage on the far side of the course. On this particular occasion a very popular local magnate, whom the roughs would not touch, carried away some £7,000, pressed upon him for safe custody by bookmakers and others.

I have stated elsewhere that there are more thoroughbreds bred in Yorkshire than in any other county, and on the face of that fact there ought to be more racing in the county than there is. But of late years there has been such a rush to Newmarket that a majority of the Yorkshire breeders, who put into training the youngsters they breed, send them out of the district. Many Yorkshire landowners there are who race, but at the moment I can mention only Lord Harewood and Mr. Vyner as those who train their horses in Yorkshire. The first-named nobleman, who also trains with George Chaloner at Newmarket, always has a few nags with Charles Lund at Malton; and Mr. Vyner trains privately near Ripon, and he is perhaps the best supporter of Yorkshire racing of the present day. Lord Durham, Lord Londonderry, and (until very lately) Lord Zetland bred horses in the North and had them trained at Newmarket; and though a contrary state of affairs prevailed in John Scott's time, it is now a fact that all the largest Northern owners neglect the Yorkshire training grounds in favour of Newmarket.

This, in a great measure, accounts for the disappearance of such meetings as Richmond and Northallerton, and it also causes the sport at Beverley, Thirsk, and Ripon to be very moderate as far as class is concerned, since nowadays horses of the first class are so rarely trained in Yorkshire. The stables at Malton probably contain as

many thoroughbreds as ever they did, but a majority of them are platers, or at the best handicap horses, and it is many a long year since a classic victory was won by a Yorkshire-trained horse. Middleham shows signs of even greater decay, for there the horses have declined in number as well as in quality, though in 1898 the veteran trainer-jockey, John Osborne, astonished the racing world by winning for Mr. Vyner the Great Northern Handicap at York, the Manchester Cup, and the Northumberland Plate with the four-year-old King Crow, an exceptional stayer of the old-fashioned stamp, who went some way towards reviving the glories of Middleham Moor. Hambleton is also less in requisition as a training ground than formerly, but a good many horses do their work on Beverley Westwood, and, what with Malton, Middleham, Hambleton, Beverley, Pontefract, and Mr. Vyner's training stable near Ripon, plenty of runners are always forthcoming at the smaller Yorkshire meetings where the Southern stables are little in evidence. A long string of platers is trained by Armstrong at Penrith, in Cumberland, and these divide their attention between the Yorkshire meetings and the fixtures held in the Northern Midlands. Armstrong has generally something to run at the Scotch meetings too, and Malton and Yorkshire generally do a great deal towards furnishing the fields "over the border," while at such places as Gosforth Park and Carlisle Yorkshire- and Cumberland-trained horses are naturally much in evidence. A recognised feature in connection with the Yorkshire stables is that when any of them do send a horse to an important Southern fixture they seldom return emptyhanded, and in this connection mention may be made of the many successes scored by Bates of Middleham at Ascot, and more especially in the Ascot Stakes. William I'Anson, of Malton, won the Lewes Handicap in following years with Newcourt and Street Singer; and when a Malton horse runs in a selling plate at Newmarket he is generally worth following. Many of the Newmarket and Southern trainers are apt to underrate the form up North, and over and over again quite long teams from a South-country stable have invaded some

Yorkshire fixture, and have failed to pick up a race. Another peculiarity of this interchange of civilities is that when a Newmarket horse is sent to run in a little race, say at Ripon or Thirsk, he is almost always made favourite. His presence seems to establish a funk amongst Northern owners, and when the numbers go up everyone is found to be inquiring about the stranger. "What is this So-and-so?" asks one burly Tyke of another. "Don't know. Can't find him in the book, but he has been sent from Newmarket, and I see they've brought — to ride him. That's good enough, eh?" That is quite sufficient for them to put their money on the stranger. On one occasion, some ten or twelve years ago, Lord Durham won two races on the first day at Gosforth Park. On the following day he had a plater in a selling race who was shockingly bad, and had only been sent in order that he might be got rid of. There was quite a big field, but as soon as the numbers were up they laid odds on the bearer of the purple and straw sleeves. Lord Durham was astounded. "What does it mean?" he said. "Mine was beaten a hundred yards in his trial." What it really meant was that the stable was known to be in form, and that the presence of a Newmarket-trained horse in a £100 selling plate at Newcastle caused the public to imagine that they had found a good thing. The horse finished "down the course," in accordance with the expectations of his owner. In contrast to the above the Northern trainer, when he goes South, does not take a horse with him unless he greatly fancies his chance. He has worked out the form of everything in the race in which he intends to run one, and has come to the conclusion that he can just about win. Down South he will probably get three times the odds that he would obtain nearer home, and so he travels a couple of hundred miles, and as often as not reaps the benefit of his enterprise.

The best racecourses in Yorkshire are Doncaster Town Moor and the Knavesmire at York, and for a hundred and fifty years or more these two places have been the great centres of racing in the North. York and Doncaster

DONCASTER
THE STANDS

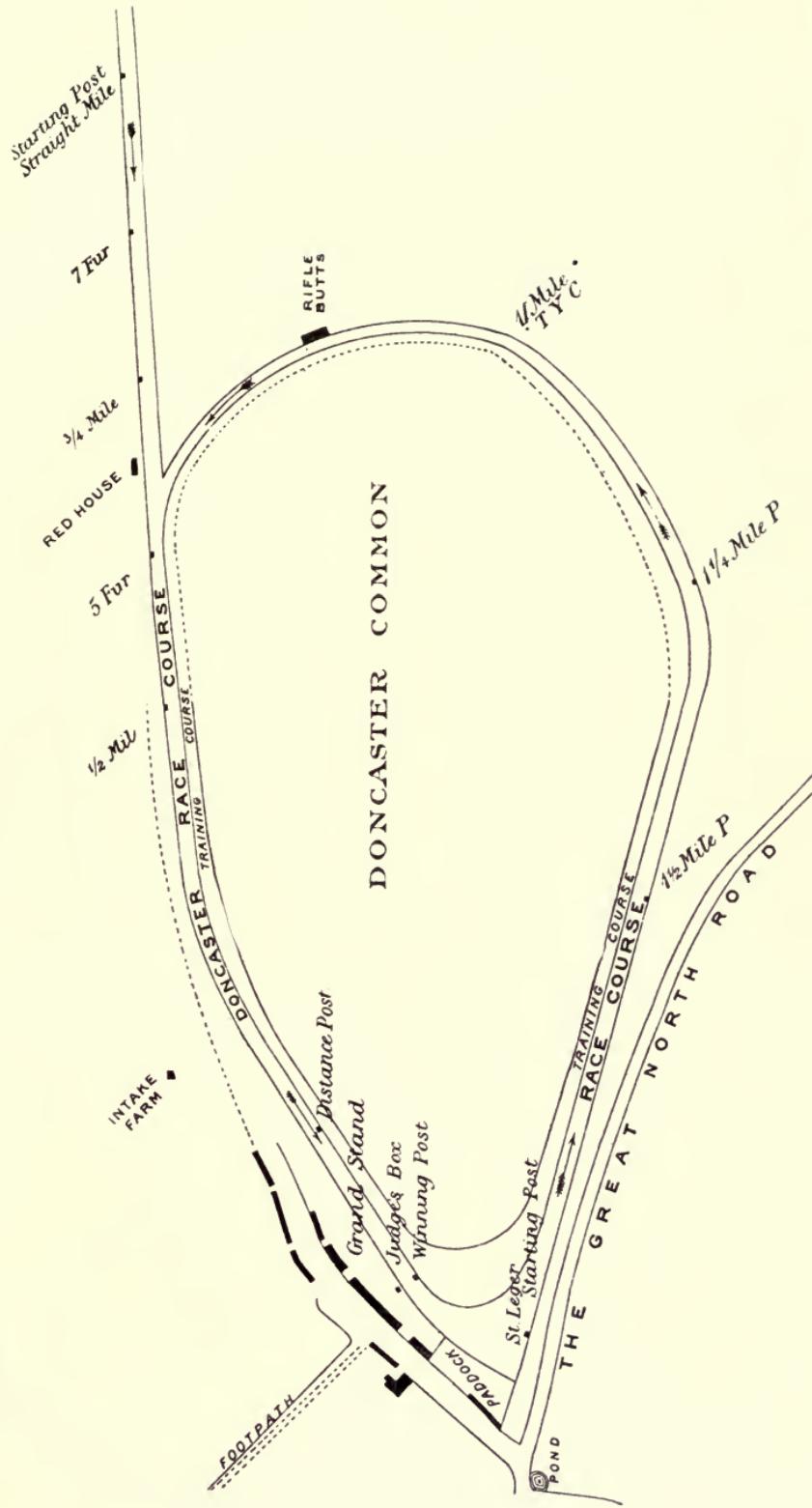


Races do not lack historians, and those who wish to know what manner of racing was in vogue in Yorkshire half a dozen generations ago should read Orton's *Annals of York and Doncaster*, which treats of the early fortunes of either place. York Races used to be held on Rawcliffe Ings, but the Knavesmire was requisitioned early in the nineteenth century, and a finer flat galloping course it would be difficult to find, though it is liable to become sloppy after heavy rain.

Doncaster, as the only Northern racecourse on which a classic race is run, demands first attention, and it is satisfactory to know that the prestige of former days is well maintained. The Doncaster meetings, which yield a large profit, are "run" by the Corporation, and that body, from the revenue derived, has considerably reduced the rates, and done much good to the town in all sorts of ways. Indeed, Doncaster Races have played a prominent part in the history of the old Yorkshire borough, and at the same time there has been no stint in the way of expenditure, no niggardly policy with regard to the prizes offered, but an honest determination on the part of a sport-loving community to provide the best racing possible, on terms at which the public have never grumbled. I always think, when the St. Leger week comes round, that the turf at Doncaster is, with the single exception of Goodwood, the best-looking met with in the course of the racing season. I do not affirm that it is any better than the Newmarket courses—especially the Bunbury Mile—but I say advisedly that it is the best-looking, for, whereas Newmarket frequently shows a thin topping of withered grasses, Doncaster always presents a surface of the brightest emerald, and, thanks to the fact that the public are kept off the run-in, it looks quite as fresh at the end of the meeting as it does when the saddling-bell rings for the first race. Even if the September Meeting comes on the top of a time of drought, the running track at Doncaster looks as fresh as paint, and has that beautifully smooth appearance which sound old turf only can give. The course is on the whole very flat, the sort of level galloping which serves a horse with a long

stride, and perhaps as directly different from Epsom as one course can be from another. Yet the winner of the Derby very often wins, and almost invariably secures a place, in the St. Leger, and this is a strong argument in favour of the reliability of the Epsom Course. If the latter were really "fluky," as many of its detractors urge, we should not see the Epsom form reproduced at Doncaster year after year, and the winner of the Derby would seldom be the best of his year. Doncaster provides a stronger test of stamina than Epsom does, but Epsom Downs are a genuine test of merit. The chief course at Doncaster is a "round" one, and a few yards short of two miles in extent. The St. Leger starting-post is just outside the paddock, and the horses cover a distance of 1 mile 6 furlongs and 162 yards, or practically run the circular track with the omission of the furlong and odd yards which lie between the winning-post and the end of the paddock. The first six furlongs are straight, the field going away from the stands; they then begin to turn gradually to the left, and hereabouts is a slight, quick rise, followed by a gentle fall. Towards the Rifle Butts the horses are going straight again, but shortly after passing the well-known red-brick buttress they begin to come round to the left, and they reach the straight course at the Intake turn, something more than half a mile from home. There is another slight "elbow" in the run home, and this is the one drawback to the course, as horses that are well placed on the rails at this point most certainly secure an advantage. From the Rifle Butts to the winning-post there are no gradients whatever—or if there are they are imperceptible—and it is this part of the journey which tests the stayer. The Cup Course proper is 2 miles and 5 furlongs, the starting-post being close to the Red House; but of late years the Cup has been decided on a two-mile course, the start for which is made directly opposite the stands. There is a new straight mile (though the "elbow" is comprised in it), and five- and six-furlong races are decided on portions of it, but some of the mile races are decided on the last mile of the St. Leger Course.

The Spring Meeting at Doncaster is held at the end of



DONCASTER

PLAN OF THE RACECOLLSE

May, immediately after the York Spring Meeting, and generally in the week before the Derby. It is just an ordinary second-class affair, with two or three good stakes to relieve the monotony of plating. On the first day the Doncaster Spring Handicap of £1,000, run on the Sandall (New) Mile is the chief attraction, but the Hopeful Stakes is often won by a good horse, and a similar remark applies to the Fitzwilliam Stakes on the following day, when the Chesterfield Handicap, over a mile and a half of ground, is the most important race on the programme. The Autumn Meeting in the early days of September is much more ambitious, and is, in one respect, the most important meeting of the year. It does not approach Ascot so far as the value of the prizes is concerned, and though it is the equal of, it is no better than Epsom from many points of view. But the St. Leger is the final act of the three-year-old drama, and during the week the best public yearlings of the year are offered for sale. The sales, which are chiefly confined to yearlings, are a most important feature of the Doncaster week, and they serve to bring all the breeders to the town, as well as the regular followers of racing. This is the feature which gives the meeting such prominence.

Doncaster is one of three meetings, Ascot and Epsom being the other two, which draw upon every section of the racing world, hence the crowd at Doncaster in September is the largest of the year, Epsom on the Derby day alone excepted. Everyone goes to Doncaster, even the men and women who attend only two or three meetings each year; and the place is situated in a horse-loving district, a majority of the inhabitants of which would sooner lose a week's wages than miss t' Leger. Past writers have told us how, before the railway was made, thousands of hardy sons of toil would walk the eighteen miles between Sheffield and the Town Moor, through the night, in order that they might secure a good place on the rails, and that they would stand quietly waiting all the morning rather than lose the position they had been at so much pains to secure. Now they come by train, and, as the

population has increased, they come in greater numbers, and Doncaster on a St. Leger day is a sight to be seen and wondered at. And what is more, strange as it must seem to anyone accustomed only to the giddy Epsom crowd, it is an absolute fact that with nine hundred and ninety-nine of every thousand the racing is the sole attraction. They come to see the horses they have heard about and read about all the past year, and many of the humblest save up their wages in order to be able to pay their entrance money to the paddock, and so gain a nearer sight of their favourites. Mix with any part of the crowd in the St. Leger week, and the conversation will be horse and all horse; but if you move slowly through the throng on the hill at Epsom, shutting your ears to the shouts of bookmakers, you will find that the racing is quite a minor feature of the holiday, and that the mob is attracted by a hundred and one distractions, of which the Derby is one of the least. At Doncaster there is no "fun of the fair." The crowds pour into the town and march stolidly on by the High Street, Hall Gate, and the broad avenue of Bennetthorpe until the course is reached. There is no chaff, next to no humour, and the average unit is never pulled up during his two-mile tramp except by the insidious tones of the tipster, or else to buy a packet of the inevitable butter-scotch, which in warm weather is a thirst stimulator of the first order. The Bennetthorpe is a magnificent approach to the racecourse, the road being of great width, and the sidewalks so broad that the crowd can advance ten or twelve abreast. It is beautifully shaded with fine old limes, and on the St. Leger day it is one moving mass of humanity from 9 a.m. until 2 p.m. Those who wish to drive up can do so at an average price of one shilling per head, and the road allows of four or five vehicles being driven abreast. It used to be a somewhat dangerous journey when hundreds of empty vehicles were returning to seek fresh loads, for, though policemen formed a line down the centre of the road, some impetuous driver was always breaking out of the ranks, and to see three or four "wrecks" between the town and the course was no unusual thing.



DONCASTER

BEFORE THE ST. LEGER PARADE

The Doncaster Corporation became aware of the danger, and wisely made a new road from the back of the stands to the town; and now when the vehicles have discharged their loads they are obliged to return by the new route, and thus the collisions are much discounted. Reckless driving is still the order of the day, however. The driver of Doncaster is a very Jehu inasmuch as he "driveth furiously." Still, at Doncaster nine-tenths of the visitors walk from the station to the course, and quietly return after the racing is over.

Some who have backed winners, or have eaten too much butter-scotch, may linger for hours in the neighbourhood of the beershops, but, considering its vast size, the Doncaster crowd is a sober one, and the visitors on the St. Leger day leave the station between 5.30 and 7.30 p.m. at the rate of about eight thousand an hour. The Great Northern Railway Company deal with the traffic in an absolutely wonderful manner. There seems to be little bustling, and comparatively very little crowding. The trains steam up to the various platforms—special and ordinary—with their distinctions shown in large black and white placards; they are instantly filled, and, moving away, make room for others. The excursionists depart from other platforms, away from the station proper, and here it may be mentioned that a large majority of the better sort of visitors take up their quarters for the week some distance away from the town. Every country house within thirty miles of the course (and even further) is filled for the occasion, and dozens of parties are made up who sojourn temporarily at the hotels of York, Harrogate, Leeds, Retford, and other places which are within an hour or so of Doncaster. Some even travel from London, and go back to town each night. No one now stays in Doncaster itself if he can find handy quarters elsewhere. At one time the Doncaster townsfolk reaped a rich harvest in the race week. Hundreds of houses were let at high rates, and all the hotel and lodging accommodation was eagerly secured. Nowadays a very different state of affairs prevails, and though a great many of the visitors are obliged to stay in the town—for example, those who have blood stock

for sale, and the trainers, jockeys, and any who wish to be present at the morning exercise—Doncaster is far from popular as a staying-place, and in a great measure the residents have killed the goose that laid the golden eggs by exorbitant charges.

The morning gallops used to be a great feature of the St. Leger week, but in these rapidly-moving times the before-breakfast work of the horses has become of comparatively little importance, because very few of the cracks leave home until the last moment. Even Newmarket-trained nags can be sent off on the morning of the day on which they are to run, and if a majority of them are still sent overnight they have done their last gallop before leaving home, seldom doing more than a couple of gentle canters on the morning of their race. The enthusiasts still go to see them, and can of course form some idea of their condition; and Doncaster and York attract enthusiastic admirers of horseflesh in far greater numbers than are to be found elsewhere. The Doncaster paddock in the St. Leger week attracts horsy men from all parts of the kingdom, and so crowded has it become of late years that an inspection of the candidates for any of the bigger events is by no means an easy job. When a crack appears he is instantly mobbed by the "Tykes," who follow him round and round, many of them audibly commenting on his good and bad points, his condition, and his chances of winning. Nowhere in the kingdom is horse worship so thoroughly practised, and no racecourse crowd is so competent to give an opinion on what it sees. Many, perhaps almost a majority, of the onlookers have been amongst horses all their lives, have grown up in a circle where the thoroughbred is universally admired, and are acquainted with the pedigrees and performances of the animals they have come to see. Such men can tell you all about the great Leger winners of the past; they can remember the appearance of all the horses they have seen win the last classic race of the year; and they always have strong opinions about the particular Leger they have come to see. On a Southern racecourse, when a big event is on the tapis, nearly every acquaintance one meets begins with, "Well,



DONCASTER

NUMBERS UP FOR THE ST. LEGER

what's going to win to-day?" In Yorkshire the case is different; it is not "What's going to win?" but "—— 'll win t' Leger. Now mark my word, yon's a good horse, and t'others 'll never see t' way he goes." How many times has one heard this sort of remark at Doncaster on the Tuesday or on the Wednesday morning! The writer has scores of times, and he must admit that the opinion of the average Tyke is far better worth having than that of the average student of form or follower of the money. Then, what a reception a St. Leger winner has when he returns to the paddock! How the crowd cheer him and his jockey, and how they rush behind him from the weighing-room door down the paddock, and never leave him until he is in his box with the door shut, or taken outside! This Yorkshire enthusiasm is a pretty feature of the Doncaster week. It may be a little inconvenient at times, especially when one is rudely hustled by a burly Yorkshire farmer of twenty stone, but it is expressive of the huge love of racing which is inherent with the average Yorkshireman, and, without going into the ethics of the question, it is really one of the strongest segments of the backbone of the sport.

The Doncaster programme is a strong one, but chief interest centres in the St. Leger, even though Yorkshire-trained horses have played very secondary parts since *Apology* won in 1874. It very seldom happens that the Derby winner is not engaged, and in proof thereof the Epsom champion has been first six times and second three times in the last ten years, the solitary exception being *Sainfoin*, who did not compete in *Memoir*'s year. On some occasions the Derby form is altered, and the most recent instance was supplied when *La Flêche* turned the tables on *Sir Hugo* with consummate ease in 1893. *Merry Hampton* was one who was unable to sustain his Epsom form on the Town Moor, but *Ladas* was generally thought to have been unlucky when beaten by *Throstle*, and had the pair run the race over again on the following day I think that odds would have been laid on *Lord Rosebery*'s colt. Another notable case was when *Robert the Devil* easily defeated *Bend Or* in 1880, but the Duke of Westminster's

colt had his revenge in the Epsom Cup nine months later, and at the stud is immeasurably superior to his great rival, whose best son is probably Chittabob. That the last-named would have been a great horse had he been less difficult to train is in every way likely. As a two-year-old, and when he had the best of the weights, he defeated Donovan, and as a three-year-old he showed brilliant speed, both in the St. Leger and Lancashire Plate, but in neither race was he half trained. He was one of the big, powerful, heavily-framed sort, and though many of his stock win races, they hardly seem to have inherited the stamina of their grandsire, Robert the Devil, most of them being best known as speedy sprinters. On the whole the St. Leger is less seldom won by a bad horse than the Derby. The moderate Sir Visto won both races, it is true, but we should have to go back a great number of years to find a Sainfoin or a Merry Hampton amongst the Doncaster winners, and when the best filly is the best of her year she often defeats the Derby winner in the St. Leger. Instances can be quoted which bear out the argument. La Flêche has already been alluded to, and if we allow that Throstle was no better than Ladas, Seabreeze fairly beat Ayrshire; Dutch Oven beat Shotover—a filly, but a Derby winner, Jannette beat Sefton, and Marie Stuart beat Doncaster, the last-named pair being stable companions in the same ownership, who fought out a desperate finish, which the filly won.

On the first day of the Autumn Meeting the Champagne Stakes for two-year-olds is the big event of the card. This race is run on a course of 5 furlongs and 152 yards, and there are no penalties or allowances, so that as a rule the best of those left in throw down the gauntlet. The race is considered to be a difficult one to win, and it is only very occasionally that it falls to a moderate horse, though such comparatively recent winners as Ayah, Omladina, and Solaro failed to distinguish themselves much afterwards. Against those names can be set those of Velasquez, Ladas, La Flêche, Chittabob, Ayrshire, and Minting, to say nothing of the beautiful Isonomy filly, Riviera, who fell down dead when at exercise, before she had an opportunity of showing

what her three-year-old career would have been. Another important event on the first day's card is the Great Yorkshire Handicap of a mile and three-quarters, and on the third day the Portland Plate vies with the Goodwood Stewards' Cup in being the most popular short handicap of the day. On the last day the Doncaster Cup and the Park Hill Stakes, in which three-year-old fillies run the St. Leger distance, claim the most attention, and the Doncaster Cup now takes about equal rank with the Goodwood Cup, and of late years has perhaps been a more difficult race to win. A memorable victory, of which the writer was a witness, was that of *Lily Agnes* (the dam of *Ormonde*) in 1874, and since that time the race has fallen to a host of celebrities, though it has not such a brilliant record as the Ascot Gold Cup. Still, taking the list from the year in which *Lily Agnes* won, we find such names as *Craigmillar* (who also won the St. Leger), *Hampton*, *Isonomy*, *Thebais*, *The Bard*, *Carlton*, *Tyrant*, *Queen's Birthday*, and the Irish mare *Laodamia*, while many of the other names are suggestive of the best long-distance handicap form of the time.

Before leaving Doncaster I will briefly analyse the programme of the September Meeting, and also point out that long-distance racing is encouraged much more than at the Park meetings. Indeed, the four days analyse pretty well in this respect, the twenty-six races of 1900 being as follows:—

The Doncaster Cup	2 miles.
St. Leger	1 mile 6 furlongs 132 yards.
Great Yorkshire Handicap	1 „ 6 „ 132 „
Park Hill Stakes	1 „ 6 „ 132 „
Rufford Abbey Plate	1 „ 4 „
Zetland Stakes	1 „ 4 „
Doncaster Stakes	1 „ 4 „
Bradgate Park Plate	1 „ 2 „
Alexandra Plate	1 „ 2 „
Doncaster Welter Plate	1 „
Cleveland Handicap	1 „
Scarborough Stakes	1 „
Westmoreland Plate	1 „
Prince of Wales' Nursery	1 „

Tattersall's Sale Stakes	.	7	furlongs.
Fitzwilliam Stakes	.	6	,
Rous Plate	.	6	,
Champagne Stakes	.	5	152 yards.
Clumber Plate	.	5	,
Portland Plate	.	5	,
Stand Plate	.	5	,
Glasgow Nursery	.	5	,
Milton Stakes	.	5	,
Corporation Handicap	.	5	,
Juvenile Selling Plate	.	5	,
Danum Nursery	.	5	,

From the above it will be seen that fourteen of the twenty-six races were run over courses of a mile and upwards, and that four of the most important events on the programme are of a mile and three-quarters and two miles. Doncaster Town Moor is eminently suitable for these long races, and it is satisfactory to note that here, at all events, the five-furlong sprint is in a minority.

The value of the stakes in 1900 works out as follows: On Tuesday, seven races, worth £3,799; on Wednesday, six races, worth £7,135; on Thursday, seven races, worth £2,630; on Friday, six races, worth £3,620. Total, £17,184.

YORK

York Races have been in existence certainly for 167 years, and possibly the fixtures do not hold so high a place as they did a hundred years ago, though the August Meeting on the Knavesmire is still an important and popular gathering, and its Ebor Handicap attracts thousands upon thousands of visitors. According to Turf historians, York Races during the eighteenth century were attended by all the great county families, whose coaches were drawn up in a long line beside the course, and who supported the races by running horses or giving money to be run for. These functions appear to have been occasions of great state and magnificence, and we are told that the noblemen of the district vied with each other in the splendour of their appointments,



DONCASTER
THE RED HOUSE

that most of the carriages were drawn by six horses apiece, that outriders accompanied them, and also that partisanship ran high amongst the owners of the horses. No doubt the custom of "cross and jostle" was much resorted to in those days, and though a better state of affairs prevails now, "cross and jostle" at York is not altogether a thing of the past, as the following will show. Some time in the seventies, when the late Major Dixon used to act as starter at York, he was one of a party who were staying at the Station Hotel. Another of the same party had a shockingly bad day on the Tuesday, and on Wednesday morning gave out that he was not going to bet that day, as he knew of something good which was to run on Thursday for which he intended to wait. "How will you get through the day?" queried a friend. "If you go to the course you are sure to bet." "I'll tell you what to do," said Major Dixon; "come and stroll about outside with me, and see the starts." This suggestion was acted on, and a few hours later the disconsolate punter saw a large field come down to the five-furlong post. There were about a dozen runners, and James Snowden was on the rails, while Fred Archer had drawn the outside number. It must be mentioned that the old five-furlong course then in use was by no means straight, and that the "elbow" was so near home as to make an inside position a very great advantage. There was the usual manœuvring, and then the flag dropped, Snowden and Archer both getting off well. Our punter had moved about a furlong up the course, and turned round as the horses approached him. To his surprise he saw Archer shoot right across from right to left, come bang into Snowden and his mount, and fairly knock them out. Indeed, Snowden was as nearly as possible over the rails, and the force of the collision was so great that his horse dropped back last, and never was in the race again. Up hurried Major Dixon, full of excitement. "Did you see that?" he asked, and then, hurrying on, shouted, "There will be an awful row when they get to the weighing-room, and of course they will want me." About half-way down to the stands the Major hurried, and then pulled up to take

breath. "May as well wait a minute; they'll signal for me by showing a flag." The minute multiplied into ten. "No doubt they've put off hearing the complaint until after the next race," observed the Major, and he and his friend proceeded to cross the Knavesmire to the mile post, where the start for that event took place. After a while the horses began to arrive. "Here comes Snowden," said the Major; "now we shall hear all about it." Up rode Snowden, apparently with nothing to say, but observing the look of anxious inquiry with which the starter regarded him, a smile, suggesting recognition of the circumstances, passed over his features, and moving his horse close to Major Dixon, he put his hand to his mouth and shouted in a hoarse voice, "Ain't he a —— hot un, governor?" That was all. Snowden had made no complaint; he had taken the incident as part of the day's work, and he seemed to regard the deliberate "cross and jostle" to which Archer had treated him as something to be admired rather than make a fuss about.

What York may have been in the past hardly concerns us now. In the present it is popular and successful, with a capital programme at its August fixture, and a fair one in the spring, when the meeting generally clashes with Bath. There is no "gate" at York, and, as at Doncaster, the meetings are "run" by the Corporation, who keep the course in wonderfully good order, though the freemen of the city have the right of pasturage. Just now the longest races are run over a course of a mile and six furlongs, and the starting-point for these events is a full half-mile from the stands; but there is a two-mile course. Dead flat galloping it is all the way, the long course being straight for about seven furlongs, and then on the turn until the run-in is reached, about half a mile from home. There is a new straight six-furlong course which came into use a few years ago, and this is a great improvement upon the old one, with its bad "elbow" so near home. On the old T.Y.C. at York an inside position was of far more value than it ought to have been, and I always noted that a two-year-old who could win on it after being drawn on an outside position

was nearly always worth following. As a rule winners finished on the side of the course furthest from the stands, no matter where they had started, but now they often come up close under the stands, and the new course is such a fair one that, provided a horse begins quickly, it is quite immaterial whether it started on the right, the left, or in the centre. The Knavesmire in wet weather becomes very heavy on account of its low-lying position, and at such times the horses all finish dead-slow, and strength and stamina are well served. At the August Meeting the going is more often hard than soft, but the sport is nowadays always good and the attendance quite the best to be found at any of the Northern meetings, saving only Doncaster. At the Spring Meeting the Great Northern Handicap of a mile and a half is the principal race, while on the second day the Flying Dutchman's Handicap over the mile course is generally won by a useful one. There are also a couple of nice two-year-old stakes, one on either day, but the meeting is in no sense a great one, and a large majority of the runners are trained not far from the course.

The August fixture is of quite a different character. It is held at the end of the month, when the grouse shooters have had about ten days of sport, and when the moors—and probably many of the guns—are in need of a rest. The place lies handy to all the English moors, and York thus draws largely upon the class who shoot as well as race. It is also an occasion for numerous house parties from a large residential district, and the racing is good enough to draw from all sorts and conditions of racing men those who think racing the first of all sports. The programme is planned on very sound lines, there being important weight-for-age events on each of the three days, and it by no means unfrequently happens that the three-year-old running has considerable bearing on the St. Leger. On the Tuesday the Yorkshire Oaks for three-year-old fillies and the Prince of Wales' Plate for two-year-olds always attract good class, and the former race has a certain notoriety through the favourite for it having so often been beaten by an outsider. It is run over a mile and a half, and while winners are penalised maidens

can claim a 7-lb. allowance. Wednesday's programme is even stronger than that of Tuesday. The Duke of York Stakes, a weight-for-age three-year-old race of a mile and a half, is one of the features, and good-class two-year-olds are seen out in the Convivial Produce Stakes. These two events are good enough to ensure the success of any one day's racing, but in addition there is the Ebor Handicap, worth £1,000, and run over the mile and three-quarters course. Unfortunately this race has fallen upon times which are evil when compared with those of a quarter of a century ago, and the last half-dozen winners have all been moderate. The race was won by a good mare in 1892, when Alice did the trick under 9 st., and Buccaneer and King Monmouth (who won with 8 st. 12 lbs. in the saddle) were good horses. The great winners of the event, however, were Corrie Roy, who carried no less than 9 st. 12 lbs., and Isonomy, who, as a four-year-old, was successful with 4 lbs. less. Victor Emmanuel won with 9 st., Lily Agnes with 8 st. 8 lbs., Albert Victor with 8 st. 12 lbs., and Paganini, who won the Goodwood Stakes in the same year, with 9 st. 4 lbs. All these were first-rate handicap performances, and one would like to see some of the same class winning now, instead of the ex-selling platers that have been to the fore of late.

The Ebor Handicap is to the Yorkshire folk second only to the St. Leger as a draw. The city is visited on that day by thousands of excursionists, and the Knavesmire after the last race presents a most extraordinary appearance. Nine-tenths of the huge crowd walk back to the town, and whereas at Doncaster the stands are close to the road, so that the latter at once absorbs the people, at York there is half a mile of common between the head of the course and the Knavesmire Gate, and the crowd spread themselves over this space in a fashion which is seen on no other racecourse.

For some years past it has been the custom of a worthy inhabitant of York to regale all the huntsmen of the neighbouring packs of foxhounds at luncheon on this particular day, and a standing dish at the feast is the veteran trainer-jockey, John Osborne. The writer was present on one occasion when a burly East Riding farmer was one of the

party. The gentleman in question was not exactly a racing man, and had come little into contact with the professionals of the sport. He was, however, much impressed with the fact that he was actually facing a real live jockey, more especially one he had heard about all his life, but had never met before. All through the meal he could scarcely keep his eye off the man who had won the St. Leger on Lord Clifden and Apology, and when there was a pause in the conversation he broke in, in the broad East Riding tongue, with, "Noo then, Mr. Osborne, for the amusement of this company, will ye oblige them by telling what was t' biggest ramp ye were ever in?" A shout of laughter greeted the outburst, but John Osborne was equal to the occasion, and when there was silence struck in with, "Well, gentlemen, I believe I once carried 5 lbs. too much at Newton, and won, but I said nothing about it afterwards."

Thursday's card has for its chief attractions the Great Yorkshire Stakes and the Gimcrack Stakes, the former a three-year-old race over a mile and three-quarters of ground, and the latter a substantial two-year-old prize, which is invested with a considerable amount of éclat. The Great Yorkshire Stakes affords a capital St. Leger trial, but nowadays it is the fashion to bottle up St. Leger favourites from Ascot to Doncaster; thus the York race generally attracts some three or four of what may be termed the second rank of three-year-olds. Two decades ago owners were not afraid of running their St. Leger horses at York, and it occasionally happened that a favourite for the Doncaster race had his wings singed on the Knavesmire a fortnight before. As previously recorded, Blair Athol was beaten by The Miner in this race, only to turn the tables most decisively at Doncaster, while ten years later Trent beat Apology, somewhat unexpectedly; but at Doncaster Parson King's mare easily reversed the form, Trent also losing second place to Leolinus. The defeat of Blair Athol was never properly explained, and while some thought that his jockey was caught napping, others were of opinion that he went down because he was short of a few winding-up gallops. John Osborne, who rode The Miner, to this day

maintains that there was not much fluke about the race, and that on that particular day *The Miner* was a great horse.

Trent's defeat of *Apology*, which the writer saw, was also very inexplicable, but it is quite certain that Tom Cannon rode a brilliant race on Mr. Marshall's horse, and without doubt the Danebury jockey was a great exponent of the riding art in these long races when the fields were small. It was in such cases that his knowledge of pace served him so well, and fourteen years later he did another very fine performance in this same Great Yorkshire Stakes. This was when, on the Duke of Westminster's *Ossory*, he beat Caerlaverock and Arrandale. Caerlaverock had walked over for the Ebor St. Leger on the previous day, and had won twice at Redcar a fortnight before. *Ossory* had been unplaced for the Sussex Stakes at Goodwood, after running second to his stable companion, *Orbit*, in the worst field that ever went to the post for the Eclipse Stakes. Between Caerlaverock and the Kingsclere colt the betting was very close, and whether *Ossory* had developed roaring proclivities or was a non-stayer is of no consequence. It was, nevertheless, plain enough that a strong race would not suit him, because as soon as the flag fell Cannon jumped off in front, and then slowed down without losing his place. He waited in front, spurting away for a few strides if either of the others came near him, and then easing off again. The result was that for a mile or more they only cantered, and *Ossory* being the speediest, won easily. A few weeks later, in a strong-run race at Newmarket, Caerlaverock easily reversed the form.

The Gimcrack Stakes was founded in honour of Gimcrack, a grey horse, by Cripple, out of a mare by Grisewood's Partner, who was foaled in 1760, and who won an extraordinary number of races. He was a veritable turf pony, little over fourteen hands high, and that he must have been an object of worship amongst horse-loving Yorkshiremen is proved by the fact that his name was chosen as a title for the most important two-year-old stake of the York meetings. Gimcrack was one of the sort we want now on the turf,

for he won races when eleven years old, and must have been a really hardy sort. "The Druid," in *Post and Paddock*, speaks of him as "never having been beaten but once, and then by Bay Malton," but for once in a way the prince of Turf historians was wrong. As a matter of fact, Bay Malton was the first horse to beat him, but he afterwards suffered defeat from Tyrant at Newmarket on April 20th, 1767, from Otterley at Wantage in the same year, and from Snap at Odsey a few weeks later. He was also beaten at York by Lord Rockingham's Pilgrim in 1768,* and again at York in the Great Subscription Stakes, when he ran third to Chatsworth and Tortoise. In 1770, in the Jockey Club Plate at the Second Spring Meeting, he finished fifth to Bellario, and the same horse beat him again in the autumn of that year.

Still, Gimcrack was doubtless a wonderful performer, and I take it that the fact of his never running until he was four years old chiefly accounted for his long career. His bone and muscle were allowed to mature before any severe strain was placed upon them, and, judging from the number of times that he ran, there can be no doubt that he was always perfectly sound. For a short period of his career he was in France (owned at the time by Count Lauraguais), and it is stated that in 1766—when he was six years old—he ran 22½ miles within the hour to win a very considerable bet. It is curious that though Gimcrack was beaten on each occasion of his running at York, a club should have been there founded in his honour and a race named after him; but such is the case, and the Gimcrack Club of the present day plays a not unimportant part in Turf matters. The members subscribe added money to the tune of £500 to the Gimcrack Stakes every August, and dine together at an appointed date in December, when, for some years past, it has been the custom to invite the Stewards of the Jockey Club, and other influential Turf notabilities, so that the gathering is generally of a representative character. The dinner is followed by speeches, and more than once

* Two years later, in a 200-guinea match between the pair, the tables were turned.

the Turf world has been agitated to its foundations by the utterances of one or more of the speakers. Stewards of the Jockey Club and others highly placed in the Turf world have taken the opportunity of commenting on the state of the Turf; they have at times spoken of abuses in no half-hearted fashion, and upon one occasion a boldly out-spoken speech was followed by a big Turf scandal, which was finally settled in the law courts. I need not go into this matter further than to remark that the Turf reformer who brought the charges was undoubtedly acting to the best of his ability in the very highest interests of the sport, and that subsequent events proved he had not spoken without justification. Yet one gentleman, almost unanimously sympathised with at the time and since, was unfortunately placed, owing to unfavourable circumstances, in a most unpleasant position. To the speeches made at the dinner of the Gimcrack Club we almost look to give an insight of the policy of the Jockey Club in the matter of any reforms or innovations that may be in progress of development.

MINOR YORKSHIRE MEETINGS

After Doncaster and York Stockton takes the highest place, and though it can only boast of one fixture in the course of the year, that fixture is an important one. It takes place in the middle of August, in the week which comes between the Redcar and York meetings, when what is known as the "Yorkshire Circuit" is in course of progress, and extends over three days. The course is situated on Mandale Bottoms, nearly a mile from the town, is perfectly flat, and about one mile and three-quarters round. There is, in addition, a straight six furlongs, and plenty of room everywhere. The programme, without containing any event of the first magnitude, is a sound one, and both two- and three-year-olds are well catered for. The Wynyard, Hardwicke, Lambton, and Elton Juvenile Plates are the principal races for the youngsters, and for three-year-olds there are the Great Northern Leger of a mile and five furlongs and the Durham County Produce Stakes of a mile and two

furlongs, the former being generally worth about £800 and the latter a little over £1,000. The Stockton Handicap of a mile and five furlongs and the Stockton Stewards' Handicap of a mile are also useful items of the programme, and it may be added that, the course being situated in a thickly populated industrial district, the races are always very largely attended. Possibly the date, coming just at the commencement of grouse shooting, is not a very happy one, but Lords Londonderry and Durham are good supporters of the meeting, as is Lord Zetland, and Mr. James Lowther invariably brings a large party from Wilton Castle.

Redcar Races as at present constituted have not been in existence more than a quarter of a century, though they used to race on the sands before the new course was made. The neighbourhood is perhaps as horsy as any other part of Yorkshire, and no less a celebrity than the Flying Dutchman was foaled at Kirkleatham, some three miles from the little seaside town. The course lies on the inland side of Redcar, quite close to the station, and though it is a dead-flat, it takes high rank amongst modern racecourses, the straight mile (there are nine furlongs of it) being absolutely one of the best in the kingdom. The round, or rather oval, course is just under two miles, with a straight run-in of five furlongs, but the top turn past the stands is just a little too abrupt. Not that this matters, as there are no two-mile races on the programme now, and the bottom turn has not only a more gradual "elbow," but is so far from home that when a horse does run wide he has every chance of making up his ground again. Portions of the straight mile are used for the five- and six-furlong races, and long-striding horses are generally seen to advantage on this dead-level galloping course, whilst staying power is always served. Indeed, I have seen horses finish very leg-weary in a strongly-run race at Redcar, for there is no give and take. The Spring Meeting of two days takes place at Whitsuntide, and the Summer Meeting early in August, the latter being generally on the same days as the Kempton August fixture. The two places, however, are so far apart that they do not harm

each other much; at the same time I think that the granting of this date to Kempton was hard lines on Redcar, which is the older meeting. Besides this, the Kempton Meeting has modelled its August programme on the Redcar lines. Thus Redcar has the Great National Breeders' Foal Plate for three-year-olds and the Redcar Two-Year-Old Stakes of £500, while Kempton has followed with the International Breeders' Stakes for two-year-olds and the City of London Foal Stakes for three-year-olds. It is invariably the case that many horses are engaged at both places, and if they happen to be trained in the South the temptation to run at Kempton Park in preference to Redcar is of course very great.

After the conclusion of the Sussex fortnight until the end of the Doncaster week all the best racing, save one meeting at Derby, is held in Yorkshire, and as there is a general outcry to the effect that there are too many meetings in the course of the year, here is a chance for the Stewards of the Jockey Club. They can decline to allow any meetings to be held at the Metropolitan enclosures between the end of the Sussex fortnight and the end of the Doncaster week. Such action would be for the general benefit. Only two two-day meetings of any importance would go, viz. Kempton August and Sandown September. Redcar might have an additional day, and more horses would be reserved, not only for this meeting, but for Stockton, York, and even Doncaster as well. Everyone who attends the two South-country meetings referred to must know that they only fill up half vacant dates, that there is no attendance of the magnates of the racing world, and that a very large majority of the club members and others are away. At Redcar, Stockton, and York, on the other hand, there is all the horse-loving Yorkshire crowd to draw upon, and, what is more, scores of professional racing men—owners, trainers, bookmakers, and what not—come North for Redcar, and stay in the North until after York is over.

After the heat that, in most years, is experienced at Goodwood, Brighton, and Lewes, the ozone of the German

Ocean at Redcar is absolutely a luxury; and it may be mentioned that Redcar possesses good hotel accommodation, while five miles away, at Saltburn-by-the-Sea, are two of the best provincial hotels in the kingdom. As it is, many racing men go straight from Lewes to Saltburn, and stay there until the York Meeting, and many there are who prefer this Northern tour to any other fortnight of the racing year.

Pontefract is a prosperous racing centre, and its three meetings, held in spring, summer, and early autumn, are always well attended. It has been spoken of as "the Goodwood of the North," but beyond the fact that the racecourse is in a park there seems to be absolutely no justification for the title. Catterick is the real Goodwood of the North, as will be presently shown; but Pontefract has better racing, and being near the southern end of the county, and about only four hours by rail from Newmarket, it can draw largely on horses trained on the classic heath. The course is oval-shaped, of a fairly give-and-take description, and rather more than two miles round. There is also a straight five furlongs, and this, as also is the run-in of the round course, is all on a slight rise. The principal stakes are the Champagne, for two-year-olds, and the Great West Riding Handicap of a mile and a half, and good fields at all the meetings are the rule rather than the exception.

Beverley has only one meeting each year, at which the sport does not rise beyond plating, and is almost entirely confined to Northern-trained horses. The course is prettily situated on Beverley Westwood, quite close to the town, is nearly a mile and half round, and oval in conformation. The run-in of the round course is half a mile, and there is also a straight six furlongs, which rises all the way to the winning-post. Thirsk has two meetings every year, one in the spring and one in October, and as a rule at the latter fixture fields are remarkably large. The course is situated between the railway station and the town, and is an oval of one mile one furlong and forty yards, the turns at either end being rather sharp. There is also a straight six furlongs, almost level, a remark which also applies to the round

course. Thirsk, being situated on the main line between London and Edinburgh, always draws a large crowd, and though the sport is merely plating, the races are popular all over Yorkshire, and many good horses have been seen there in the past. Not so long ago the Hunt Cup used to excite a lot of local interest, but legislation on the part of the National Hunt Committee caused this and many other similar races to fade out of the programme, and it would be all for the best if they were re-established under new conditions. The Ripon Course is one for which I never had much liking, and somehow or other Ripon seems to be the least popular of all Yorkshire fixtures. The course is remarkably cramped, and the bottom turn, if not exactly dangerous, very difficult to negotiate on a pulling horse. The round course is little over a mile in circuit, and in a long race horses are obliged to be continually on the turn. The T.Y.C. is five furlongs straight, and there is a very slight rise to the winning-post. (Since the above was written the Ripon executive have found a new course, which, it is said, is a great improvement upon the old one.)

The last meeting we come to on the Yorkshire list is Catterick Bridge, where one two-day meeting is held in early spring. Unfortunately the programme is not a particularly strong one; indeed, a portion of it is under N.H. Rules, some two or three steeplechases being on the card. However, Catterick Bridge Races are a highly popular social function, and so much support is forthcoming that I cannot help thinking the place to be capable of better things. As it is, the meeting takes place so early in the year that the weather is invariably unsettled and the atmosphere almost always cold. There is no great race to attract, and the course is on a branch line of railway, more than a mile from a station, in an agricultural and thinly populated neighbourhood, and with no towns nearer than Richmond and Darlington, four and twelve miles away respectively.

The stand is absolutely the smallest and most primitive in the kingdom. It is, in fact, nothing more than a roadside cottage, with a sloping roof arranged as a grand stand, and it need hardly be said that it affords accommodation for very

few. Nevertheless, in spite of these drawbacks Catterick Races are attended by all the resident gentry of the North Riding and South Durham, and by many influential turfites and county notabilities from even further afield. It is emphatically a carriage meeting, and shortly after noon on both days of the meetings vehicles of all descriptions are drawn up opposite the stands two and three deep, the line going almost down to the bottom of the field. All the local gentry and their families are present, and hospitality galore is dispensed among the carriages and in private tents which are placed behind the line of vehicles. The scene is always a most animated one, and as where the big-wigs lead the humbler ones will always follow, the attendances are far beyond what might be expected at such an out-of-the-way place. From York, Leeds, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and other Northern towns special trains are run, and as the Middleham and Richmond training grounds are within a few miles of the course, while Malton, Beverley, and Hambleton are within three hours or so by rail, there is no difficulty about a supply of horses. Indeed, considering the strength of the programme, fields are fairly large, and Yorkshire trainers are fond of Catterick, where they can generally get a line of the early Northern two-year-old form.

The course is situated in a large field on the southern side of Catterick Bridge, and is over a mile round, with the usual straight five-furlong course. The steeplechase course takes a wider circle, and is much more "natural" than most of the courses of the present day, though various fences have perforce been altered in accordance with the requirements of the National Hunt Committee. The property is part of the Brough Hall estate of Sir John Lawson, and that gentleman takes a fatherly interest in the meeting, which has been kept alive almost entirely by his exertions. If Catterick is to flourish it should have a summer meeting, and I see no reason why it should not secure a date in August, immediately after the Redcar Meeting and before Stockton. As has been already stated, a large portion of the racing army has taken up its quarters

in Yorkshire at the time named, and the end of the Redcar week is a blank up North. Catterick requires more of the sinews of war if improvements are to be made and the programme strengthened, and a summer meeting would be the surest means of obtaining the same. Its present popularity is an assured fact, and most emphatically it is the real "Goodwood of the North."

CHAPTER VI

OTHER COUNTRY MEETINGS

Hybrid meetings—Bath—Former importance—Rivalry with York—Brighton Races—The course—Lewes—The Southdown Club—Harpenden—Salisbury—The Bibury Club—Northampton—Worcester—Yarmouth—Old-time circuits—Present-day round of racing—Chester Races—The Chester Cup—Its popularity—The queer course—Something about the programme—Lincoln Races—The Lincolnshire Handicap—Big attendance—Victory of Clorane—The Brocklesby—Liverpool—The Grand National crowd—Concerning the Grand National Course—Its peculiarities—Exceptional fencing—Cloister's performance—Death of The Lamb—Cloister and Manifesto compared—Other recent winners—Manifesto and Ambush II.—Liverpool Spring Meeting—The Summer fixture—The Autumn Cup—Carlisle—Croxton Park—Newton—Warwick.

SO much confined to the parks or enclosures is the racing of the present day, that beyond Newmarket, Epsom, Ascot, Goodwood, Doncaster, and York, and the smaller Yorkshire meetings, a majority of the old gatherings have disappeared, and as a matter of fact some of those which remain have adopted the style of the modern racing company, with rebuilt stands for the general public, a club enclosure for the more select general public, and a shilling a head at the gate for those who affect the outside portion of the course. Hybrid meetings we may term these, and under that heading we may include Chester, Lincoln, and Liverpool. There still remain such open meetings as Bath, Brighton, Harpenden, Huntingdon, Lewes, Salisbury, Northampton, Worcester, and Yarmouth; but with the exceptions of Lewes and Salisbury (now that it has become the headquarters of the Bibury Club) none of them are of much account, and notably Bath and Brighton have both seen better days; though the reasons for their decline are vastly different. Bath was once an important fixture, and its Biennial for three-year-olds and the Somersetshire Stakes

were two much-coveted prizes. Even now the programme is a fair one, but the modern enclosure has caused the average race-goer to expect comfort, luxury, and ease wherever he goes, and Bath does not offer these attractions. It is more than three miles from the station to the Lansdown, where the races are held, and the route lies up a terribly steep hill, on which a rickety old cab filled by four stout bookmakers is very likely to stop half-way up. The descent is absolutely dangerous, and in such times as we are passing through, when the race-goer, except in the big weeks, always has a choice of two meetings, it is small wonder that Bath is avoided. Then the Biennial has disappeared, and the Somersetshire Stakes only retains a tithe of its former importance. It invariably happens, too, that the fixture clashes with York Spring Meeting ; and though the two places do not draw upon the same training stables, the men who follow the meetings prefer York and the Knavesmire, with Doncaster to follow, to the Lansdown, with Salisbury to wind up the week. Bath still retains a fair measure of local support, and the course is a good deal better than many to which much praise is given. It is an oval of nearly a mile and three-quarters, and is on down land, grand old turf, unless the races are held during a period of drought. The meeting is handy for all the Wiltshire, Berkshire, and Hampshire stables, from which the supply of horses is chiefly drawn. Personally, I think a visit to Bath—where there are many first-rate hotels—in the spring of the year a great treat, and I should be glad to see the meeting restored to its former importance. Perhaps the greatest stumbling-block which it has to contend with is that in the particular week in which the races are held, the best programme of the week is that of the Doncaster Meeting, immediately afterwards. York in itself is not such a formidable rival, but Doncaster Spring Meeting is an important fixture, and as the two Yorkshire towns are close together they draw the London racing element in far greater numbers than do Bath and Salisbury. In this particular week the ring is stronger in the North than it is in the South, and where the ring is strongest there will be the best racing.

Brighton Races were popularised by George IV., and considering that the course is absolutely the worst in the kingdom, it is wonderful that any of the popularity is left. At present two meetings, one in early summer—called the Spring Meeting—and one in August, are held, and the programme at the latter fixture includes several events that are well worth winning, notably the Brighton Stakes, Brighton Cup, and Brighton Handicap, each of the advertised value of £500. It is, however, not possible to speak of Brighton Races at present with much satisfaction, and to tell the truth the place has had a bad name for many years past. It is to be hoped that the efforts of the town authorities will meet with success, and that in future visitors to the Race Hill will not be annoyed by the presence of roughs and pickpockets, who have for long enough made the place a happy hunting ground, and caused Brighton to be a capital place to live out of during the race week. The long course, used at present for the Town Plate, is one mile seven furlongs and forty-four yards, and is rather in the shape of an equilateral triangle. The first quarter of a mile is flat, then comes a gradual rise of half a mile, followed by a descent of about five furlongs, part of which is very steep indeed. From the dip there is another rise to the winning-post, and perhaps there is more up and down than in any other course which can be named. Still, all the races of five and six furlongs, and even those of a mile, are started where the ground is falling, therefore a quick beginner with a nice turn of speed often secures a great advantage. On the whole the short courses are very like those at Epsom, and this is confirmed by the fact that the same horses often win at both places. Not so many years ago the Brighton Cup used to be a race of considerable importance, and such celebrities as Border Minstrel, Isonomy, Pageant, Marie Stuart, and Favonius are on its roll of winners; but lately it has been a mile handicap for three-year-olds, and in its new form it does pretty well, though of course its ancient prestige has departed.

Lewes, on the other hand, is just about as prosperous as any South of England fixture. It has spring, summer, and

autumn meetings, and is the headquarters of the Southdown Club, a nursery of gentlemen riders which is exceedingly popular with a certain section of race-goers. At each of the three Lewes fixtures sundry events are confined to gentlemen riders, and a majority of these are run over a distance of ground. At the same time the programmes are strong all round, and at the Summer Meeting, which closes the Sussex fortnight, three important races are decided, in addition to the gentlemen riders' and plating events. The three are the Astley Stakes for two-year-olds, worth something less than £1,000, the Lewes Handicap of £1,000, over a mile and a half of ground, and the De Warrenne Handicap of five furlongs, which forms a sort of consolation stakes to the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood. More than one beaten Stewards' Cup favourite has made amends by winning the De Warrenne Handicap; but the Lewes Handicap is the more important race, and at times it has had considerable bearing on the Autumn Handicaps, having been won in 1895 by Marco, afterwards successful in the Cambridgeshire, and two years later by the Australian Merman, who supplemented this success by winning the Cæsarewitch. The Lewes courses are well adapted for long-distance racing, what is called the New Course being two miles and a half, while the Old Course is half a mile less. In either there is a fair amount of give and take, and both are somewhat severe in their early stages. The run-in has a curious dip—at no great distance from the winning-post, and as a rule horses endowed with stamina are seen to advantage.

Harpenden, in Herts, has a rather nice course of two miles in circular form. It is situated on common land, and a single one-day meeting in the early summer is all it aspires to now, the programme providing for platers only. Not much more can be written in favour of Huntingdon, where there has been no racing since 1896. The course, situated on the Water Meadows by the river Ouse, is nearly two miles round, and generally good going, but for many years the meetings—generally held in July—have been on the down line, and though Newmarket is not far away, runners have been very scarce. In 1896 a two-days' programme

of a dozen races attracted only fifty-two horses, and it is hardly probable that there will be a resuscitation.

Salisbury Races, though of considerable antiquity, have never held a high place amongst the country meetings, but now that the Bibury Club have chosen Salisbury for their new headquarters the meetings may acquire further importance. The course is on down land, and has a fairly good, though twisting, two miles, which in a measure resembles the course used for the Metropolitan Stakes at Epsom. There is also a straight mile, and portions of this course are requisitioned for the sprint races. About the Salisbury programmes in the past little need be said. They appealed to platters, and the runners were principally drawn from local stables. What changes the advent of the Bibury Club will cause remains to be seen. For forty years this club fixture had been affiliated with Stockbridge Races, which were held in 1898 for the last time. The Bibury Club and Stockbridge between them succeeded in carrying out a very pretty three-days' meeting, the first day of which was under the auspices of the Bibury Club, while the two remaining days were the Stockbridge Meeting proper. Two-year-old events of considerable value were the real feature of the meeting, the Champagne Stakes and Bibury Club Junior Home-bred Stakes figuring on the card of the club day, while the Mottisfont Stakes, the Stockbridge Foal Stakes, and the Hurstbourne Stakes (the richest prize of the meeting) were run on the second and third days. Another good race at the club meeting was the Hampshire Stakes for three-year-olds, and for this, we take it, is substituted the Pembroke Stakes of £10 each with £400 added. In any circumstances it is not likely that the change of venue will in any way harm the Bibury Club, and it is further quite certain that Salisbury Races will become a much more important fixture than they have been in the past. The Bibury Club is immensely popular amongst the patrician contingent of racehorse-owners, and election thereto is eagerly sought. The club maintains its character for exclusiveness, and heart-burnings are occasionally caused after the deadly black ball has been at work. Primarily the object of the

club is to encourage gentlemen riders, and various events are confined to the amateur. The membership also embraces many of the best class of owners apart from the gentlemen riders, and these supply the entries for the confined events. At times the proceedings become somewhat farcical, but the meeting is generally understood to be a relaxation from the sterner work of the summer campaign, and it may be mentioned that if anything out of the common occurs, such as a display of indifferent jockeyship or want of knowledge as to the exact course to be run, it is always in connection with a minor event, in which amateurs are riding at welter weights. In the two- and three-year-old weight-for-age races professional jockeys are always employed, and the Hurstbourne Stakes has now and again been won by the best youngster of the year.

All things considered, Stockbridge was quite one of the pleasantest meetings of the racing year. It was held in early July, and the course, situated in a lovely country, was one of the prettiest and best in the kingdom. Not a quarter of a mile beyond the winning-post was the historic training establishment of Danebury, and the middle day, when the Stockbridge Cup was run, drew the local holiday-makers in force. Accommodation in the little town was in great demand, and many of the cottagers made their year's rent by subletting for the meeting. The old headquarters of the club were at the Grosvenor Arms Hotel, but many of the members took country houses for the week, and some again stayed at Andover, within a seven-mile drive of the course, while others journeyed from Southampton each day. The club was very loath to leave Stockbridge, but the owner of land forming a portion of the course refused to let it again for racing purposes, so there was no option.

Northampton is one of the old meetings which has managed to survive the march of the times, and which has known few changes for many years, though some slight improvements in the stands and rings have been made. Two meetings are held annually, one in early spring and one in late autumn, and the former fixture is much the more important, the programme including three races of



STOCKBRIDGE

note, viz. the Althorp Park Stakes for two-year-olds, the Earl Spencer's Plate, a popular sprint handicap, and the Northamptonshire Stakes, a handicap run now over a course of a little over a mile and a half, and worth £1,000. The course is unfortunately situated on common land, and thus it is a most difficult matter to keep it in good order. If the season is favourable fairly good going is afforded, but if the weather is dry the ground becomes very hard and worn. There is also, as a rule, a lot of crowding at the turns, and an inside position, especially as the sprint races are run round a big curve, is of great value. The autumn programme is not so ambitious, but fields are generally of good size, and perhaps the Nurseries are the chief attraction. Both meetings are wonderfully served by the L. and N.W. Railway Company. They also receive substantial local support, the Rothschild family being always conspicuous as entertainers, while the combination of blue and yellow is invariably cheered when it passes the post first.

Worcester Races are held on the Pitchcroft, close to the town, and are by no means important, though they are popular enough locally. Meetings are held in July and October, and at the latter fixture the programme embraces several events under National Hunt Rules. The course is a somewhat peculiar one, the two-mile track being something like the figure 8, and the shorter course—one mile and a quarter—like a figure 6. There is a straight five furlongs and a straight run-in to the longer courses of something like half a mile. Small handicaps and selling races are in the ascendant.

Yarmouth, which has one fixture in the early autumn, is a much more popular fixture, and is always well patronised by the Newmarket trainers, who make the meeting an excuse for a week at the seaside. The course, situated on the Sandhills, and a mile and a quarter round, is not a good one, but good-class horses are often to be seen running there for inconsiderable prizes, and the fixture has immense local popularity.

Chester, Lincoln, and Liverpool are three of the most

important Northern fixtures, and all are of old standing, though Chester has now become an enclosure, where gate money is charged. All through the century Chester Races, which are held in May, have been exceedingly popular, and a clear date is always given to the fixture. This popularity is both local and general, or in other words, Chester Races are supported by owners, trainers, and race-goers from all parts of the kingdom. It is curious now to note the changes which have occurred with regard to many of the meetings since the advent of the railway era. Previous to that time English racing was carried on in some half-dozen circuits. In the North there was a Yorkshire Circuit (which included Newcastle-on-Tyne). A little further south there was a circuit which embraced Lancashire, Cheshire, Shropshire, and what may be termed a Northern-Midland district. Besides Liverpool, Manchester, Newton, and Chester, all of which remain, such places as Preston, Knutsford, Newcastle (Staffordshire), Stone, Stafford, Uttoxeter, Walsall, Wolverhampton (before the days of Dunstall Park), Lichfield, Shrewsbury, Stoke, and some seven or eight Welsh meetings were held, all of which have disappeared, and the Chester Meeting is the only fixture under Jockey Club Rules for half a dozen counties or more. Then there were a Western Circuit, a Southern Circuit, a Scotch Circuit, and an Eastern Circuit, and, except when considerable stakes were in question, Newmarket-trained horses were rarely taken into the North, West, or North-West of the country. When railway travelling became general and the service improved, say from 1845 onwards, these circuits were gradually merged into each other, so that at the present day we have two sets of meetings, the greater and the less, and the greater absorbs the travelling body of race-goers, including the strongest part of the ring, every week.

Those who follow the meetings, be they owners, trainers, jockeys, bookmakers, backers, or what not, begin their year at Lincoln in March, and go on from that place to Liverpool, where the Grand National is run. The first week of the season is a very heavy one, with racing from Monday morning to Saturday night, and Lincoln and Liverpool

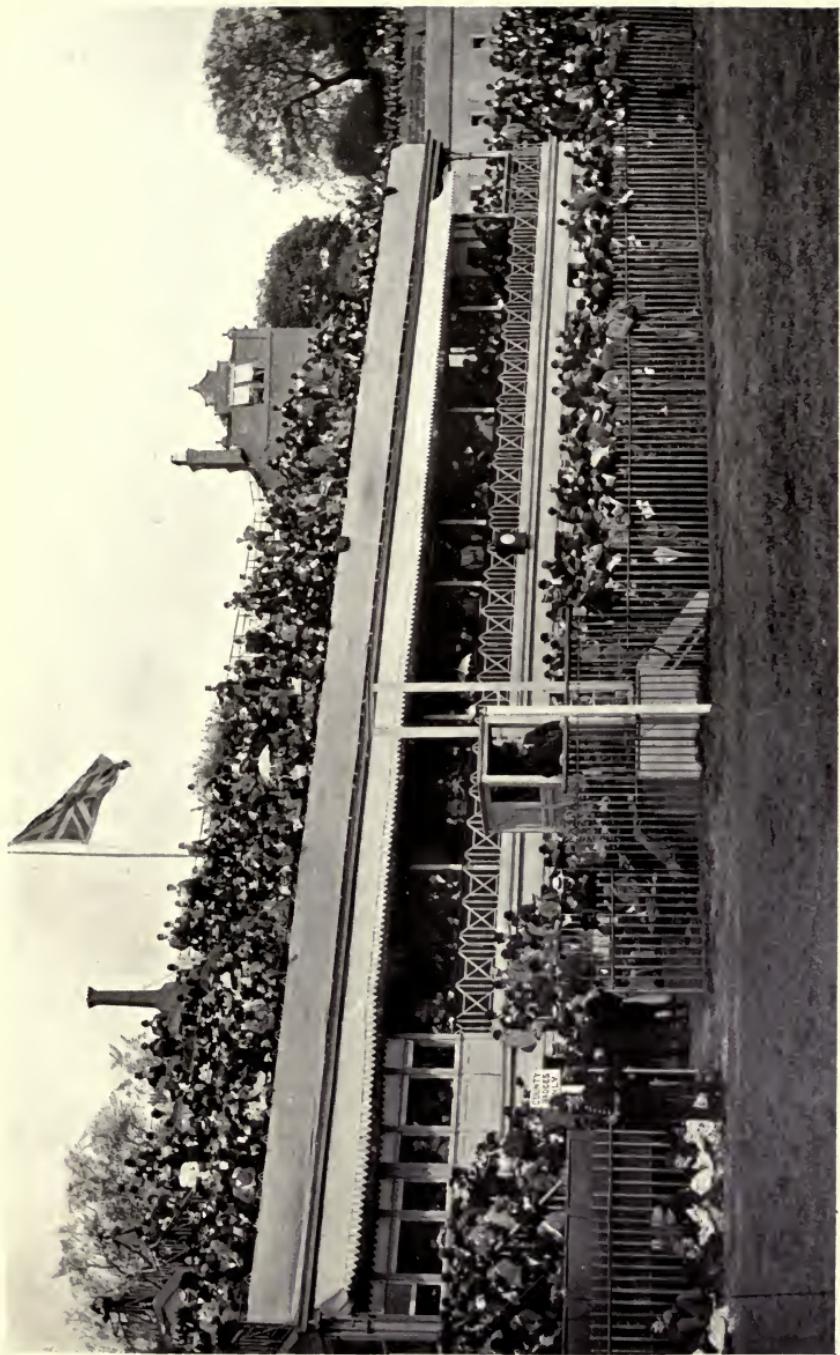
invariably have it between them, unless, as very occasionally happens, the first legitimate racing day is Easter Monday. In that case there are two or three minor fixtures to commence the week with, and Lincoln loses a day. After the first week the order of the meetings is not always quite the same, but, as a rule, Derby and Northampton come next; and these, like Lincoln and Liverpool, command a general following. As a general rule, but not always, Nottingham has the Tuesday and Wednesday of Holy Week, and also in most years the Newmarket Craven fixture follows. Then come the Epsom and Sandown Spring Meetings, followed by Newmarket (the Two Thousand Guineas fixture), and after that Chester and Kempton, with the last of the Newmarket Spring Meetings in the following week. Generally York and Doncaster in the North, and Bath and Salisbury in the South, are sandwiched between Newmarket Second Spring and Epsom (the Derby meeting), and the following week is devoted to minor Whitsuntide fixtures, both North and South, with Manchester occupying the last four days. There is no need to go further with the list, which would include a host of Saturday fixtures at the Metropolitan enclosures. But nowadays, all through the season, with hardly an exception, each week is devoted to one big meeting, or two consecutive ones, for which support is received, as regards both runners and visitors, from all parts of the kingdom. The minor meetings, especially those held at a considerable distance from London, seldom have a clear date, and, as naturally follows, are extremely local in character.

The chief attraction at Chester is the Chester Cup, a handicap of two miles and a quarter, now worth £2,500, to say nothing of Cheshire cheeses for the three placed horses. This race, which has a most interesting history, is an extraordinary draw. Where the people come from it is difficult to say, but the town is absolutely besieged by visitors from earliest morning on the Cup day. They swarm about the streets, walking all over the road, and to proceed from the station to the course on wheels between noon and two o'clock is a most difficult job, the journey having

generally to be done at foot pace, unless the cabman goes a mile or two round. This race, with some five or six others mentioned elsewhere, go to prove how much more deeply imbedded in the North is the love of racing than in the South, for at no Southern meeting, except Epsom, can a similar crowd be seen, and, as at York and Doncaster, it is the horses which principally attract, though there used to be a sort of fair in the centre of Chester racecourse until it became an enclosed meeting. Now the fair is outside the course, and since a toll was levied the crowd is not quite so large. Still there are many thousands of visitors to the city every Cup day, and I should be inclined to place the race as the third most attractive of the year, the Derby and St. Leger claiming first and second places.

During the middle of the century the race for the Chester Cup was perhaps the most popular handicap of the year. Then it fell away in popularity, and at one time looked like going out altogether. However, new blood was introduced into the management; the stands were to a large extent remodelled, the course enclosed, and the value of the stakes increased, and the upshot is that the race fairly holds its own again. At one time betting on the Chester Cup was carried on all through the winter, long lists of quotations being published almost daily. Those were the days of deep-laid schemes on the part of a certain section of owners, when horses were bottled up for the race during the whole of the previous season, and when anything could be backed to win £50,000 before the weights appeared. The modern system of racing hardly lends itself to this kind of game, and as ante-post betting gradually decreased the Chester Cup became only a second-rate handicap. It has now assumed its old place, from a sporting, if not from a betting point of view, and as a natural result the class of competitors has improved very much in late years.

It is impossible to write of the Chester Course as a good one, but it has one very strong point in its favour, and that is that the horses are always well in view, they being less than half a mile from the stands at any portion of the race. The course is quite flat and circular, and only a few yards over a



CHESTER

THE OLD STANDS

mile round. It is therefore necessary for the Cup horses to start nearly two furlongs below the stands, which they have to pass twice before the finish. With two and a quarter miles to run, they pass the winning-post three times, thus affording a spectacle which is seen in no other existing race.

It naturally follows that a great deal of the race is on the turn, and in consequence we often find that horses who run well in, or even win the Chester Cup, have really no great claims to stamina, as is discovered when they come to perform on such a straight-away course as the Cæsarewitch, for instance. At the same time several great horses have won the Chester Cup, and those who have won the race as a rule make a bold show if they run another year. *Dare Devil*, *Pageant*, and *Dalby* each won two years in succession, and *Leamington* twice, but not in following years. In the middle of the century the fields were generally so large that they placed the horses in two rows at the start, the course not being wide enough to take them all in. When *Joe Miller* won in 1852 there were no fewer than forty-three starters, and thirty has been exceeded some half-dozen times. Nowadays the field is of reasonable proportions, with a strong tendency to increase since the value of the stake was raised. Besides the Cup there are other stakes at Chester well worth winning, notably the *Dee Stakes* of a mile and a half for three-year-olds, the *Mostyn* and *Ormonde Plates* for two-year-olds, and the *Great Cheshire Handicap* of a mile and a quarter, worth £1,000, and a distinct feature of the last day's card. Nearly all the minor handicaps are worth winning too, and besides the Cup long-distance racing is encouraged with the *May Plate*, weight-for-age, of one mile and five furlongs, and worth about £300. This race is also a feature of the last day's card, and a few years ago that good horse *Clorane* won it easily, after having been successful in the *Great Cheshire Handicap* an hour before.

Lincoln has now three meetings during the season, one of three days in the spring, which, in nineteen years out of twenty, unless Easter is abnormally early, is the first meeting of the racing year; one of two days in June, dating from 1900; and one of two days in the late autumn, which is

generally held in the week following the Houghton Meeting. This latter fixture, though it often brings out plethoric fields, does not rank so high as the Spring Meeting. It is probable that much of the importance which surrounds the first of the Lincoln fixtures is due to the fact that the meeting is the first of the year, and not because the programme is a particularly strong one. The Lincolnshire Handicap and the Brocklesby Stakes are doubtless fairly important events, and the former race, even now that ante-post betting is so little indulged in, commands a list of quotations for six or seven weeks previous to its decision. Take away the Lincolnshire Handicap and the Brocklesby from the Lincoln card, and little would remain but plating events. As it is, however, even these plating events, minor handicaps, and what not, have special significance because they are the first of the year. Nineteen trainers out of twenty wish to run something at Lincoln, if only that they may secure some idea of the form with a view to trying the rest of their teams, and, moreover, many horses which had been stumped up in the previous summer have been in nice work for many weeks before Lincoln, and their owners are naturally anxious to get a race out of them before the ground becomes hard. Considering that the meeting is held in the last week of March, the going is almost certain to be good. It may of course be too soft and holding, and in a dry spring it may be somewhat firm, but under no circumstances can it be very hard, for the winter rains are never out of the ground so early, and the sun has not been powerful enough to bake the surface as it does later on in the year. Visitors to Lincoln are always prepared to find the March winds in full play, and frequently experience a very bitter time.

The Lincolnshire Handicap is now decided on the second day of the meeting, and this is another of those races which attract an enormous crowd. It is possible that on a fine day the attendance is almost as big as it is at Chester on the Cup day, for Lincoln has a wide open course over which the crowd becomes scattered in all directions, whereas at Chester there is much more concentration. The streets are thronged from an early hour on the Handicap day, and

from about eleven o'clock onwards there are two continuous lines of pedestrians between the station and the course, the one going by the high road, and the other by the canal foot-path. The Great Northern, Great Central, and Great Eastern between them pour in a whole host of special trains, and though Lincoln is not situated in a populous neighbourhood, the train service allows of an enormous visitation from the huge industrial districts of South Yorkshire and Lancashire. From London, too, many come to see the first big handicap of the year, even when they do not stay for the meeting, and from the Midland towns, Nottingham, Derby, and so forth, there is also a big visitation. For staying visitors the accommodation in the town is not very good. There are not many hotels, and what there are are not large enough at race time, and so lodgings have to be requisitioned by many, and late-comers have often to pay far too highly. Those who can so arrange it stay at some distance from the town, and travel to and fro each day; but there is no denying the fact that Lincoln is an uncomfortable place at the Spring Meeting, and as far as the better class of racing people are concerned half a dozen go to Aintree later in the week for every one who visits the Carholme.

The Lincoln Course, situated about a mile from the town, is one of the best in the kingdom. It is on sound old turf, and is one mile and six furlongs round, shaped much the same as that of Doncaster Town Moor. There is a straight mile (with a very slight "elbow" in it) on which the Lincolnshire Handicap is run, and the Brocklesby and other short races are decided on portions thereof. The round course has a straight run-in of nearly half a mile, but the turn at the junction of the two courses is somewhat abrupt, and it is no uncommon thing to see half the field go wide in races run on the circular course. The last of the finish is downhill, and narrows rather awkwardly. On the first day of the meeting, the Bathyan Stakes, a popular sprint handicap, is the chief attraction, and on the second day the Brocklesby Trial Plate always produces a big field. This is a five-furlong handicap, and, as its title suggests, is placed on the programme so that trainers by running

the trial horses of their Brocklesby candidates may find out what form those horses are in. No doubt many of the youngsters for the last-named prize are backed, or allowed to run loose, as the case may be, on the strength of their trial horse's performance on the previous day, and the race is a most useful one. Still, the Lincolnshire Handicap is the great event of the second day, in fact of the meeting, and though the class is on the whole not quite so good as that to be found in the City and Suburban or Jubilee Stakes, the race always brings out some of the best milers in training, and is seldom won by a bad horse. It is an accepted article of faith that the race is a most difficult one for a three-year-old to win, but the fact really is that very few three-year-olds are entered, and in some years not a single horse of that age goes to the post. It is therefore not surprising that there are only half a dozen young horses on the list of winners; but if a good three-year-old is really prepared for the race he generally wins, or runs very well, and not so long ago three of that age were first, second, and third. The best performance the Lincolnshire Handicap has known was that of Clorane, a magnificent big chestnut, who carried 9 st. 4 lbs. to victory in a field of eighteen. No other horse has ever been successful with 9 stone in the saddle.

The Brocklesby has been in existence rather more than forty years, and lately it has reached over £1,000 in value. It is now cut down a little in order to conform with the new rules, but a big subscription will always cause it to remain a valuable race. Considering how early in the year it is run, it is astonishing what a number of good horses have won the stake. The Bard, Donovan, Semolina, and Minting Queen are four good ones who made their *début* at Lincoln, but it often happens that the Brocklesby form is very bad, and it is occasionally won by something that does not aspire beyond plating form at the end of the season. The reason for the variation in class of Brocklesby fields is easily found. If the weather has been favourable for training operations during the previous two months, if, that is to say, Lincoln follows an open winter, then a great number of two-year-olds are ready to run. If, however, training



MINTRIE

THE RACECOURSE

operations have been delayed by frost and snow, those youngsters which are thought to be good have not been hurried forward, and if they are sent to run at Lincoln they are in a backward condition, and unable to show the form they may exhibit later on. In such years the "small and early" sort, who come quickly to hand and do not require a great deal of work, are generally seen to advantage. To give an instance, Kyoto, who won the race after the great frost in 1895, was a mere pony when he won, and undoubtedly owed his success to the fact that he was more forward in condition than many of those he beat. At the autumn fixture the Great Tom Stakes, a handicap on the straight mile, and the Lincoln Autumn Handicap of a mile and a half are the chief events of the programme, and it should be added that Newmarket horses can easily reach the scene of action on the morning of the day on which they are intended to run. Large fields at each of the fixtures are the rule, and if the dates are not exactly suggestive of fine weather, they are popular with owners and trainers, hence the fine supply of runners.

Liverpool has a unique position amongst the racecourses of the present day, for at two of the three meetings which are held annually the programmes are of a mixed description, a proportion of the races being run under National Hunt Rules. Elsewhere these hybrid programmes have been tried at times, but have generally resulted in failure; but Liverpool is a singular exception, because it possesses the finest steeplechase course in the world. The Spring Meeting follows the Lincoln fixture, and is invariably held at the end of March. From Lincoln to Liverpool, and also to Manchester, the Great Central Railway run an excellent service of special trains, which leave Lincoln about one hour after racing is over on the Wednesday, and land their passengers at Liverpool and Manchester in time for dinner. As far as the great training centres are concerned, Liverpool is not particularly handy, and I have heard of Southern-trained horses taking a long time over the journey. The upshot is that, except at the November Meeting, fields do not rule very large, and notably there is in the spring

week a great falling off from Lincoln as regards the number of runners for the flat races. At the same time, thanks chiefly to the extraordinary interest which the Grand National excites, Liverpool Spring Races have immense popularity, and the big steeplechase draws sportsmen—sportsmen, be it understood, distinguished from sporting men—from all parts of the United Kingdom. On no English course do Irishmen collect in such force; nowhere else are, say, fifty masters of hounds to be seen in the same paddock, and at no other gathering do the cross-country owners, trainers, and jockeys mix in such numbers with their brothers of the flat. Even if there were no Grand National or no jumping events at all the programme is a strong one, but the big steeplechase stands out as its *pièce de résistance*, and there are hundreds of hunting men from all over the kingdom who make an annual journey to Liverpool for the purpose of seeing the race for the cross-country blue ribbon, although they are not in the habit of attending races regularly. And all this crowd assembles every year in spite of the fact that it is a most difficult matter, even for those at the top of the stands, to obtain a really good view of the race. The start, the middle—when the horses pass the stand for the first time—and the finish can all be seen, but unless the light is particularly good it is impossible to make out the colours when the field is in the “country,” and if, as sometimes happens, there should be mist or a fall of snow, nothing can be seen but the three points of the race mentioned. Even if the weather is fine, the sides of the course, and particularly in the neighbourhood of the fences, are lined with people throughout the contest; thus when the field have journeyed a short way into the “country” little can be seen but the bobbing caps and jackets of the riders, as their mounts take the fences. Should the light be fairly good the second and last circuit of the course is the most pleasing, and also much the most exciting part of the race. In the first round the runners are clustered together, and a large majority of them are standing up. Down the side stretch alongside the railway the cluster gradually breaks

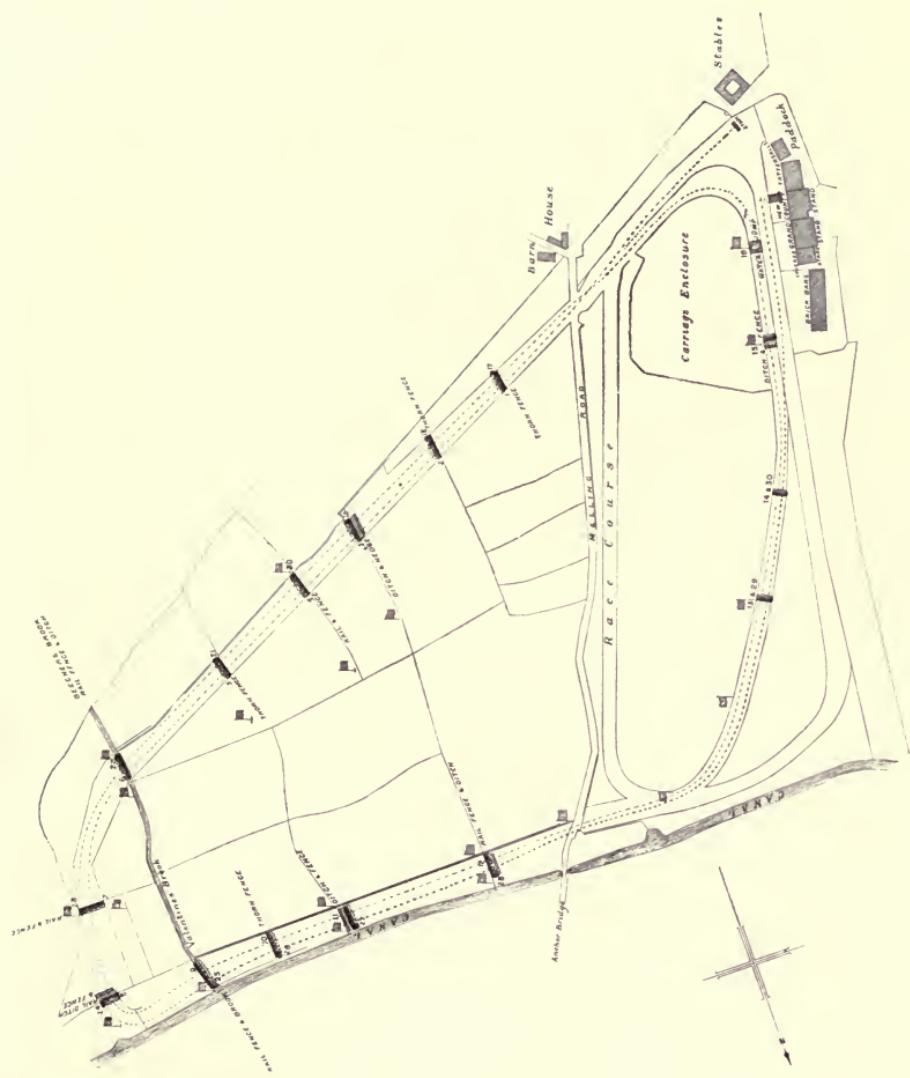
up, and as a rule single file becomes the order of the moment. Several have fallen and others have been pulled up, and those which are left in the race are then pretty easy to tell, though even under very favourable weather circumstances the best of experts sometimes make mistakes as to which is which, and if there are two or three similar colours amongst the runners the positions of those left to fight out the finish are not clearly ascertained until the flat-race course is reached. The fact of the race being four miles and a half in length—4 miles 856 yards, to be exact—and therefore of about nine minutes' duration, keeps the excitement up to concert pitch, and this excitement becomes even greater on a bad day, when the colours cannot be properly distinguished. Onlookers are kept in a state of suspense far longer than in an ordinary flat race, and it is this perhaps which accounts for the extraordinary reception which the winner always gets. Should the successful horse be owned by a popular man, or be ridden by a popular jockey, or should he have been a favourite at the start, the outburst is more intensified; and if, as often happens, the race is won by an Irish horse, he is saluted with a chorus of Irish yells, which are anything but melodious, but which speak volumes as to the estimation in which a good steeplechaser is held on the other side of the Channel.

The Liverpool Course is situated at Aintree, a flat plain about six miles from the centre of Liverpool, which can be reached in about twenty minutes by train, and there is also a line of electric trams running. There is a fine service of specials, not only from Liverpool, but from Manchester, Southport, and all the big Lancashire towns, to say nothing of York and all the long chain of towns which lie in the southern portion of the West Riding. From the Midlands, too, come many specials, and even some of the London visitors go to Aintree and return on the same day. At Liverpool there is hotel accommodation galore, much more choice than the racing man is accustomed to elsewhere, and all the Manchester and Southport hotels are invariably full. Southport is not far from the course, and the specials from

Manchester do their journey in about three-quarters of an hour, making no stops and always running up to time. In fact the traffic is admirably managed on all the lines, and a feature of the Grand National day is that whole trains of saloons are run from Manchester and elsewhere, the saloons having been previously engaged by private parties. These saloon trains are shunted into the sidings on arrival at Aintree, and numerous parties partake of luncheon in them before they walk to the course. And I have often thought that Mr. Gladstone, the Liverpool clerk of the course, must be exceedingly thankful that this custom of lurching in the train has arisen, because otherwise it would be impossible to provide luncheon in the County Stand for all who would require it.

The stands at Liverpool are not particularly new, but they have been increased where practicable, and are so well arranged that they can accommodate thousands of visitors. The County Stand, formerly costing five but now seven guineas a year, is exceedingly popular, and the local magnates, Lord Derby, Lord Sefton, and others, have private stands. There are also many private boxes, and no meeting in the kingdom has better support of the right sort than Liverpool. Members of the Royal Family are often present, and it is quite customary to see a score at least of members of the Jockey Club amongst the company.

The course is on light sandy soil, which dries quickly in wet weather, but at times it becomes very sloppy, and it is not unusual to see pools of water at the low end of the straight, near the final turn. The Steeplechase Course is rather more than two miles round, two circuits of the course making four miles and a half, this distance being used only for the Grand National. The horses for that race are started outside the paddock gate, just beyond the winning-post, in similar manner to the St. Leger horses at Doncaster. From the start the field go direct from the stands, the course being straight for something like six furlongs. It then turns left-handed, and gradually wends its way to the canal. At this point the field is broadside on to the stands, but nearly a mile off, and putting the light out of the question, the long



AINTREE

distance makes it difficult to recognise the colours hereabouts except through very strong glasses. Alongside the canal they begin to turn left-handed again, and they reach the racecourse six furlongs from home, the Steeplechase Course lying inside the flat-racing track. There are in all thirty-seven fences to be jumped, the water—which is only taken once—being opposite the stands. Other well-known fences are called "Beecher's" and "Valentine's" brooks, but whenever I have inspected these I found a couple of dry ditches, each on the far side of a thick fence so big and formidable that if a horse clears it he is almost bound to land well over the "brook" beyond. The explanation lies in the fact that the water of the brook runs underneath in pipes. Take them all round the fences are quite the most formidable I ever saw. They are stronger, thicker, and much higher than those at any of the Park meetings, and from the take-off side only a tall man can see over. The "country" is a real country, in that the course winds through a series of fields, but of course the old natural fences have disappeared in favour of "regulation" obstacles. Still, it is a difficult matter for a horse to run out, there being no temptation in the shape of fences standing in an open field, with no continuation outside the flags. A curious thing about these Liverpool fences is that many horses who are in the habit of chancing their jumps elsewhere, or, in other words, brushing through the twigs at the top of the fence, stand up and jump at Aintree in a totally different manner. They seem to understand that the obstacles are not to be trifled with, and some who appear to be slovens at the Parks jump faultlessly in the Grand National.

In this race a few years ago the whole field were standing up when they passed the stands, *i.e.* had gone half-way, and in 1898 twenty out of twenty-five jumped the water. Falls in the second round of the race are very common, but most of the horses then come down because they are pumped out, and not on account of the size of the fences. I am inclined to think, indeed, that well-schooled horses fall less frequently at Aintree than elsewhere, and it must be remembered of the Grand National that the field is always

a large one, and that in consequence many of those who do come to grief have been the victims of a cannon, or have been unable to clear something which has fallen in front of them. I am of opinion that I never saw the race won in such style as when Cloister carried 12 st. 7 lbs. to victory in 1893. It has been repeatedly urged that this grand chaser beat nothing of note, and some of the old writers have declared that he would not have been in it with such as Alcibiade, The Colonel, Disturbance, or even that wonderful grey The Lamb, of whose sad end at Baden-Baden in 1872 I was an eye-witness. Nevertheless, I submit the opinion that Cloister stands out among steeplechasers, and not only does he still hold the record in company with *Manifesto* for having won with 8 lbs. more than anything else (since the race was a handicap), but he won by forty lengths in a canter, and in November of the following year he won the Sefton Steeplechase over the same ground with the hunting weight of 13 st. 3 lbs. in the saddle. This race he won by twenty lengths. Another grand horse who ought to have won had not luck been against him was *Usna*, but when at his best Cloister could probably have given weight to anything, and it will be remembered that in 1891, when carrying 11 st. 7 lbs., and only half trained (I believe the decision to start him was only made about ten days before the race), he was beaten just half a length by *Comeaway*, and that had not Cloister's jockey been more beaten than the horse, the half-length would certainly have been the other way. On the occasion just referred to the field was probably the best which has ever gone to the post. It included no fewer than four past winners of the race, viz. *Ilex*, *Roquefort*, *Gamecock*, and *Voluptuary*, the actual winner, *Comeaway*, and two which were to win in the future, *Cloister* and *Why Not to wit*, and five of the Grand National winners filled the first four places and the sixth. A notable thing about these Liverpool steeplechase winners is that nearly all of them are bred in Ireland. We have to go back to 1888, when *Playfair*, by *Ripponden*, won, to find an English-bred horse a winner. The winner is always a gelding, unless a mare happens to do the trick; and another

curious circumstance about the race, or rather about the horses which take part in it, is that so many of them remain sound enough to be kept in training until they are a dozen years old or more. Good steeplechasers, like good hunters, often last for eight or ten seasons, and, to give instances, Gamecock was winning races when he was sixteen years old, Roquefort and Why Not each ran in the Grand National at thirteen, the latter being that age when he won in 1887, Cloister was ten years old when he won, and Frigate had taken part in the race four times before she was successful in 1889. As for that wonderful horse Cloister, he was rising twelve when he accomplished his marvellous feat in the Sefton Steeplechase to which allusion has been made.

The Grand Nationals of 1899 and 1900 have been of a somewhat sensational character, and in each of them a fine performance was achieved by a really high-class horse. In 1899 *Manifesto*, who had won in 1897 under 11 st. 3 lbs., equalled Cloister's record by carrying 12 st. 7 lbs. to victory. He did not, however, spread eagle his field in the Cloister fashion, and between the last two fences he went through a protracted struggle with the five-year-old *Ambush II.*, who up to that point was holding a very rosy chance. This was the crucial point of the race, and when the younger horse dropped away beaten, *Manifesto* had matters all his own way in the run home. *Ambush II.* was not persevered with after his jockey found that he could not beat *Manifesto*, and, being eased up, finished seventh.

It should be mentioned that *Ambush II.* is owned by the Prince of Wales, and after his gallant fight when a five-year-old he came to be generally considered as a future Grand National winner. In 1900, however, he was handicapped at 11 st. 3 lbs., so that he was asked to meet *Manifesto* on 9 lbs. worse terms than what they had run at a year before. The task, even allowing for the natural improvement which the Prince's chaser would make from five to six years old, seemed a heavy one, but the horse showed capital form on the few occasions of his running during the winter, and in the race he fairly turned the tables on his conqueror of

twelve months before, winning for the Prince of Wales his first Grand National amidst such a scene of excitement as Aintree had never known before. The Prince of Wales is the only owner who has won both the Derby and the Grand National. *Manifesto* ran a great horse in this race, being beaten by a neck only by *Barsac* for second place, though weighted with 12 st. 13 lbs.

On the first day of the Liverpool Spring Meeting the programme is always a strong one; in fact, I have often thought that if the Liverpool prizes were offered at Lincoln there would be so many runners that the fields would have to be started in double line. Thursday's chief prizes are the *Molyneux* Stakes for two-year-olds, and, until cut down in accordance with the new rules, worth nearly £1,000; the Prince of Wales' Plate, a six-furlong handicap, of about £700; the *Union Jack* Stakes, a three-year-old weight-for-age race, worth from £600 to £1,000, according to the subscription; the *Duchess of York* Plate, a £300 mile handicap; and the *Altcar* Four-year-old Steeplechase, with minor events. On Friday, besides the Grand National, there are the *Sefton Park* Plate of about £500 for two-year-olds; the *Bickerstaffe* Stakes of much the same value for three-year-olds; the *Hylton* Handicap of £600, six furlongs; and the *Stanley* Five-year-old Steeplechase, with of course one or two less important items. On the Saturday there are the Liverpool Spring Cup, a handicap of a mile and three furlongs; the *Stanley* Stakes, for two-year-olds, of £500; the Liverpool Hurdle Handicap of about £400; and the Champion Steeplechase. These Liverpool Cups are a great source of attraction at Aintree. There is one at each of the three meetings, all being handicaps, and all run over the same course—one mile and three furlongs. Roughly speaking, they are worth about £1,000 apiece, sometimes more, and the course is a very pretty one. The start takes place at the same spot used for the despatch of the Grand National horses, but the Flat Course is well inside the Steeplechase Course, and the field are always in view of the stands. In formation the Cup Course is pear-shaped, the field going down one side of the pear for half a mile,



AINTREE

A GRAND NATIONAL FENCE

then rounding a loop, the head of the pear, for three furlongs, and travelling back half a mile up the reverse side.

The summer fixture is confined to two days and is held in July, generally in the week before Goodwood. There are of course no jumping events on the programme, and the Summer Cup is the principal attraction. As in the spring, however, the card is a strong one, and besides the Cup it includes the St. George's Stakes for three-year-olds, worth about £2,000, run on the Cup Course, the Knowsley Dinner Stakes, also for three-year-olds, and run on a nine-furlong course, the Lancashire Breeders' Produce Stakes for two-year-olds, one of the most valuable two-year-old prizes of the year, and such short handicaps as the Molyneux and Croxteth Plates, either of which is well worth winning, and both of them affording good public trials for horses engaged in the Goodwood Stewards' Cup. In spite of the richness of its stakes the Summer Meeting does not command such an attendance as do the earlier and later fixtures, and the date is hardly a good one for many of the Turf magnates, the meeting being often sandwiched between the Eclipse meeting at Sandown and Goodwood. In November the meeting extends over three, and sometimes four days, and again a wonderful programme is issued. To begin with, there are several minor jumping events, in addition to the Sefton Steeplechase, which is a three-mile handicap, and almost invariably brings out some of the best cross-country horses in training. These minor steeplechases at Liverpool have a special attraction, as they are really nurseries for aspirants to Grand National honours, and many promising young Irish horses are bought out of them at long figures, with a view to performing in the greater Liverpool steeplechase a year or two later. The Autumn Cup generally secures a market for about a fortnight before it is run, and, being one of the last big betting races of the year, it always arouses a fair amount of interest. The nurseries too are an attraction, and almost invariably bring out large fields, and there are such handicaps as the Croxteth Plate of five furlongs, the Stewards' Plate of six furlongs, and the Lancashire Handicap of a mile to swell the list. The Sefton

Steeplechase usually points to certain horses as being likely performers in the Grand National of the next spring, and, all things considered, the meeting is the most interesting of the late autumn, after racing at Newmarket is over for the year.

Other old-established English meetings which have not been alluded to are Carlisle, Croxton Park, Newton, and Warwick. The first-named is the only Cumberland fixture, and has fair local popularity. The Summer Meeting, which is held in the week following Newcastle (Gosforth Park) Summer Meeting, is the most important, but nineteen-twentieths of the support is forthcoming from the Northern stables, though occasionally a Newmarket horse is sent on from Newcastle to run in the Cumberland Plate. This race is a £500 handicap, now run over a mile and five furlongs, and it generally takes a bit of winning. The course is oval, and about a mile and a quarter round. Croxton Park Meeting is of purely local interest, and the long programme always includes several races under N.H. Rules. The fixture is confined to one day, and this is perhaps enough, as the scene of action is a long way from a railway station, and by no means easy to reach. The stakes are of small value. Newton Races were held in July, and also formed what may be termed a local fixture. The place, however, within a dozen miles of Manchester, and twice that distance of Liverpool, used to draw a large crowd, and was popular enough. No great stakes were run for, but lately it was decided to remove the fixture to the Haydock Park enclosure, which is in the same neighbourhood, and where a fair amount of success has been achieved. Warwick Races are of considerable antiquity, but their present importance is not very great, and this especially applies to the Spring and September Meetings, each of which covers two days. In November, however, Warwick has in most years a clear three-day meeting, and though the stakes are of no great value, this particular meeting attracts a host of runners, it being the last but one of the racing year. The Midland Counties Handicap of £500, one mile, is the most important race from a monetary point

of view, but the nurseries and the selling races are the great draw, these being invariably contested by large fields, therefore productive of spirited betting. The course is about a mile and three-quarters round, with a rise towards the mile-post, and a slight drop afterwards. The "bend" is less than half a mile from home, and consequently there is often a good deal of scrambling. A club has been formed, and all the Warwick meetings are popular; but undoubtedly the place has drawbacks, one of which is that the low-lying course is frequently visited by mists which make it difficult or impossible to see what is taking place. Then the paddock is at such a low level that it is almost impossible to see out of it, and though the stands have been improved of late years, they still compare badly with many to be found at the modern enclosures.

CHAPTER VII

MODERN ENCLOSED COURSES

Rise of modern enclosures—Sandown Park—Ladies as race-goers—Inaugurators of mammoth prizes—The Eclipse Stakes considered—Winners of the Eclipse Stakes—Orme and *La Flèche*—Orme's St. Leger—George Barrett's orders—Field for the Eclipse Stakes in 1894—Value thereof—Other events run at Sandown—As to the course—The Steeplechase Course—Racing at Kempton Park—Its principal meetings—The Jubilee Stakes—Bendigo and Minting—Other winners of the race—Victor Wild—The people's horse—His great popularity—Clwyd's victory—Discreditable circumstances—Hurst Park—Always good going—Eager and Royal Flush—Gatwick and Lingfield—Cup course at Gatwick—Harrow's record—Alexandra Park Races—Portsmouth Park—Midland enclosures—Derby fixtures—Leicester—Objection to racing on the part of some of the residents—Colwick Park—Birmingham—Well-placed stands—Upper section of Turf world—Manchester—Hotel accommodation—The racecourse—St. Angelo's mishap—Stories of the late Duchess of Montrose—Programmes—Manchester Cup—Winners of Lancashire Plate—Gosforth Park, its grand course—The Northumberland Plate—Barcaldine—His great performance—Underhand—Caller Ou—The Seaton Delaval Stakes—Scottish racing.

THE modern racing enclosure is a product of the last quarter of the century, and with the general public it has secured an enormous amount of popularity. It differs from the old-fashioned country course in that it is fenced in and everyone made to pay, instead of being placed on common or public land, where a charge could only be levied on those who wished to go into the enclosed places—grand stand, paddock, and so forth. The old-style racecourse was either "run" by a Corporation or by a few private individuals. The Newmarket meetings have been under the control of the Jockey Club ever since that body came into existence. The club find the money for the stakes, beyond what is subscribed by owners; they own the land, and as far as their own eight meetings are con-



SANDOWN PARK
THE STANDS

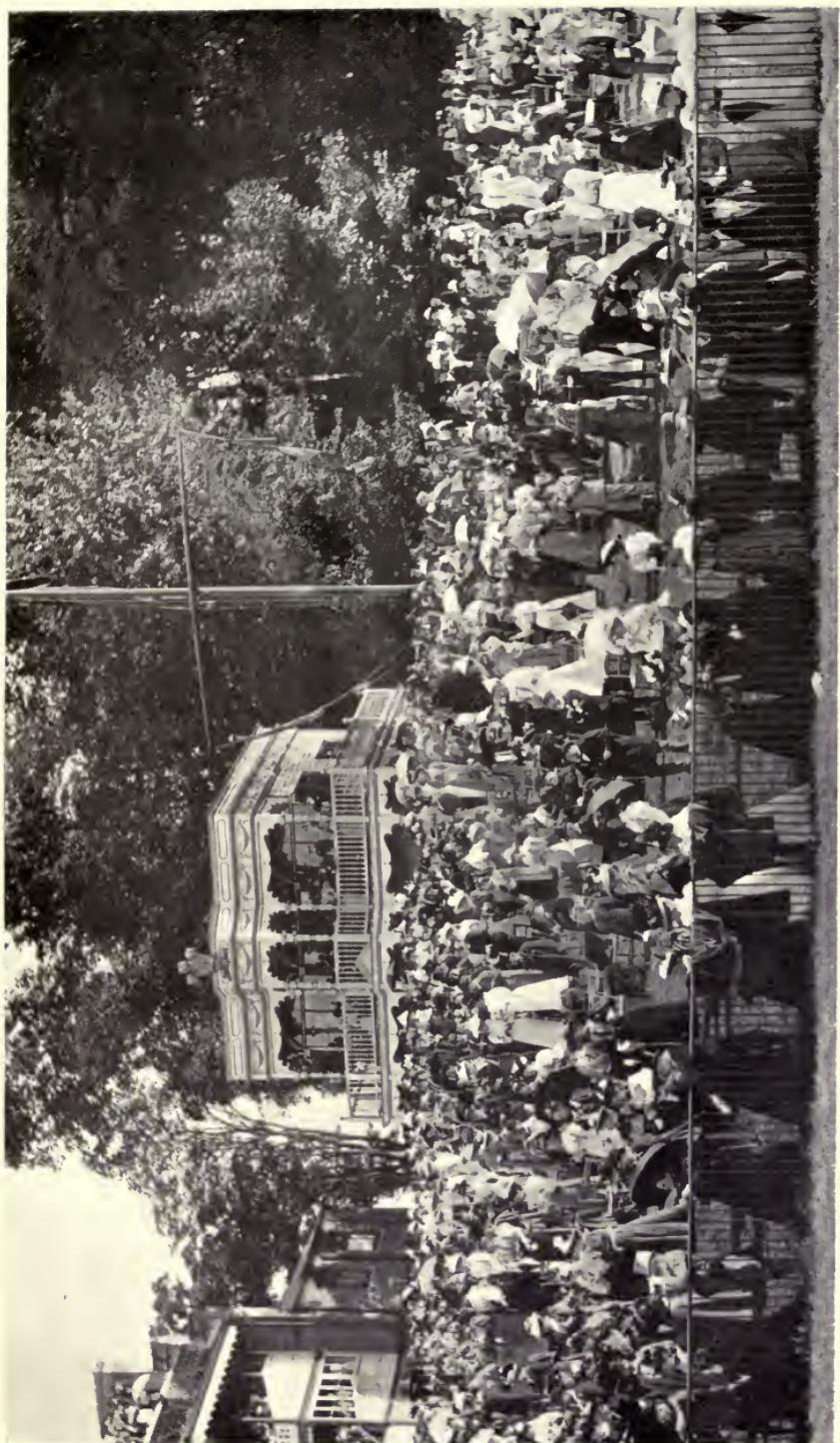
cerned they stand in the same position as the modern racing company does with regard to its own particular meetings, with the important difference that the Jockey Club is not working for a dividend, but solely in the interests of racing. Epsom is now worked by a syndicate (or company), under the control of the Stewards of the Jockey Club. Ascot can boast of Royal ownership, the management of everything, including the funds, being in the hands of trustees and the Master of Her Majesty's Buckhounds. Goodwood is the private venture of the Duke of Richmond, and the York and Doncaster meetings are both managed by the Corporations of those towns. The modern enclosure is, however, invariably worked by a company, or syndicate, and some of them have earned very large dividends for their lucky shareholders. Some few years ago the Jockey Club stepped in and passed a rule that no higher dividend than ten per cent. should be paid by new racing companies, and this, with a very flourishing concern, has had the effect of raising the value of the stakes. It may be asked by what power the lawgivers of the Turf were enabled to make such a regulation, and the answer is found in the condition that "all racecourses must be licensed, and all meetings sanctioned, by the Stewards of the Jockey Club." It is therefore within the powers of the club to refuse a licence.

Sandown Park, established in 1875, was the first modern enclosure laid out with a view to racing only. Some enterprising spirits secured the park, built stands, obtained a licence, and set about holding race meetings. This venture was a purely sporting one, the object of its promoters being to provide good racing near London, and not to make a huge profit. Indeed, I believe that a 7 per cent. dividend has never been exceeded by the Sandown Company; and it should be noted that they have never attempted to cater for the bank holiday mob, nor reduced the charge of half a crown that is levied for admission to the park, as evidence that money-making has never been their first object. To obtain plenty of money to spend on their programme, and also on the comfort of their visitors, no doubt they attempted, and it is most satisfactory to know

that their efforts have been crowned with success. Sandown has long been a great accomplished fact, and, in spite of its possessing a very moderate course, it provides some of the best racing of the year, and is attended by all that is noblest and highest among the many sections of the racing army. That Sandown encouraged ladies to go racing by inaugurating the club system is undoubted. Before the advent of the modern enclosure ladies went to Ascot, where there were the Royal enclosure and the lawn to accommodate them; a few went to the boxes at Epsom; a good many went to Goodwood; but to Newmarket not one in twenty of the present number, and at some of the meetings a lady was never seen in the public enclosures, though a few were to be found in carriages, or in the old-fashioned "stewards' stands." Sandown, when it formed its club, provided for the admission of ladies by giving two ladies' badges to subscribers at the higher rate, and allowing those members who paid the lower rate to take in two ladies on payment of a small sum. (The old five-guinea subscription, without ladies' badges, has been done away with.) This example was followed by all the other clubs as they came into existence, and now there are as many women as men in a club enclosure, if the weather be fine, and many of them even frequent the winter meetings where steeplechasing and hurdle-racing are to be seen.

The Sandown Park executive were the inaugurators of the £10,000 race, the Eclipse Stakes, won by Bendigo in 1886, being the first prize of this magnitude ever run for in England. Other racecourse companies followed suit, but their ventures in this line were of short duration, and now the Eclipse Stakes is the only ten-thousand-pounder of the racing year which is offered by a modern enclosure.* Yet, while similar events at Leicester, Manchester, and Kempton Park had their brief day and disappeared, the Jockey Club, who saw great merit in the monster prize, in 1894 estab-

* In 1900 the Century Stakes of two miles, value £10,000, was run at Sandown Park, and won by Lord Durham's Osbech. Unfortunately for the best interests of racing, the race was not a success financially, and it has been discontinued.



SANDOWN PARK
MEMBERS' LAWN AND ROYAL BOX

lished a couple of £10,000 stakes at Newmarket, the conditions of which are almost identical with those of the Eclipse Stakes. Whether these mammoth prizes are for the general good, or, to put it in the hackneyed phrase, are likely to improve the breed of racehorses, is a much-debated question, and one about which a good deal may be said either way. If one refers to the record of races past it will be found that in five years out of six the Eclipse and every similar stake has been won by a good horse, very often indeed by the best in training at the moment, and more frequently by the best of the year; but, as a set-off, we have the fact that when a really high-class four-year-old has been entered for the Eclipse Stakes, or for the Princess of Wales' Stakes at Newmarket, he is not as a rule trained for the Ascot Cup; and if it happens—and this is nearly always the case with good horses nowadays—that he is taken out of training at the end of his third season, he goes to the stud without having shown in public that he could stay a Cup Course. Among the eleven Eclipse Stakes winners are two glorious exceptions to this, viz. Isinglass and Persimmon, each of whom won the Ascot Gold Cup and the Sandown Eclipse Stakes as well. Isinglass won the Eclipse Stakes as a four-year-old and the Ascot Cup a year later; but Persimmon supplemented his Ascot triumph by winning at Sandown only five weeks later; and success in two such dissimilar races within so short a space of time stamps the Prince of Wales' horse as quite one of the best of modern thoroughbreds.

The real drawback to the Eclipse and similar stakes is that the distances run are not long enough to try the best qualities of a racehorse. I cannot assert that any of these prizes have been won by a mere sprinter, but most certainly some of them have fallen to horses who could not travel an inch further than a mile and a quarter, and I think it should not be possible for any such great prize or prizes to be won by a non-stayer. By a non-stayer, in this connection, I mean a horse that could not stay at least a mile and six furlongs—the length of the St. Leger Course.

One tendency of these valuable races that is by no means

to be despised is the healthy competition which they engender. For instance, since their institution the Epsom Derby, which showed an inclination to decrease in value, has been guaranteed a value of £5,000. There has also been a material rise in the value of many important handicaps, such as the Lincolnshire Handicap, Chester Cup, City and Suburban, and Ascot Stakes, which can be traced to the institution of the ten-thousand-pounders, although they do not come directly into competition with these long-established races. At first clerks of courses, in their eagerness to be early in the field, went the wrong way to work for the good of our thoroughbreds by giving mammoth prizes for two-year-olds, but timely legislation has put a stop to this.

As stated, the first winner of the Eclipse Stakes was that good horse Bendigo, who also won such races as the Lincoln Handicap, Cambridgeshire, Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot, and Champion Stakes at Newmarket—a horse of the hardest description, who was kept in training until he was seven years old, but who, strange to say, has not been a stud success. Bendigo, who was a most popular horse with the public, won in heavy rain, but it is questionable whether a greater concourse of people has ever been gathered together at Sandown since, and most certainly I never saw a longer line of carriages there than on that day. Below the stands the lines extended, on either side of the course, nearly down to the palings at the bottom; and in spite of the miserable weather, the demonstration which greeted the winner was an extraordinary one, though it has since been surpassed, as I shall presently tell. In 1887 the race did not fill, and in 1888 it was won by a moderate horse in *Orbit*, who was followed home by a brace of more moderate ones, *Ossory* and *Martley*. This, by the way, was a year of very moderate three-year-olds, the Two Thousand being won by *Enterprise*, the Derby by *Merry Hampton*, and the St. Leger by *Kilwarlin*. In 1889 *Ayrshire* was successful, and in 1890 the race was again void. Since that time no more blanks have to be recorded, and the winners have all been good or very good horses. In 1891 the race produced a sensation, as

Common, on whom odds of 2 to 1 were laid, could finish third only to Surefoot and Gouverneur, Mr. Merry's sensational horse winning by a length, while the French three-year-old just beat the triple classic winner of the year for second place. In all probability the pace was not strong enough for Common in the early part of the contest. Surefoot at that time was possessed of a shockingly bad character, and a long price was offered against him at the start. In the paddock, before the race, he was almost unmanageable, and in going through the plantation on his way to the course he reared up and pawed the trunk of a tree with his forelegs, the exhibition being one of the most curious ever seen on a racecourse. Nor did his chance look a good one in running until the field were approaching the distance. Then all of a sudden Surefoot shot out on the outside, and, banging up the hill at terrific speed, settled the two three-year-olds in great style. It was one of those lightning-flashes that we occasionally see performed by a good but wayward horse; but had the winning-post been a little further away the result would have been different, as Surefoot was contracting his action and stopping fast in the last fifty yards. Mr. Merry's horse carried extraordinary substance and always ran best when big in condition, but he was not a genuine stayer, and he certainly would never have won the Eclipse Stakes at a mile and a half. At the same time there is no particular reason why Surefoot, a son of Wisdom out of a Galopin mare, should not sire stayers, for it is quite possible that his want of stamina on a racecourse was in a great degree caused by the fact that he took a lot out of himself by fighting against his jockey and by otherwise exciting himself whenever he ran.

In 1892 was witnessed the most exciting Eclipse Stakes which has yet taken place. Most of my readers will remember that a colt and filly trained at Kingsclere—Orme and La Flêche—were the best-class three-year-olds of the year. Nor will it be forgotten that Orme was attacked by mysterious illness during the spring, and was unable to take part in the Derby, in which Sir Hugo unexpectedly beat La Flêche. That Orme was poisoned must

be taken as a fact, the evidence in favour of this theory, as set out in John Porter's book *Kingsclere*, being overwhelming. It was in April that the horse was at death's door, but, thanks to a strong constitution, he was sufficiently recovered to run at Sandown in mid-July, though it should be added that he was still short of flesh and muscle, and in nothing like the condition in which he was subsequently seen. However, the opposition did not seem very strong and Orme started favourite, while Orvieto and Gouverneur—second to Surefoot in the preceding year—were also well backed. As they came up the straight, Orvieto, who was on the extreme right, hung to the right, and thus had to gallop for something like a hundred yards in long grass, besides giving away probably a length or two in extra distance. He had gone off the mown course, and it is quite on the cards that this lost him the race. As it was he fought out a desperate finish with Orme, but the younger one struggled with bulldog courage, and amidst tremendous excitement did the trick by a neck. Then ensued such a scene as is rarely seen on a racecourse. The vast concourse of people rose *en masse* and cheered until they were hoarse. From the course, from the rings, from the Club Stand, and even from that part of the stand which is reserved for members of the Jockey Club and their friends, the outbreak was unanimous. The most reserved of individuals caught the infection for once, and those who witnessed the scene will never forget it. For five minutes, at least, the huge crowd stood where it was, the cheers being renewed time after time, and the excitement only subsiding when the numbers went up for the next race. It was a public tribute to the gameness of a gallant horse, who had undoubtedly lost the Derby owing to foul play, and as such it will be handed down as long as Turf history is recorded.

In 1893 Orme was again successful, and this time he beat his stable companion, *La Flêche*, who started favourite at evens, while Orme stood at 2 to 1. It will be remembered that in the previous autumn, two months after Orme's first Eclipse success, *La Flêche* had won the St. Leger, turning the tables on her Epsom conqueror, *Sir Hugo*, and that

Orme had been beaten out of place in the same race. That Orme did not give his true running in the St. Leger was a very general opinion at the time, but there were those who asserted that want of stamina caused his defeat. However, we may again take the book *Kingsclere* for a guide, and in that volume it is asserted that the late George Barrett rode Orme contrary to orders. He made such strong running with the colt that he was spun out at the final bend. Anyhow, it is apparent that the question of superiority between Orme and La Flèche was not settled when the pair met at Sandown Park as four-year-olds, for the public actually stood the loser. There is no need to describe the race in detail; suffice it to say that Orme won much more easily than in the previous year, and that La Flèche was beaten for second place by Baron Rothschild's Medicis. As far as the Kingsclere colt and filly are concerned, they met again at Goodwood a fortnight later, when Orme had to give 7 lbs. They ran the Craven Course, much about the same distance as for the Eclipse Stakes, and Orme won, but only by a neck, La Flèche showing much better form than she had done at Sandown Park. This Goodwood race produced a grand struggle between two of the gamest thoroughbreds of modern times. Each contested every inch of the ground in most determined fashion, and as Watercress, who had finished third to La Flèche and Sir Hugo in the St. Leger, and well in front of Orme, was now beaten half a dozen lengths for second place, it will be seen how probable it is that the St. Leger running of the previous year was wrong, although, of course, I must allow for the fact that the St. Leger Course is half a mile longer than the Craven Course at Goodwood.

In 1894 the Eclipse Stakes provided another emphatically great race. Not great because of a remarkably close finish, but great in every other sense of the word, because of the quality of the field. Amongst the seven runners were included two winners of the Derby, two winners of the St. Leger, two winners of the Two Thousand Guineas, a winner of the Ascot Cup, and a winner of the £10,000 Lancashire Stakes. It was reckoned at the time by some

well versed in such matters that five of the seven starters were worth £60,000, and I am far from saying that this was an over-estimate of their value. The five were Isinglass, Ladas, Ravensbury, Raeburn, and Throstle. That £20,000 would have been given for either of the first-named two is, I believe, certain, and if I put Ravensbury and Raeburn at £8,000 a piece, and Throstle, who six weeks later beat Ladas for the St. Leger, at £4,000, the amount is made up. Isinglass had clipped the wings of Ladas in the Princess of Wales' Stakes at Newmarket, and of course started favourite. He won again in great style, and was without doubt the champion of his day. Indeed, it is questionable whether any other winner of the Eclipse Stakes takes higher rank, unless it be Persimmon; and between the pair superiority can never be determined, as Isinglass was foaled three years before the Prince of Wales' colt.

The year 1895 was much poorer as regards class, as will be easily understood when it is stated that favouritism was divided between Whittier, None the Wiser, and Le Var. All were beaten by the French three-year-old Le Justicier, whose jockey very likely stole a march upon Watts, Finlay, Cannon, and others by making such strong running that no one went after him until it was too late. In 1896 St. Frusquin had nothing but Regret, Labrador, and Troon to beat, and the odds that were laid on were landed in most decisive fashion, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's good and game horse pulling through with a lot to spare. In 1897 Persimmon, though he had been trained for and had won the Ascot Cup, demonstrated his marked superiority to Velasquez, but the latter was able to win in the next year, when the quality of the field was exceedingly moderate, as may be realised from the fact that the wayward Batt was second, and the very uncertain Goletta third. Though Velasquez was never in the front rank, he asserted himself very decisively in such a field.

About the two most recent Eclipse winners, Flying Fox and Diamond Jubilee, I have written in connection with their respective Derbys, so that further reference to them is unnecessary. Both were acquisitions to the roll-call of



SANDOWN PARK

THE PADDOCK

this great race, and both showed considerable superiority by giving a lot of weight to the best of their own age who could be found to run against them.

So much for Sandown's greatest race. The "Eclipse" meeting is the most important of the many interesting Sandown fixtures, and on the second day the most valuable two-year-old prize of the season is decided. This is called the National Breeders' Produce Stakes, and as the conditions admit of penalties and allowances, it happens that the race has often been won by a moderate horse. Indeed, there are few good names on its list of winners, but Cyllene was successful under a penalty, and at present he stands out as the best class of those to whom the race has fallen. Five meetings under Jockey Club Rules are held at Sandown every year. The first follows the Epsom Spring Meeting, two days being devoted to flat racing and a third to sport under National Hunt Rules. A more important fixture is held in June—usually in the week following Ascot—the "Eclipse" meeting falling in July. Not at all well attended is the September fixture, which generally takes place in the week before the St. Leger, but the October Meeting—which, like the spring fixture, has its third day devoted to jumping contests—draws all the racing army, and is, with one exception, the most important autumn meeting held in a London enclosure. Besides these five flat-racing fixtures there are generally three cross-country meetings of two days each, one in December and two in February, and one in March of three days, this being the Grand Military Meeting, which has for many years past been a fixture at Sandown, and which, under existing circumstances, is hardly likely to be removed elsewhere. It is very justly regarded as the Ascot of racing under National Hunt Rules.

In my opening remarks about Sandown I said that the place had a very moderate course, and I am afraid that, in many respects, this is only too true. As some set-off the stands are beautifully placed for seeing all the racing, except the finishes on the five-furlong course, and at no other enclosure is the steeplechasing so easily followed.

The stands are set on a hill high above the course, and half a mile distant from the Esher Railway Station, and all the racing takes place on the slope which occupies the intervening space. The Eclipse Stakes Course, between nine and ten furlongs, is straight and slightly downhill for about five furlongs. It then turns right-handed, and ends with a straight uphill run-in of a little under half a mile. The finish is decidedly severe, but with a large field there is naturally a lot of easing up round the very sharp bend, and stamina is not quite so much served as it would be on a straight-away course of the same distance, with the same uphill finish. All races beyond five furlongs are run on the round course, and it is worthy of note that six-furlong races are seldom to be found in the programme, because the start for such takes place close to the beginning of the "elbow." The five-furlong course is straight across the centre of the Park, and is a gradual rise all the way. It suffers from two serious defects, one of which, viz. long delays at the post, now that the starting-machine is coming into general use, will gradually disappear. The other drawback is that the winning-post is nearly a quarter of a mile from the stands, and thus, unless one walks across to it, it is a very difficult matter to see what has actually won, that is when two or three horses finish close together.

The Steeplechase Course at Sandown is a very fine one, the fences being strongly built up and very neatly planned. In the western corner there are three jumps close together which call for cleverness if they are to be properly negotiated, and on the hillside there is another series of three, including an open ditch, not quite so close together, but at the same time nearer to each other than is the case at many other courses. The water-jump is out in the open, on the flat ground by the side of the railway, and a formidable fence—which brings more horses to grief than any other—is close to the entrance, and is generally known as the "pay-gate" fence. What is wrong with this fence no one can say, but the proportion of falls at it is certainly large.

Much of the Sandown Course is on a clay soil, consequently it becomes hard in times of drought and is

occasionally heavy in the winter. The land is well drained, the going well cared for, however, and on the whole trainers have no need to complain. Some of the cross-country prizes and hurdle-races are well worth winning, and one generally sees a fair number of the front rank of steeple-chase horses at the early Spring Meetings, the most conspicuous of which is the Grand Military fixture. This always draws an enormous crowd, and is now one of the most popular functions of the early London season. It is quite a common thing to see candidates for the Grand National given a public trial in one of the Sandown steeple-chases.

Racing at Kempton Park was established some three or four years after the inauguration of Sandown, and when it had become apparent that the venture at Esher was a success. Sandown and Kempton are each about fourteen miles from London, Kempton being rather more than two miles from Hampton Court, on the Middlesex side of the river, and the two places are not more than five miles apart. Both can be easily reached from town by a variety of roads, and both are equally popular with the large number of race-goers who make a practice of driving to the various Metropolitan meetings. In one respect Kempton has an advantage over Sandown, because the railway passes by the back of the stands, to each of which there is a covered way from the platform. It is therefore possible to watch a day's racing at Kempton in pouring rain, and yet remain under cover from the time of leaving Waterloo until that terminus is reached again. Another pleasing feature of Kempton is the proximity of the paddock to the stands, but owing to the flat nature of the ground the various races are not so easily seen as at Sandown. The whole place is beautifully kept in order, and twenty years of constant attention have made the going remarkably good. In times of dry weather sufficient herbage is left to allow of the concussion being minimised, and so sound and well drained is the turf, that mud is quite a rarity, even at the mid-winter cross-country fixtures.

The start for the Jubilee Stakes, when Kempton Park's

most popular handicap was so named and the distance run was one mile, was difficult to make out, but by increasing the distance by a quarter of a mile the curious result has been attained of making the commencement of the race easily visible through glasses, although the addition to the course has taken the starting-post two furlongs further away from the stands. The reason for this is that the new piece is strongly sloped, a hint having possibly been taken from the straight mile at Lingfield, the running on every yard of which is plainly visible. When the horses have travelled a quarter of a mile they are much more difficult to make out than when on the slope, but six furlongs from the finish the positions can be determined with distinctness. The race is now known as the Great Jubilee Handicap. There is one right-handed bend, some three furlongs from the finish, which places the run-in at right angles to the rest of the course, and this bend has been fateful to many a runner, horses being liable to be shut in there or made to lose distance by having to go wide.

There is also a circular course, about a mile and a half in extent, and a straight six furlongs up the centre of the Park, for which a separate winning-post is used. All the courses are practically flat, the deviations from the level being, with the exception of the first two furlongs of the Jubilee Course, so slight as to be not worth mentioning. As at Sandown, the winning-post of the straight course is at such an angle to the stands that in a close finish it is impossible to know exactly what has won, unless one has taken up a position near the finish.

Kempton has many meetings during the year, and its executive encourages Saturday racing, which is patronised by thousands of the humbler class of race-goer in consequence of the attraction of an admission fee of one shilling. It also takes a fair share of the bank holiday meetings. It caters for all sections of the public, as it does for all varieties of racehorse, from those of the highest class to the selling plater. At present, and for many years past, its principal meetings, each of two days, have been held in May and October, always on Friday and Saturday, the spring



KEMPTON PARK

REAR OF THE STAND

fixture following Chester, and the autumn gathering falling between the First and Second October Meetings at Newmarket. At the May Meeting the Royal Two-year-old Plate is the feature of the first day, and the Jubilee Stakes of the second, and without doubt the last-named race is now the most important of the Spring Handicaps. Commenced, as its name implies, in 1887, this race gained popularity at the first attempt, and curiously enough it quickly became remarkable for a succession of wonderful performances. No modern handicap has such a record, and the upshot is that the entry always includes many of the best horses in training, and it can boast of a better class than that of any other of those races known as the Spring Handicaps. The stake is now worth between £2,000 and £3,000, and in its first year it was won by that good and popular horse Bendigo, who carried 9 st. 7 lbs. to victory, and whose success "broke" a host of small bookmakers, as did that of Victor Wild, when he won his second Jubilee nine years later.

Good as Bendigo's performance was, it did not equal that of Minting, who won in 1888 with 10 stone in the saddle. This, indeed, stands out as the best mile-handicap performance of modern times, and almost equals the marvellous feat of Vespasian, who won the Chesterfield Cup at Goodwood, in 1869, under the crushing weight of 10 st. 4 lbs. In the following year a three-year-old won for the first time, the late General Byrne's Amphion, and he too was in the first class on his course from a mile to a mile and a quarter. That he could not really stay was proved when he threw down the gauntlet to Sheen on the Cæsarewitch Course, in one of the Plates for which Mr. C. D. Rose provided the funds with a view to encourage distance races; but he was a very handsome horse, and at the moment he has made a bigger name at the stud than either Bendigo or Minting, having sired Dieudonné, Altesse, and other speedy ones, whereas Bendigo has been a signal failure, and Minting's fame will have to depend upon a host of better-class platers, unless he follows in the footsteps of his sire, Lord Lyon, and sires a really good one when a very old horse. The Imp, who won in 1890, was moderate, but so

far he is the only moderate horse in the list, every other winner of the race having distinguished himself by scoring in other important races. In 1891 Nunthorpe won under 9 stone, inclusive of a 14-lb. penalty for having won the City and Suburban, and this was another very popular victory, the horse being owned by the late Colonel North, a huge favourite with the cockney crowd. Following the victory of Nunthorpe came that of Euclid, and though Euclid was not a great horse he was a very smart performer in handicaps, and as a three-year-old he won under 7 st. 4 lbs., which was really a most remarkable performance. The race was run in the first week of May, a month before the Derby, and one may search the Calendars in vain to find any three-year-old winning such a handicap at that time of year under such a weight. Amphion, three years before, had won under 3 lbs. less, and nearly as good a performance was that of Grey Leg in the City and Suburban of 1894, when 7 st. was successfully carried, but it is quite exceptional for a three-year-old to win any of what are known as the Spring Handicaps (the Lincolnshire Handicap, City and Suburban, Great Metropolitan, Chester Cup, and Jubilee Stakes) when so highly handicapped. Euclid's Kempton achievement remains a record.

In 1893 Orvieto won under 9 st. 5 lbs., and here again the winner was of very high class and the performance a remarkable one. Orvieto, mention of whose great race with Orme in the Eclipse Stakes of 1892 was made a few pages back, was a Bend Or horse, and a fine weight-carrier, and he was followed by another fair-class horse in Avington, who carried just a reasonable weight on his four-year-old back. Then came the two successive victories of Victor Wild, one of those horses upon whom the public fancy settled most strongly, and both of whose victories took a great deal of money out of the ring. Victor Wild won in 1895 and 1896, carrying on the first occasion 8 st. 4 lbs., and in the following year 9 st. 7 lbs., the weight which Bendigo had won under nine years before. Victor Wild had previously won the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot, and from the age of four to six he improved in a marvellous degree. Victor Wild's earliest

racecourse experiences were in Selling Plates, but he became a wonderful miler, and had a special liking for the Jubilee Course and the New Mile at Ascot. On both of these tracks he did great things, and when he won the Jubilee Stakes for the second time he actually gave Kilcock —then a four-year-old—no less than 37 lbs. To show what this form amounted to I may mention that in the following year Kilcock and Victor Wild finished second and third to Clwyd, Kilcock (9 st.) beating Victor Wild (9 st. 9 lbs.) by three-quarters of a length for second place, while Clwyd, who only carried 7 st. 5 lbs., had a neck advantage of Kilcock. Letting alone his other victories, his great race with Knight of the Thistle for the Hunt Cup, when he was beaten only three-quarters of a length with 9 st. 12 lbs. in the saddle, Victor Wild's Kempton performances stamp him a great horse; but it must be understood that a mile, or a very little beyond, was the furthest he could go, and an attempt to win the Ascot Cup with him brought about an almost ridiculous failure. He was by Albert Victor out of Wild Huntress by Remorse, her dam Rio by Plum Pudding out of an earlier Rio by Melbourne. To Mr. A. W. Mostyn Owen the credit of his breeding is due, and he began his career in a two-year-old Selling Plate at Hurst Park, in which he was cleverly beaten by Dromonby. He next ran at Portsmouth Park, where he beat a small and moderate field for the Brockhurst Plate, and on being put up to auction he was sold to Mr. T. Worton for 330 guineas. In his new owner's colours he won the Midland Nursery at Warwick, and was bought in for 640 guineas. This was his last appearance in a Selling Plate, and during the following year—in which he won six of the eleven races in which he took part—his efforts were confined to regulation plates and good-class handicaps. It may be mentioned that he was a lightly-framed thoroughbred, with apparently no great amount of power or substance. He was, however, very neatly put together, and one of the most muscular horses I ever saw, while his action was exceedingly pretty. About his gameness there could be no two opinions; and though he was not built on the lines of the orthodox weight-

carrier, his best performances were all achieved under very heavy burdens. Critics who looked him over in a paddock for the first time would be lost in amazement, although knowing what he had accomplished ; but the general public, especially that portion of it which attends the London meetings, fairly worshipped him. He was essentially a London horse ; he was owned by a London licensed victualler, who publicly tipped him for all the big races he won, and he seldom ran at any but the London meetings, Ascot, Kempton, and Hurst Park being most frequently chosen for him. What he may do at the stud remains to be proved, but he represents a line which, if not much to the fore in this country, is making its mark in America, and it is quite on the cards that "the people's horse" may revive the family in England.

It has been stated how popular were the two victories of Victor Wild, so perhaps it was only natural that Clwyd's success in 1897 should have been very coldly received. It was not that the horse himself was disliked—in fact, honest horses can hardly be disliked ; only rogues and welshers, who do not try when they are backed, but pop up unexpectedly when no stable commission has been executed, come in for real detestation—but there were circumstances about Clwyd's victory which rendered it very bitter in the mouth, and these will not easily be forgotten. In the Lincolnshire Handicap of the same year a horse named Bridegroom had been beaten "two heads" by Winkfield's Pride and Funny Boat, and two or three weeks later this same horse had run away with the Queen's Prize at Kempton, a race run on the Jubilee Course, and in which the mighty Clorane—certainly giving a lot of weight—and that honest horse Jaquemart were amongst the beaten lot. The result of this race pointed strongly to the probable success of Bridegroom in the Jubilee Stakes, and the horse was at once promoted to pronounced favouritism. Now Clwyd was trained in the same stable, and owned by the same owner, and was found to be, or said to be, the better of the pair at the weights. After a while his name crept into the quotations, and he too was backed. Bridegroom, however, was allowed to remain



KEMPTON PARK

THE JUBILEE BEND

in the race for at least a week after Clwyd had become the real Simon Pure, when he was scratched, and of course all the money betted on him lost. Clwyd eventually started favourite, and when, as has been stated, he beat Kilcock by a neck, he was received with groans, hoots, and hisses, and even those who followed the money at the last moment disapproved of the victory. It was a most unsavoury affair, and it has always been a matter for regret that the Stewards of the Jockey Club did not think fit to hold a full inquiry into the matter.

As for the hog-maned Clwyd, he was an honest, sterling, second-class horse, by Beauclerc out of Strathbrook by Strathern. He was bred by Lord Scarborough at Tickhill in Yorkshire, and for the late Colonel North he won the valuable Prince Edward Handicap at Manchester two years in succession. In 1898 the Jubilee Stakes was won by Dinna Forget, an Irish-bred horse, of very fair class, who has been a most consistent performer in handicaps, though during one year of his career he quite failed to maintain the form he had formerly possessed, and which he afterwards regained. I have no desire to extol one trainer at the expense of another, but the fact was clearly demonstrated that Dinna Forget was a really good horse during both the periods of his being trained by Robinson at Foxhill, and a very moderate one for that period of his life which was passed in a semi-private stable in the Midlands. Dinna Forget is a little horse—even smaller than Clwyd—but the possessor of great quality, and his appearance and condition on the day he won the Jubilee were very favourably commented on. He was turned out a perfect specimen of the trainer's art, and this at a time when a majority of thoroughbreds have not acquired their summer coats.

In 1899 the Jubilee Stakes was won by Knight of the Thistle, ridden by the American jockey Sloan, and (low be it spoken) the horse was a pronounced roarer. Nevertheless, he carried the substantial weight of 8 st. 4 lbs., and had something in hand when he passed the post a length ahead of the second-class performer Greenan. A notable performance in the race was that of the three-year-old Lord Edward II.,

who with 7 st. 6 lbs. in the saddle was only beaten a head for second place (this horse afterwards ran second for the Ascot Cup), and a notable failure was that of the Australian Newhaven II., who on the strength of his City and Suburban victory was backed at a very short price, but he could do no better than finish eighth. On the whole class was not so good, and the race less exciting than usual. In 1900 the distance was increased to a mile and a quarter, and the winner turned up in a very sterling mare, the Irish-bred Sirenia by Gallinule, who, however, only beat Merry Methodist by a short head. The winner started at a long price, the public having evidently forgotten her Duke of York Stakes victory over the same course. She carried 8 st. 6 lbs., and is by no means the least distinguished of Jubilee winners.

Hurst Park, the youngest of what may be termed the riverside or Thames Valley group of racecourses, did not come into existence until many years after Kempton had been in full swing, and then began with steeplechasing and pony and galloway racing. After a while a Jockey Club licence was procured, and now for some nine or ten seasons legitimate racing has been the first object of the syndicate, though, as at Sandown and Kempton, many cross-country meetings are also held. In some ways Hurst Park is not so ambitious as its two older neighbours, and notably great stakes are seldom to be found on the programme. All the same the money is often on the liberal side, and the place is always productive of good sport, and is immensely popular with owners and trainers. Small fields are the exception rather than the rule, but one seldom sees horses of the very best class at the meetings, good second-class handicaps at all distances being as a rule the chief features of the programmes. Weight-for-age races are not by any means tabooed, but most money is given to the handicaps, and I can call to mind very few horses of the highest class who have carried silk at Hurst Park. The course is situated on the Moulsey Hurst, the scene of the old Hampton Races, but the course is not exactly the same, and the stands are differently placed from what they were in the days of "Appy



HURST PARK
THE STRAIGHT

'Ampton,' so beloved of the cockney race-goer of the last generation.

Everything at Hurst Park is up to date, and the meetings thoroughly well managed, and in this lies the secret of much of the success which has been achieved. Another factor towards the result is the excellence of the going, and in this respect Hurst Park stands almost alone. The course is laid upon a subsoil of gravel and sand, and much of the turf is very old, consequently the going is almost invariably good. In wet weather the light porous soil allows of free and quick drainage, and in dry weather the surface crumbles, rather than cakes as a clay soil will. The turf is kept in beautiful order by experienced men, and though it is less required here than elsewhere, artificial irrigation is largely resorted to in the summer months should the natural supply be insufficient. The Oval Course measures one mile and three furlongs, and, as its name suggests, is almost a perfect oval, with no very decided turns, and a run-in of over half a mile. Races of a mile and upwards are run on this course, for the "straight mile" is a few yards short of the required distance, though it does well for races up to seven furlongs. The course is a wide one all the way round, but the angle of the stands to the winning-post is a peculiar one, and if two or more horses finish wide of each other the view is sometimes very deceptive. In its early days Hurst Park did not "catch on" with the public as Sandown and Kempston had done, but it gradually worked its way into favour, and now it more than holds its own with a majority of modern enclosures.

Hurst Park made a bid for a place in Turf history when, on October 27th, 1900, a match at six furlongs was decided there between Eager and Royal Flush. Royal Flush had improved so marvellously in the hands of Wishard that there seemed nothing outrageous in the match, although Eager had been set to give Royal Flush 2 st. at Goodwood. How Eager won in a canter, and how the crowd cheered itself hoarse, are now matters of history.

Another Thames riverside racing-place is Windsor, where several meetings are held during the year under both

sets of rules. The course is situated on the Clewer Meadows, rather more than a mile from the town and right on the river bank. The summer fixtures are largely patronised on account of the position of the course, it being a favourite plan to make use of a steam launch from Maidenhead, or to travel up from Staines in the same manner. From a class point of view Windsor Races do not stand very high, and no great amount of money is added to the stakes. The better sort of plating is what is chiefly catered for, but plenty of runners are always forthcoming, and with London so close at hand a strong ring can be relied upon. There is a good straight six-furlong course, and a two-mile course is available, though it twists about in a manner which is rather confusing to strangers.

Two comparatively modern enclosures in the London district are Gatwick and Lingfield, situated in Surrey, about eight miles apart, Gatwick being on the main line to Brighton—exactly half-way between London and Brighton—and Lingfield due east of Gatwick, and about three miles north of East Grinstead. Gatwick is in many respects a model racecourse. Everything is on so large a scale that there is far less crowding than there is elsewhere, and the range of stands is one of the finest in the kingdom. The course, too, is a magnificent one. To begin with, it is only a furlong short of two miles round, and wide everywhere. It is not dead-flat, there being a considerable rise round the top turn, and a descent down the back stretch. The last five furlongs, after the junction of the round course with the straight mile, have a rise of 8 ft. to the winning-post, there being distinct gradients on the way which become apparent enough to anyone walking the course. The turns are very gradual, and for long races Gatwick offers a better course than any other Metropolitan enclosure. The programmes are very attractive, all conditions of horses being catered for, and a majority of the prizes are well worth winning. The principal meetings are held in May, at the end of July, and in October, and at the first-named fixture the Worth Stakes for two-year-olds and the Prince's Handicap are the most important prizes. The Prince's Handicap is



GATWICK
THE PADDOCK

run over a ten-furlong course, and at the July Meeting its place is taken by the Horseshoe Handicap of a mile and a half, and worth nearly £1,000. At the October Meeting the Gatwick Handicap is of the same length and the same value as the Horseshoe Handicap, and it is backed up by Nurseries of considerable value. It will thus be seen that long-distance running is encouraged by the Gatwick executive, and it may be added that two-mile weight-for-age plates often do duty at this enclosure in place of the regulation mile races that are found elsewhere. The Gatwick stands are alongside and connected with the railway platforms by covered ways, and the paddock is one of the largest and best in the kingdom. In my humble opinion—judging partly from the excellent management, but chiefly from the magnificent course—there is a great future before Gatwick, and I should like to see a Gatwick Cup, on somewhat similar lines to the Ascot Cup, so well adapted is the course for this class of contest.

Lingfield is a beautiful spot, its scenic attractions yielding only to those of Goodwood amongst our English racecourses. Its club enclosure is the prettiest of them all, and though as the presumed successor to the turbulent Edenbridge Meeting it began life with somewhat troublous times, it has weathered the storm, and has quickly acquired much popularity. Thousand-pound stakes for two-year-olds and handicaps of the same amount are at present the most valuable prizes offered. At its cross-country meetings the stakes are often very small, and an improvement in this respect is desirable, while just about the same number of meetings are held as at Gatwick. The course is a somewhat peculiar one, there being a considerable amount of hill-climbing on the round course, and a steep hill to come down, while the first half of the straight mile is on a sharp descent favourable to fast times. It was here that Harrow made the record for a mile. Good-shouldered horses who can stretch themselves out to the fullest speed on a steep decline are at an advantage here, but the run-in is almost level, the junction of the round and straight courses being about half a mile from the winning-post.

Alexandra Park must now be included amongst the Metropolitan enclosures, for though a much older meeting than Sandown, Kempton, etc., it has only lately become a club meeting. Alexandra Park is the only place where racing is held within the boundaries of London. It is not more than seven miles from the West End, and the approach to it is through bricks and mortar all the way, though just a semblance of the country is to be found when Muswell Hill is reached. The meetings, on account of their position, require the licence of the London County Council as well as the Jockey Club permit. They are exceedingly popular, and, what is more to the point, their popularity has greatly increased since the formation of the Middlesex and County Racing Club, and the wholesale overhaulings of the programme which have taken place within the last two or three years. Time was when these fixtures were held in some contempt by many race-goers, and when a majority of the runners were selling-platers; but everything has been changed, and now the stakes are valuable, many of the runners of good class, and the attendances very smart. Selling Stakes of from £1,000 to £2,000 in value have been offered, and the course has been improved, the stands enlarged and practically rebuilt, and the rough element controlled with a strong hand. Fixtures, however, are not very easily secured by the executive, though, owing to the perfect system of hydrants, the course is fit to race on at any period of the year.

The same energy that has done so much for the comfort of visitors to the meeting would be directed to the enlarging of the course were any ground available for the purpose, but it is not. The course for races of five and six furlongs is not as straight as could be wished, though the second half of it is so. Attached to this course is a circular one, and distance races are contrived by commencing the wrong way of the course—as at Goodwood and Epsom, in certain races—circumventing the circular portion once or twice, according to necessity, and returning to the point started from. The circular course being on the small side, full speed can scarcely be maintained whilst circumventing

LINGFIELD
THE STANDS



it, and, as at Chester and Northampton, horses are likely to win there who would be out of it on straight courses, upon which a strong pace could be maintained from end to end.

Some ten or twelve years ago a course was laid out and stands built at Portsmouth Park, but race meetings were held for two or three seasons only, no support being forthcoming from the neighbouring town of Portsmouth. That seaport with its hosts of suburbs contains a very large population, but few of the inhabitants seemed to care about racing, and the meeting shared the fate that attended Four Oaks Park in the Birmingham district a few years previously. Portsmouth Park racecourse occupies a dreary, isolated position on the flats by Langstone Harbour, and though it is not more than two or three miles from the Southsea beach, as the crow flies, more than double that distance has to be covered by anyone driving from Southsea. Portsmouth is really on an island, and as far as I know there is only one outlet on the north-east side, viz. by the bridge at Cosham. Now, to arrive at Cosham from the Southsea end of Portsmouth, mile after mile of dirty streets has to be traversed, and the upshot was that no one journeyed by road to Portsmouth Park. Neither did they come by rail, though the journey was only of ten minutes' duration, and as a matter of fact nine-tenths of the visitors arrived by the London or the Brighton specials. The garrison gave scant support to the fixtures, and the climax came when the Buccaneer and Nunthorpe match took place. Buccaneer was an Ascot Cup winner, and about the best long-distance runner of that particular period, and Nunthorpe had won the City and Suburban and the Jubilee Stakes with a 14-lb. penalty in the saddle. The Portsmouth Park executive were in difficulties, and they made a last bid for favour in the shape of a valuable prize for these two to run over a mile and a quarter course. Unfortunately the meeting clashed with the Liverpool November Meeting, and this completely spoiled the attendance. Not more than a handful of people were present, and very few members of the ring. This took the heart out of the proceedings, but

when the match came on, and it was seen that Nunthorpe could not raise a gallop, the whole affair became ludicrous, and though the programme was only partly run through half the visitors went to the railway platform and got into the first train going eastward. Steeplechase meetings are now being held on this unlucky course, and they are meeting with sufficient success for the present. A few years since a new racecourse was opened at Westenhanger, near Folkestone, but it was a failure from the very first, although the South Eastern Railway Company did everything they could to favour the place, even carrying racehorses and their attendants to and from the course without charge. However, this meeting has now been placed in the able hands that have given us Gatwick and the new Alexandra Park, so there is still hope for it, though the course is not placed in a sporting district.

As in the Metropolitan district, so also in the Midlands have racing enclosures become very popular. They have quite taken the places of the old country meetings, a host of which were held in the middle of the nineteenth century. These have all disappeared, and in their places we find enclosures at Derby, Leicester, Nottingham, Birmingham, and Dunstall Park. Racing used to take place at the three first-mentioned towns, but the old courses at Leicester and Nottingham ceased to exist, new racing companies being promoted, with courses further away from the towns. The present course at Derby is about a mile and a half from the centre of the town, and close by the Nottingham Road Station of the Midland Railway. On each day of the meetings specials are run from St. Pancras and back again to London after racing is over, and there is an equally good service from Liverpool and Manchester. Indeed, all the meetings on the Midland system are admirably served by the railway company, and scores of visitors to Derby, Leicester, and Nottingham travel from and to London every day. The Derby meetings have been for many years exceedingly prosperous and remarkably popular with owners and trainers. The stands and paddock are good, and though there are many courses which I prefer, it cannot



LINGFIELD
MEMBERS' LAWN





DERBY

THE STANDS, FROM THE CRICKET GROUND

be denied that equine quality is attracted to Derby, as well as quantity, and at the three principal fixtures—held in May, September, and November—a high standard is reached. The Spring Meeting is the least important of the three, although handicaps of £1,000 and £500 are included in the programme. In September there are several handicaps well worth winning, and also two editions of the Champion Breeders' Foal Plate, one for two and the other for three-year-olds. The date, however, is not a particularly good one, for the meeting almost invariably occupies the week which intervenes between York and Doncaster, and many who go the Northern Circuit remain in Yorkshire during this particular week. Then the 1st of September very often falls in the Derby week; but in spite of these drawbacks huge fields are generally forthcoming, and the Midlands are the home of so many thousands of race-goers that the attendance is always good.

Quite the most important of the Derby fixtures is the last, that which is held in mid-November, in the last week but one of the racing year. This meeting is celebrated for the size of its fields, and it sometimes happens that an aggregate of over one hundred runners per day is secured. Many of the prizes are valuable, notably the Derby Cup, a mile handicap, which is of the value of £2,000. Then there are valuable Nurseries on each day of the meetings, and other good handicaps besides the Cup. Many good-class horses are always to be found at this meeting, and perhaps the Derby Cup takes more winning than any of the Autumn Handicaps, the Cæsarewitch and Cambridgeshire excepted, although some trainers will not have it that the Cæsarewitch is a difficult race to win. Speed of the highest kind is required in this race, as there is always a large field and something to bring them along from the fall of the flag. The mile course on which it was run until 1900, when the distance was increased to a mile and a half, is straight for the last six furlongs, and wide, with a big rise and fall. The round course, on the other hand, is rather congested, it being only a mile and a quarter in extent. It is a good deal used, there being several handicaps of a mile and a

half during the year, and a two-mile Queen's Plate at the November Meeting.

The Leicester Course is situated about three miles from the Leicester Railway Station, and close to the village of Oadby. The meetings have had various ups and downs, and at one time monster prizes were offered, both for weight-for-age races and handicaps. Somehow or other they did not bring about much success, and now the bulk of the racing is of the plating order. At the same time the plating is securing that success which the monster prizes missed, and at no meetings in the kingdom are more entries procured or are large fields a greater certainty. The truth of the matter probably is that in the days of the big prizes the attendances were not large enough to return much to the executive in the way of gate money, and now that less ambitious programmes are issued a smaller gate will answer the purpose.

That a very large attendance should not be customary at a place like Leicester is somewhat difficult to understand, until it is explained that a strong anti-racing section exists in the town ; and the surrounding country is not populous enough to produce a large crowd. It is very curious how the large English towns vary in this respect. At Nottingham, for instance, they are nearly all sportsmen, but at Leicester, only a few miles away, the reverse is the case, and about nine-tenths of the visitors to the races arrive by train every day. Leicester, it is thought, is also actuated by a feeling of resentment at the conversion of the meeting from an open to a closed one. In the open days the workpeople took a half-holiday with the consent of their employers. The Leicester Course is in many ways a singularly attractive one. I know as I write this that I shall be taken to task for the utterance ; nevertheless I feel strongly that the give and take at Oadby is very welcome after the never-ending dead-flats of so many modern enclosures. Nor do I think it right that horses should have so many of these flat courses to race upon. A well-made thoroughbred, with well-placed shoulders and good hocks, goes just as easily up and down hill as he does on the flat, and at Leicester there are plenty of gradients, the

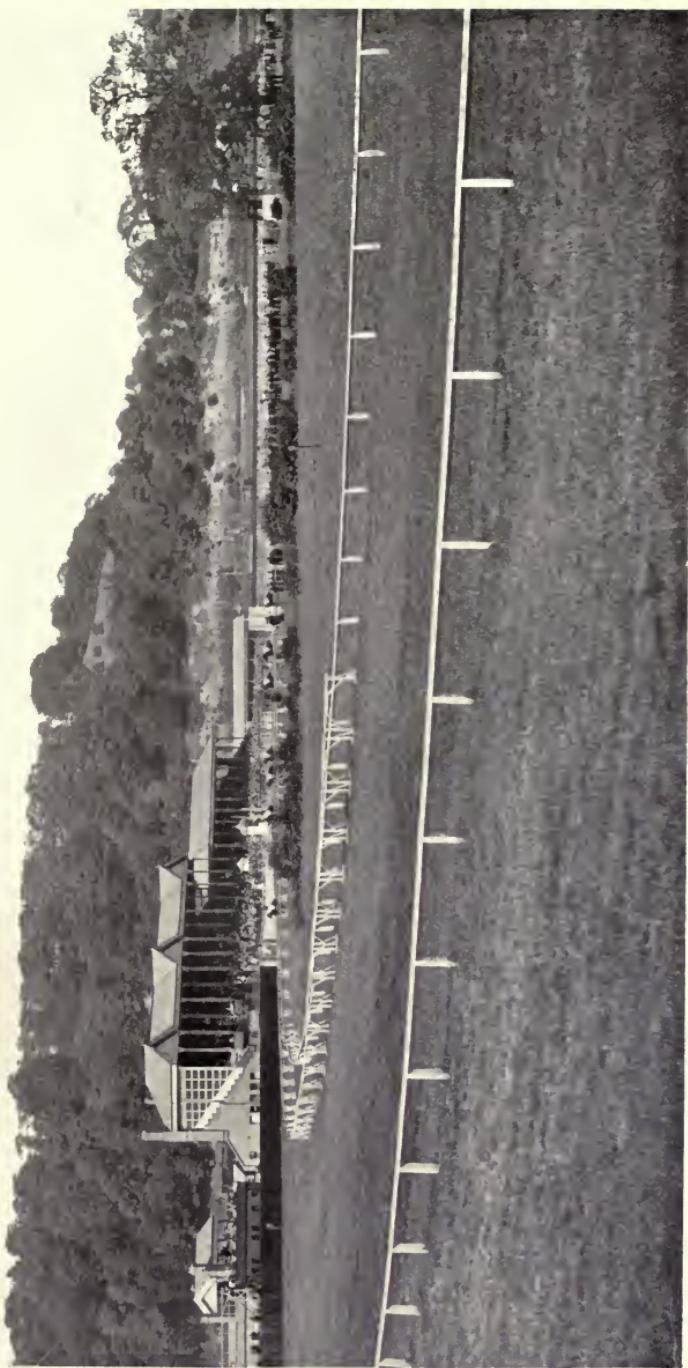
straight mile, for instance, beginning with a longish descent, which is followed by a switchback, and ending with a level finish. The last half of this mile is something like the run-in at Lewes, and in my opinion the whole forms a very nice test. For speed that can only be turned on downhill, or which—owing to good hocks and faulty shoulders—is seen at its best on a sharp ascent, I do not care, and so I commend the Leicester racing, and should have dearly liked to see the defunct monster prizes hold their own and the best class again competing on the undulating course. At Oadby, as at nearly every modern enclosure except Gosforth Park, there are steeplechase meetings in the winter, and though this branch of the sport is in no better case here than it is elsewhere at present, the course, owing to the aforementioned undulations, is a remarkably good one. It is well seen from the stands too, and there is no prettier sight during the winter season than to see a respectable field come to the drop fence, immediately opposite the stands, on the far side of the course. As soon as they have safely negotiated this jump the horses turn sharply left-handed, and I have often noticed that the best jockeys secure such an advantage here that they have practically won their race at this particular turn. Some of the steeplechasing at Oadby used to be (and may be yet) over ridge and furrow, and this was a good deal more natural than the wholly artificial course so much in vogue just now. Chasers that can win pretty easily over the Oadby Course are generally good to follow.

Nottingham Races, which used to be held almost in the town itself (I believe the spot was once a part of Sherwood Forest), have been transferred to Colwick Park, in low-lying park land, close by the River Trent. There is a two-mile round course with a straight mile. Though so near the river the course is on sound, well-drained old turf, and is generally very good going. The programmes are of a good second-rate sort. Not the best of class is seen here, nor yet the worst, the happy medium being well hit, both with regard to prizes and to the average class of runners. There are some capital cross-country prizes during the winter, and

the place, popular with owners, trainers, and the general public, is on the high road to success, both financially and from a racing point of view.

The new Birmingham Course has been laid out on very sensible lines, and as regards the placing of the stands it is a perfect model of what a racecourse ought to be. Those who were responsible for the job evidently took note of the mistakes which had been made with regard to several comparatively recently-built enclosures, and profited by them. The result is that the racing, and particularly the finishes, can be better seen at Birmingham than at many other places, and it may be added that the course is a good one. As a very modern enclosure it has had a great deal to contend with. A new venture very often cannot procure good dates, and this applies especially to those places which are a hundred miles or more from town. Such places have either to take Monday and Tuesday, or Friday and Saturday, and even then they seldom obtain a clear, unopposed fixture. In consequence they must depend upon the local population for the greater part of their attendances, and very often also—as when they clash with a more important fixture—upon a local ring. The rank and file of the followers of racing they cannot get unless they have the most important meeting of that particular date, and as regards Birmingham this is seldom possible, the fixtures often clashing with others at Kempton, Hurst Park, or somewhere else in the London district. So far as having to take Monday is concerned, the fact that numbers of frequenters of "Tattersall's" have to be sacrificed is compensated for in the Midlands by the very general way holiday is kept on that day.

There is an upper section of racing men of every branch. There is an upper section of owners, of trainers, of jockeys, of gentlemen backers, of bookmakers, and of votaries of the sport of every description. Such go to Newmarket eight times a year, Ascot, Epsom (twice), Goodwood, Doncaster, York, Manchester, Liverpool, Lincoln, Derby, and times without number to Sandown, Kempton, Gatwick, and other Metropolitan fixtures. Many of them also take on such places as Chester, Stockton, Redcar, Bath, and



COLWICK PARK, NOTTINGHAM

the Bibury Club Meeting. Their work is generally cut out for them at the beginning of the season, and they have no time to turn their attention to smaller Midland meetings, held either when something more important is on or at the beginning or end of the week. This applies most particularly to those places which have not clear dates, which must therefore depend greatly upon local resources of attendance and ring, and also upon horses trained in "little" stables (which run at the country meetings), upon the second rank of jockeys, and altogether upon the lower section of the racing world. We do not use the word "lower" in any uncomplimentary sense, but merely as indicating that everything cannot be of the highest standard. Now Birmingham has its stands on raised ground; it has a hill—an admirable coign of vantage—from which the "bob a nob" gentry can view the racing; it has a two-mile course, with a straight run-in of six furlongs; it has a straight course of ten furlongs, and it is reached in twenty-five minutes by cab from the heart of the town; it lies midway between two stations of the Midland Railway, and horses can be unboxed a few hundred yards from the stables. Were it situated close to London it would do big things, but being where it is, it is likely to remain the scene of fair second-class racing and nothing more. With better dates doubtless a better show could be made, and one would like to see the place encouraged with a mid-week, unopposed fixture.

Dunstall Park is an assured success, and has been so for many years past. The Dunstall executive have never flown at high game, but have pursued the even tenor of their way with second-rate flat-race meetings in the summer and plenty of jumping fixtures in the winter. The jumping meetings at this enclosure are nearly always productive of wonderful fields and capital sport, and the place has become quite a nursery of chasers, and occupies much the same place with regard to Midland cross-country sport that Plumpton does in the South of England. From its earliest days Dunstall Park was popular with the native population, and really the men of Wolverhampton seem to be just as keen on racing as the inhabitants of Leicester are the

reverse. I have seen them pour into the Dunstall Park enclosure in their thousands on a public holiday, and a jumping meeting they dearly love. The course, quite a short walk from Wolverhampton Station, is pretty enough when you get there, in spite of somewhat dismal surroundings, and is flat and over a mile and five furlongs round. There is a fine range of stands, and if the flat-racing never rises to great heights the meetings serve their turn, and are very popular all through the Western Midlands.

Manchester is a great racing centre, and the three meetings which are held there for flat-racing may be considered to be quite in the first class. At each of the three strong programmes are issued, and though there is some inequality about the sport it on the whole takes high rank. The inequality is caused by the number of Selling Plates; but, after all, it is impossible to have a succession of Ascots, and if there are many races with selling conditions at New Barns, there is always one event of the first importance on each racing day, and sometimes two or three such. Making exceptions of such places as Doncaster and Goodwood, Liverpool Spring and York August Meetings, there is no provincial racecourse which draws like Manchester, and no Northern racecourse which attracts so many Southern race-goers. It goes without saying that the three meetings have clear and very suitable dates, but the racing is always good enough to attract at least a portion of what I have termed the upper section of the Turf, and the prizes valuable enough to bring out many of the best-class horses in training. Manchester is well off for fairly good hotels, and in such a large and important town the tariff is not raised at race times any more than it is when some social or business congress is being held. The Queen's Hotel secures the pick of the travellers, and this establishment is unrivalled among provincial hotels, especially in the matter of cuisine. Year after year and meeting after meeting the same parties assemble at the "Queen's," and many of the regular visitors stay there for the Liverpool meetings as well, Aintree being well within a fifty-minute run of the Manchester Central Station, ten minutes' walk from the Queen's Hotel. At

the "Albion" the better class of trainers, jockeys, and professional racing men are regular customers, and in addition the "Grand," the "Victoria," the "Palatine," and a host of others accommodate their quota.

From the hotels to the course a drive of about twenty minutes must be taken by cab, but the tariff is not high, and there are none of the excessive charges which do so much to harm many of the country meetings. The drive through squalid and dirty streets is not invigorating, but the course, considering its position, is pleasant enough, and the savoury slums of Salford are quickly forgotten when one passes through the gate into the flower-bedizened gravel paddock, with its trim footpaths and sparkling fountains. In the matter of floral display the New Barns executive cannot rival such places as Kempton or Lingfield, but they do their best to make an otherwise ugly spot pretty, and if their flowers do not bloom as they do in the South, it is the fault of the climate rather than of the Manchester gardeners. The course is the worst thing about New Barns. Good management is there and plenty of money behind it, and good management and good money mean good sport, but in spite of all these advantages the course is only a poor one. The straight course is only long enough to allow of five-furlong races being run on it, but the round course of a mile and a half is good enough, as far as physical conformation goes, and it is really only the going which has to be found fault with. At times this going is very bad, owing to the fact that the course was laid on marshy land, and that there is little real subsoil. The whole ground is artificial, and though everything possible has been done in the way of deep drainage, it sometimes happens in wet weather that the going becomes so rotten as to be absolutely dangerous. Thus, when *La Flêche* won the Lancashire Plate in 1892, *St. Angelo* was a victim of the treacherous ground in one of the most curious accidents that ever were seen on a racecourse.

The horses were just inside the distance-post, and *St. Angelo* was going very strongly close to the rails. *Webb*, who had the mount, had just made up his mind that he would be first

or second, when suddenly the ground gave way under his horse's feet and he came down a terrible cropper. Luckily neither horse nor jockey was seriously hurt, but it was a curious affair, the ground being entirely to blame, as the horse did not cross his legs or do anything to bring about the fall. A very similar thing happened to the writer during one winter, when crossing a ploughed field behind a pack of foxhounds. It was nearly dark at the time, and the field had been recently drained, so that the loose earth thrown on to the top of the drain-pipes had not had time to become hard and settled. I was going fast, and all of a sudden down went one foreleg into loose soil, and over I came. In my case a dirty coat and a saddle full of mud were the only evil consequences, but then I had plenty of room to fall, and no rushing field of horses at one side and a dangerous rail at the other. A friend caught my horse, and as he brought him exclaimed, "That's just the way St. Angelo fell at Manchester through the ground giving away." St. Angelo was owned by the late Duchess of Montrose, who had a pretty way of putting things, and who, when asked about St. Angelo, remarked, "Mine disappeared into the main drain just when he looked like winning." This recalls to my mind a very smart answer I heard the Duchess give. It was some years ago, and at a time when the all-scarlet had been having a run of shockingly bad luck. The change came at Ascot, when two races were unexpectedly won on the same afternoon. The Duchess saw the finish of the last race from outside; she was, in fact, standing on the course close to the judge's box. As she returned to the neighbourhood of the weighing-room many of her friends congratulated her, and amongst others the late Major Egerton, the handicapper for the meeting. "I congratulate you, Duchess," said the Major; "very glad your luck has turned." Quietly the Duchess turned round, and in a deep voice answered very slowly, "No thanks to *you*, Major; it was not a handicap."

Returning to Manchester, the first flat-racing meeting of the three held there is at Whitsuntide, and extends over four days, from Wednesday to Saturday inclusive. Whit

week is the great annual holiday of Cottonopolis, and as the weather is generally fine, the attendances are enormous, more particularly on Friday, when the Manchester Cup is the chief event on the card. The arrangement of the programme for the four days has occasionally been changed, but of late the Summer Breeders' Foal Plate has been the big event of the first day, while on the second day, though no particular race has stood out, there have been four prizes averaging a "monkey" apiece in value, viz. the De Trafford Handicap of a mile and a quarter, the Beaufort Handicap of five furlongs, the John o' Gaunt Plate for two-year-olds, and the Derby Plate, a mile weight-for-age race for three-year-olds and upwards. On Friday, besides the Manchester Cup, there is the City Plate for two-year-olds and the Wilton Welter Handicap, and on Saturday the Salford Borough Handicap of £1,000 and the Whitsuntide Plate of the same value for two-year-olds. Some years ago, before the alteration of Rule 45, this Whitsuntide Plate used to be worth four or five times as much as it now is, and in 1888 Donovan sustained one of his few defeats in it, being beaten by Chittabob, who had, however, the best of the weights. The race has been won by Briar-root, who scored in the One Thousand Guineas a year later, and also by the beautiful Signorina, who always ran well on the Manchester Course. Indeed, the Whitsuntide Plate has a smart bead-roll of winners, and for a few years, when the prize was so large, it to a certain extent discounted the two-year-old racing at Ascot, there being no two-year-old race at the Royal meeting of half the value.

The Manchester Cup is undoubtedly the most popular race of the Whitsuntide Meeting. It is of £2,000 value, and is run on a course of a mile and six furlongs, the start taking place some few hundred yards below the stand. The race dates from 1834, and the greatest performance ever achieved in it was that of Isonomy, who beat a field of twenty in 1880 with 9 st. 12 lbs. in the saddle. This stands out as one of the best handicap efforts of all time, and only a fortnight later Mr. Gretton's great horse won the Ascot Cup for the second year in succession. Another great performance,

though an unsuccessful one, was that of The Bard in 1886, when the little son of Petrarch—who is now a successful sire in France—was second to Riversdale, the winner being in receipt of an enormous amount of weight. Within a week or two of the same date The Bard made a fair fight with Ormonde for the Derby, and though he did not win the Manchester Cup I have often thought that his name might well be placed in the frieze at the top of the Press stand, where the names of the Cup winners are handed down to posterity. Other good-class winners of this race may be mentioned in Umpire (8 st. 12 lbs.), Carlton (8 st. 9 lbs.), L'Abbesse de Jouarre (8 st. 6 lbs.), and Florizel II. (8 st. 1 lb.). The race always brings out much of the best long-distance form of the day, and is one of the most important handicaps of the year.

The September Meeting is held a fortnight after Doncaster, and in most years extends over three days. The programme is about as strong as the earlier one, and includes the Autumn Breeders' Foal Plate for two-year-olds, worth about £1,000; the De Trafford Handicap of a mile and a half, worth half the amount; the September Handicap of five furlongs, also worth £500; the Lancaster Nursery, of the same value; the Palatine Plate, of about £1,100, for three-year-olds; the Michaelmas Plate, of £500, for two-year-olds; and the Prince Edward Handicap of £2,000, which latter race took the place of the Lancashire Plate in 1894. It is a pity that the Lancashire Plate could not be continued, for no mammoth prize produced more spirited contests, and it was never won by a bad horse. Such names as Donovan, Seabreeze, Amphion, Signorina, Raeburn, and La Flèche are on its short-lived list of winners, and, with the exception of Raeburn, all six were of the very best class. Signorina defeated, amongst others, Orme, who was then a two-year-old, the race being at that time run over a seven-furlong course. Martagon, Alicante, and Gouverneur were likewise among the beaten lot, and the finish between Signorina, Orme, and Martagon was most exciting, the race being only won in the last few strides. Webb, who had the mount on Chevalier Ginistrelli's mare, fairly



MANCHESTER
THE PADDOCK

excelled himself, but in the following year he came to grief—as has already been mentioned—when St. Angelo came down. On that occasion La Flêche beat the four-year-old Orvieto at 2lbs., winning by three lengths; and this, I am inclined to think, was the biggest thing Baron Hirsch's mare ever did, as there was nothing of Orvieto's class in the Cambridgeshire, which she won six weeks later under 8st. 10lbs. If one may take collateral form as a guide, this race suggests that La Flêche could have emulated the Minting feat, by winning the Jubilee Stakes in the following year with 10 st. From Orvieto at Manchester all she got was 2lbs. for the year, yet Mr. Houldsworth's horse was good enough to win cleverly at Kempton eight months afterwards with 9st. 5lbs. in the saddle. I have not too much faith in collateral form, however.

In the last year of its existence the Lancashire Plate was won by Raeburn, then a three-year-old, who had behind him Isinglass and La Flêche; but the winner had much the best of the weights, being in receipt of 16lbs., exclusive of sex allowance, from La Flêche, and of 10lbs. from Isinglass, of his own age. The weight-for-age scale makes a four-year-old give a three-year-old 9lbs. over a mile in September. Thus La Flêche was meeting Raeburn at a disadvantage of 7lbs., or of 10lbs. if we take the sex allowance into consideration. Even then Raeburn, who had finished third to Isinglass and Ravensbury for the Two Thousand and Derby (he did not run in the St. Leger), won by a length only, and it must be explained that the race was slowly run to the top of the straight, at which point top speed was put on for the first time. Isinglass, always a lazy horse, made running, but would not extend himself properly, and they travelled down the far side and round the loop as if they were starting to run a four-mile steeplechase. When fairly in the line for home the pace was turned on, and though, in my opinion, Isinglass and La Flêche were both catching Raeburn fast at the finish, the latter had a nice turn of speed, and, served by his advantage in weight, he won very handsomely. Raeburn, though inferior to Isinglass and Ravensbury, was probably quite good enough to win the Derby in an

ordinary year, and was a beautiful specimen of the St. Simon tribe, which is not as a rule remarkable for beauty, that is, in its colts. He was far less in stature than such as Persimmon or St. Serf, and he showed more quality than the Prince of Wales' great horse. Indeed, he was quite a little model of that peculiar type of thoroughbred, and no horse of modern times carried more condition. That Isinglass and La Flêche would both have beaten him in the Lancashire Plate had the race been run at a stronger pace, I quite believe ; but I have no wish to disparage Raeburn's victory, and as far as can be judged at the moment the little horse looks like making a sire.

The Autumn Meeting at Manchester occupies the last three days of the racing year at the end of November, and a serious drawback to this fixture lies in the fact that more often than not the light is very bad at New Barns just about then, with the result that on some days it is impossible to see the horses except when they are close to the stands. Manchester too is famous amongst racing resorts for wet weather, and this is usually sampled on at least one day of the autumn fixture. Nevertheless, everyone goes there just the same. There may not be many ladies in the club stand, but the hotels are just as highly tried as they are in the summer, and as it is the last meeting of the year, fields of enormous proportions go to the post for nearly every race. The programme is not quite so suggestive of class as at the earlier meetings, but it includes many nice prizes, handicaps and nurseries of good value being mixed up with selling plates—which take a good deal of winning—the whole crowned with the Manchester November Handicap of about £1,500, which is run on the Cup Course of a mile and six furlongs, and always attracts a good field from the best staying handicap horses in training. In this race some wonderful performances have been recorded. To mention a few of them : Belphœbe, as a four-year-old, won for the Duke of Devonshire (then Lord Hartington) with 9 st. 5 lbs. in the saddle ; Corrie Roy, a few years later, won under 9 st. 10 lbs., and her wonderful performance was beaten by that of Carlton, who was successful in a field of twenty with the

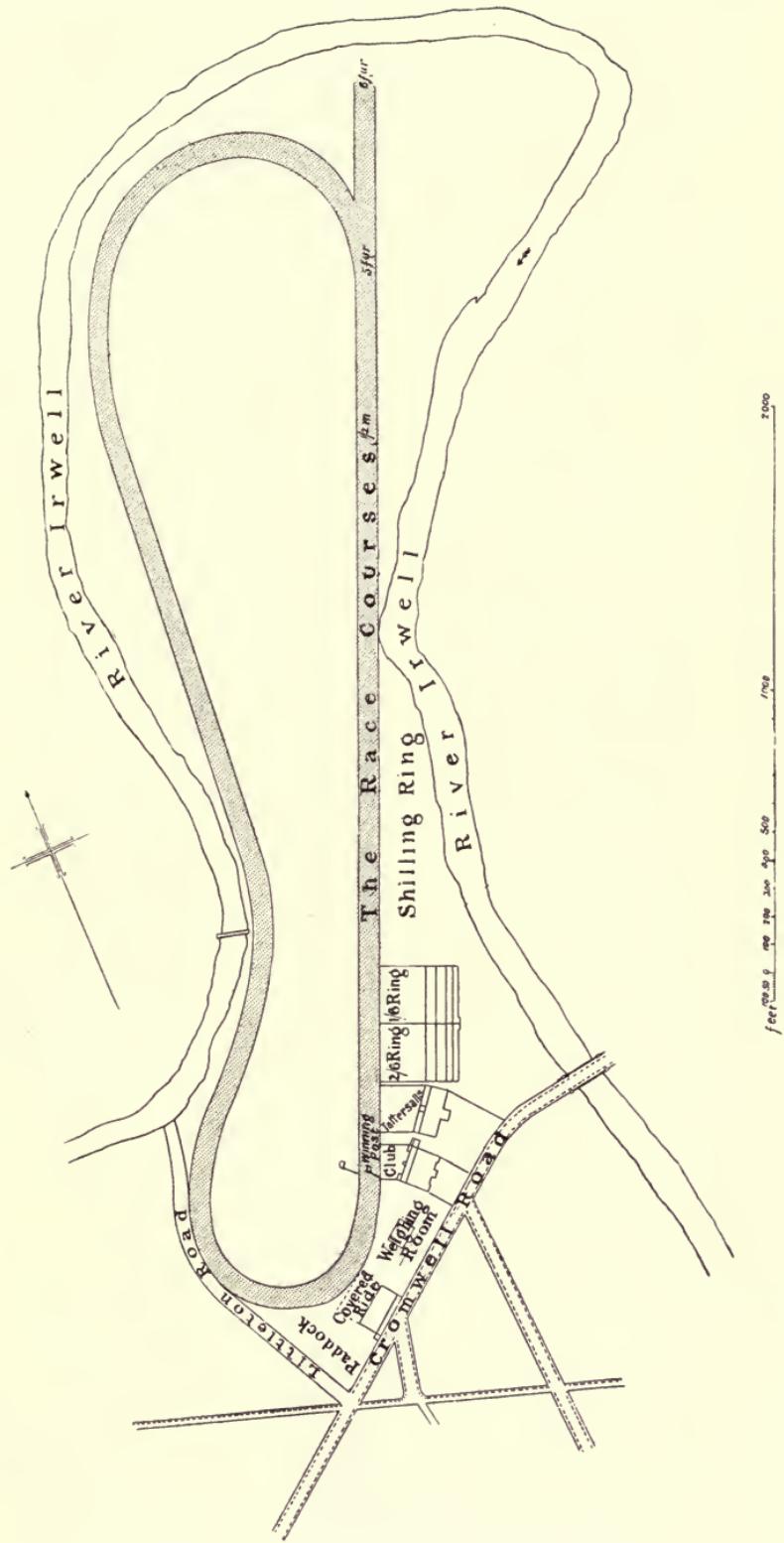
enormous burden of 9 st. 12 lbs. In 1894 Ravensbury carried 9 st. 4 lbs. to victory, beating a good-class field of eighteen, and I am inclined to think that this was as big a performance as that of Carlton, as Ravensbury had behind him Cypria, who ran a dead-heat for the Cæsarewitch ; Clorane, winner of the Lincoln Handicap, Royal Hunt Cup, and a host of good races ; Ragimunde, successful in the Cæsarewitch and Great Metropolitan ; Bushey Park, who won the mile and three-quarters Great Yorkshire Handicap and also a Liverpool Cup ; Paddy, who had won this race two years before ; Dare Devil, hero of two Chester Cups and a Northumberland Plate ; and several other good winners. To every one of the above Ravensbury was giving a lot of weight, and he won in great style, being ridden by Barker, who is chiefly known as a steeplechase jockey.

Quite flat is the Manchester Course, with no gradients whatever, and naturally in the Cup races there must be a considerable amount of easing-up round the turns. The run-in, however, is about a thousand yards, and dead-level, so that stamina is quite as requisite here as it is elsewhere, and more so than at Chester, for instance. Several steeplechase meetings are held during the winter months, and as a general rule these are well supported by Irish-trained horses. No doubt the executive make it worth while for owners to send nags from the Curragh and elsewhere to run at Manchester ; and in the flat-racing season it often occurs that some of the most valuable prizes go to the sister isle. Of the several cross-country fixtures held at New Barns, the Easter Meeting is the most important, for its programme includes the Lancashire Handicap Steeplechase of three miles and a half, worth £2,000, and a hurdle-race worth half that amount, besides other valuable prizes. The Lancashire Steeplechase yields in importance only to the Grand National, and it is invariably productive of a large field, composed of the best-class cross-country horses in training. All the same, the race does not take so much winning as the Grand National, and, especially if the going be good, speed is more served than great jumping ability and excessive stamina. The fences are much lower and more easily

negotiated than those at Aintree, and a speedy hurdle-racer, who would probably have come to grief over the Liverpool Course, has before now been known to win the prize.

Before another year has passed the Manchester Races will be removed to a new scene of action, the old course having been taken over by the Ship Canal Company. The new course is laid out at Castle Irwell, and will be as easily reached as that at New Barns. How it will fare as to going and mist time alone can show, but as concerns outlay and forethought nothing has been spared to bring both course and stands up to date, the architectural duties having been placed in the hands of Messrs. Manning, of Newmarket.

Gosforth Park is, without exception, the finest enclosed course in the kingdom; and were it only situated in the London district it would probably be the most popular racing-place of the day. It is, however, not far short of 300 miles from the Metropolis, and very nearly six miles from the town of Newcastle-on-Tyne; and to make matters worse, the nearest railway station is a mile and a half from the stands. From a sporting point of view it has always been successful, but it took over the old Newcastle meetings, which had been formerly held on the Newcastle Town Moor, about the same distance from the centre of the town as is the Doncaster Racecourse. Newcastle Races were the rivals of York and Doncaster in the North, and the sport shown was of quite as good class. In earlier days the Newcastle Cup, in connection with which Beeswing, Dr. Syntax, and X Y Z are familiar names, was the principal event; but in 1833 the Northumberland Plate was instituted, and since then there has been no more popular race run north of the Trent, the Doncaster St. Leger alone excepted. Why the Newcastle-on-Tyne Town Moor—a good course with one sharp turn, which might easily have been improved—was vacated by the then executive I never knew; but some eighteen years ago the Gosforth Park Estate of about 800 acres was acquired, and the three meetings—Spring, Summer, and Autumn—removed there. Owing to a large capital having been sunk (the company had acquired far more land than was necessary for the laying down of a racecourse), the



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PLAN OF THE NEW COURSE

(Plan kindly supplied by Messrs. W. C. and A. S. Manning.)

new venture hardly paid its way at first, but all the difficulties have long since been overcome, and the Gosforth Park Company is now a prosperous, dividend-paying concern. Its course is a magnificent one; both the round course of a mile and three-quarters and the straight mile are of great width, and as the stands are nicely placed above them, a splendid view of the racing is always possible. The club stand and private boxes were formed from the old house, and the public stands are joined on. What was once a pleasure garden was turned into a spacious paddock, in which are situated the business rooms—weighing-room, jockeys' dressing-rooms, Press-room, etc.—of the company. From Newcastle-on-Tyne the drive is pleasant enough, as the old North Road over the Town Moor and through the village of Gosforth is taken. No slums are passed through as at Manchester, and the "going" is so sound that the Newcastle cabs perform the journey in little over half an hour. At the park gates a turn is made, and inside the road winds through a splendid grove of rhododendrons which extends right up to the paddock. The racecourse stands high with fine views and a southerly aspect, and the turf is old and sound except the first two furlongs of the new mile, which were laid down (they are sound enough now) when the company acquired the property. The course has not the scenic properties of Goodwood; but it is managed on the club system, and has all the advantages of the modern style combined with such a wonderful course. There is so much space too everywhere, and if one avoids the passage behind the stands, no crowding whatever, even on a Northumberland Plate day, when about 50,000 people visit the park.

The Spring Meeting is held on Easter Monday and Tuesday, and is chiefly of local interest, with a majority of runners drawn from the Northern training stables. The Summer Meeting, of three days, takes place towards the end of June, but unfortunately this meeting nowadays is invariably opposed by something nearly as good in the South of England. It very often clashes with two days of Windsor and one day of Sandown, and occasionally it has

fallen in the Bibury Club and Stockbridge week. Anyhow, it never has even one of its three days to itself; and this is a somewhat serious matter for Gosforth Park, as the railway journey from London to Newcastle-on-Tyne is only a matter of six hours now, and were there no opposition easier of access, the Northumberland Plate would draw a far greater number of Southern race-goers than it does. Another drawback to the date is that the London season is still in progress, and from this cause many owners and their friends are often absentees, though they may send horses to the meeting. I have often thought that an early autumn meeting should do well at Gosforth, instead of the present fixture late in October. The last-named, like the Spring Meeting, is only a local affair; but a meeting held in August, when the Northern Circuit is in full swing, and when many of the owners are already located in the North for the shooting, would surely be a success. At the time of year it would be an easy matter to procure Newmarket and other Southern-trained horses, as Redcar, Stockton, and York do; and it seems a pity that while we have a month of Northern racing in August and early September, Gosforth Park, with the finest course of all, should not have a turn. I write "finest course of all" advisedly, for there is no awkward bend close home at Gosforth as there is at Doncaster, and it has a much better mile than is to be found at York, though the round course at the last-named place has few superiors.

The spring programme contains prizes good enough to attract the pick of the Yorkshire-trained horses, and there is always a sprinkling of Southerners as well. The Summer Meeting is a very different affair, with valuable prizes offered on each day. The meeting begins on Tuesday, when the North Derby for three-year-olds is the most important race. The stake is worth about £1,500, the distance a mile and a half, and the race generally attracts several of the best of the second rank of the year. A Biennial for two-year-olds is also run for on this day. On Wednesday the Northumberland Plate is the great attraction, and this race arouses extraordinary local interest. What the Derby is to

Londoners, the St. Leger and Ebor Handicap to Yorkshire folk, the Chester Cup to dwellers in the North-western Midlands, the Northumberland Plate is to the inhabitants of Northumberland and Durham. It is talked of all through the spring and early summer, and the local bookies are all busily employed over it long before the weights make their appearance. In Newcastle-on-Tyne countless "sweeps" are subscribed to and drawn, Northumberland Plate dinners are given, and all business is practically suspended. The mining population are the staunchest supporters of the race. They save up their money in order that they may attend, and though they are not seen in such countless thousands as they used to be when the race was run on the Town Moor, they nevertheless swarm to Gosforth, where I believe they form a larger crowd than has ever been known at a Metropolitan enclosure on even the brightest of bank holidays. When a popular horse or popular colours win they know how to cheer too, and I shall never forget the reception they accorded to Webb and poor Fred Archer when the two, riding Hampton and Glendale respectively, ran home locked together in the Northumberland Plate of 1877. This was one of the tightest fits the race has ever known. Hampton, the ex-selling plater and hurdle-racer, had then about reached the top of his form, but he had to put up the heavy burden of 8 st. 12 lbs., and met the very useful Glendale (by Blair Athol) at a disadvantage of 13 lbs. The last-named, being locally owned, was favourite with the crowd, but Hampton beat him cleverly, as I describe in the chapter on sires. Many famous names may be found in the long list of Northumberland Plate winners, and supreme favourites with the local folk were Underhand, who won three years in succession, and the St. Leger winner Caller Ou, who scored both as a five- and a six-year-old. In 1883 Barcaldine won the race under 9 st. 10 lbs., and this was undoubtedly the greatest performance the Northumberland Plate has known. The mighty Irishman did not start favourite, it being generally thought that he was set an impossible task. He had to give 17 lbs. to a horse named Shrewsbury, who was a representative of good winning

form, and who was looked upon as a certainty by his trainer and friends. However, in the race Barcaldine proved what a wonderful horse he was by an easy two-length victory, and I have not the slightest doubt that he could have won with 10 st. up. The performance, considering that it was achieved in a two-mile handicap, takes very high rank, and I know of nothing which has equalled it during the last twenty years. Of late years class has not been quite so well represented in the Northumberland Plate, but thousand-pound handicaps are now of almost everyday occurrence, and horses are not kept for the race as they once were.

On the last day of the meeting the Seaton Delaval Stakes, worth from £1,000 to £1,500, is a much-coveted two-year-old prize; but it is to be hoped that the recent legislation of the Jockey Club with regard to long-distance running will bring about a reinstatement of the Newcastle Gold Cup, the Gosforth round course being, like Gatwick, exactly suited for a cup contest.

Scottish racing offers few attractions to English owners, trainers, and jockeys; and, except at Ayr in September, few of the average English race-goers attend the meetings. Of course, all of them are much more difficult of access than are Gosforth Park and Carlisle, but a good programme is always issued for Ayr, and several horses are annually sent from Newmarket to the fixture. Edinburgh Races were at one time more important than they are now, but the Gold Cup is still a chief feature of the programme, and the meeting is supported by Lord Rosebery and other Scottish owners who train in England. There is also an enclosure at Hamilton Park, near Glasgow, where meetings are held under both sets of rules; and meetings are held at Paisley, Perth, Kelso, and Lanark. Not many horses are trained in Scotland, but the various Yorkshire stables contribute their supply of runners, and plenty of local interest is everywhere forthcoming.

CHAPTER VIII

TRAINERS, TRAINING GROUNDS, AND JOCKEYS

Smartness of modern trainers—Their various duties—"Placing"—Price of training—Trainer's knowledge as to his horse's chance of winning—Stable lads—Apprentices—Jockeys—Comparison of old-time with present jockeys—Brains necessary—As advisers to stable—Cupidity and its results—Earnings—Handsome retainers—Newmarket as a training quarter—Good and bad years—Typical good year—Reasons why owners train at Newmarket—Notable Newmarket trainers—American trainers at Newmarket—Their wonderful successes—"Doping"—Royal Flush—Gentlemen trainers—Mr. George Lambton—Captain Beatty—Kingsclere—John Porter's winnings in stake money—The Cannons—Danebury—Garlogs—Berkshire and Wiltshire trainers—Sam Darling's classic successes—Kilcock—Galtee More—W. Robinson's handicap successes—The Taylors of Manton—Dorsetshire trainers—Sir Charles Nugent—Mr. George Thursby—Sussex stables—Epsom trainers—The Midlands—Exton Park—Hednesford—Stanton—Royston—Thetford—Mr. Musker's successes with two-year-olds—Northern and Southern rivalry—Elsey of Baumber—Yorkshire training grounds—Malton—William I'Anson—His successes—Self-Sacrifice—Her St. Leger trial—Chittabob—I'Anson's purchases of platters—The best jockeys of the day—As good as their predecessors—Their chief faults—The lesson of Sloan—The American seat—Owners and American jockeys.

THE importance of the part which the trainer plays in racing can scarcely be over-estimated, and if there be any who think that the position he now holds contrasts too strongly with what it was in the time of our racing fore-runners, they will do well to pause and consider how different are the responsibilities, and how much more exacting in many ways are the demands of the day. From one point of view one could divide the trainers into two divisions, those that train at Newmarket forming one of them. It is easy to realise that where so many reside within short distances of one another rivalry in other matters than the training of

horses sets in, and as one consequence Newmarket can challenge the world with its collection of handsome and comfortable residences, to some of which the word sumptuous might almost be applied, with their fine gardens, trim lawns for croquet and lawn-tennis, billiard-rooms, and cellars containing choice vintages. You will not meet with elsewhere a better-groomed set of men, with whom it is quite the ordinary thing to be tall-hatted, frock-coated, kid-gloved, patent-leather-booted, instead of breeched and gaitered. Their wives hold their own in elegance and style, and their children are brought up to appreciate the brighter side of a trainer's career. The stranger to Newmarket is lost in wonderment at the residences of trainers that meet him on all hands as the several roads radiating from the town are traversed. Not one whit less attractive are many of the quarters of other trainers, such as have their homes on the Hampshire or Berkshire downs, for instance; and I have more than one lovely typical country place in my mind's eye as I write, but into the lives of the occupants of these the stress of social competition does not enter.

But, however he may be housed or clothed, and whatever his social aspirations, it is certain that the trainer to be successful must be a well-grounded master of his business. It is pre-eminently one into which it is impossible for the incapable to enter, and we may be sure that the creaseless frock-coats, to which sportive reference has been made, cover stablemen to whom little remains to be taught in the art of bringing horses of varying temperaments and constitutions in the very best fettle to the starting-post. Whoever thinks that because a man likes to live in a state approaching luxury, and to dress according to the fashion, he is merely the "gilded popinjay" of his profession, is likely to fall into grievous error. Whether our trainers live in palaces or humble tenements, they form a very sound and capable body of practitioners. It is not uninteresting to compare their present pecuniary position with that of their predecessors. Not long since Whitewall, Malton, where John Scott trained so many classic winners, was sold, with several cottages, for no more than £1,000. I had visited the spot

shortly before, and considering the tumble-down state of the premises and the fact that training at Malton is not so popular as it used to be, I think very nearly full value was received. In commenting on this sale, a writer in a racing journal observed: "As showing the extraordinary change that has taken place, when in the days of Thormanby, Dundee, Buxton, Student, Liddington, and Lioness Mat Dawson trained privately for Mr. Merry his salary was £250 per annum, and when James Waugh succeeded him a great deal was made of increasing this to £300. The house was of course free, but the trainer had to pay for his own coal. All the cost of fodder was borne by Mr. Merry, the trainer receiving nothing extra per horse for training. His salary was to cover everything. We have now at Newmarket instances of the head lad being paid a salary of £500 per annum, with house, or just double what Mr. Merry gave Mat Dawson for training Derby winners." Mention of Mat Dawson comes in very appositely, for no one better than he could provide an example to illustrate the actual process of change. Whatever salary he was satisfied with from Mr. Merry, we may be sure that, in his later days at Melton House, Exning, and Heath House, nearer Newmarket, he could not do with £300 per annum. He came to Newmarket, and very soon was doing as Newmarket did in his time, though this need not suggest the least extravagance, which was quite out of the clever Scotsman's line. Of him it may safely be said that the trainer's lot was a very different thing when he came into the racing world from what it was when he took leave of it and the greater world together in 1898. And, like others, he very wisely did not object to sharing in the improved state of things.

If getting a long string of horses of all ages ready for their engagements were the sole occupation of a trainer, he would have work enough to do; but a trainer's present-day duties involve much wider responsibility than this, for in a majority of cases the management of the horses in different ownerships in the stable is left to him. Give a man three animals, and tell him that one is to be prepared for the Two Thousand Guineas and Derby, another for the Oaks,

and a third for the Ascot Gold Cup, and his task is simple enough. A good horse is easier to train than a bad one, and it should be no more difficult to train a winner of the Derby than the winner of a Selling Plate. The fact that in times gone by a certain man trained such and such classic winners does not go so very far, for he could not have done it without suitable horses. Had he won the St. Leger with a plater there would be something to crow about. To my thinking these training wonders of the past did no more, though no less, than any capable trainer of to-day would have done with the same opportunity. Let them have full credit for what they did do, but not to the belittlement of their successors now living. Those unacquainted with the life and business of a trainer would be very much enlightened by a day spent in a large training establishment where seventy horses or more are taken charge of. Such owners as Mr. Merry, Lord Falmouth, and the Duke of Westminster in the past, and Captain Machell, Captain Purefoy, Mr. Gilpin in the present, depend but little upon their trainers for advice as to running their horses. The higher the class of racing affected, the less is the "placing" of a horse a matter for consideration, the entering having perforce been done usually before it can be known whether a colt or filly is likely to be of any use on the racecourse. It is when the trainer has a number of the rank and file of our thoroughbreds to deal with that his knowledge of the intricacies of the game comes into play; and with a large proportion of what are called prominent owners of the present day much is necessarily left to the trainer. The absentee owner, with half the world between himself and his horses, is no novelty, whilst a considerable proportion, knowing nothing whatever about horseflesh, are incapable of possessing opinions of the least value. Owners of stables of moderate class, with whom it is everything to get their horses into suitable races where they are not likely to meet with strong opposition, find their time fully taken up with the management of about fifteen horses. What, then, must the responsibilities be of trainers who have four or five times that number, or even more, in their stables? The

work must, of course, be divided, and as a trainer has to be represented by a man as capable as himself, I see nothing excessive in a salary of £500 per annum for a "head lad." Knowledge of the kind required is not to be picked up by mere routine like the management of a branch bank, and on the frequent occasions when the trainer is absent at race meetings the "head lad" is left in sole charge. The responsibility involved justifies liberal remuneration. The calls upon the trainer and those under him made by the typical modern owner are such as to bring about material changes. The trainer often finds himself in the position of host to people accustomed to a high style of living, and a rubbing of the shoulders with that sort of society is bound to leave a mark.

Anyone who has had occasion to come into at all close contact with one or the other of our prominent trainers rarely has cause for anything but congratulation, for a more urbane and hospitable set of men could not be met with. Their constant intercourse with the gently-bred leaves nothing to be desired in their manners, whilst the peculiar battle of life they wage gives them a deep insight into character that prevents them from at all freely forming friendships which they may presently have to renounce. The more sure the trainer is of his man, the more sure is the man of the trainer. I advise everyone to whom the opportunity is offered of spending a day with a trainer to avail himself of it. If it is his first visit he will be considerably enlightened as to the many-sided calls that are made upon the trainer. The racing layman even could not fail to derive pleasure from a mere flying visit to some training stables, for he would come away impressed with a wholesome lesson of brightness, cleanliness, and order. The word dirt is not to be found in the trainer's vocabulary, and, so far from a broom or a bucket being allowed out of its place, that is scarcely permitted to a wisp of straw.

The sum of £2 10s. per week, which may be taken as the standard charge, with variations up and down, may seem a large one to pay for the care and keep of a horse, but it is none too much for the service rendered. If, as so many

performe have to, you have to ask the advice of your trainer at every step as to which horses shall go for which races, some going so far as to leave the whole management in the trainer's hands, surely that is worth something. It is of course to the trainer's interests that he shall win races for desirable clients, but it is no part of his contract that he shall do otherwise than bring his horses to the post as fit for the task in hand as it lies in his power to make them. A man who comes on the Turf prepared to spend several thousands per annum on his amusement, but lacking the experience to enable him to conduct his own affairs, cannot grudge a salary of a few hundreds to a man whose life has been devoted to acquiring the necessary knowledge. Unless his horses are judiciously "placed" he may not win any races at all, though he may own some good animals; and to "place" horses well a trainer must know their capacities within a few pounds, and possess an intimate acquaintance with "Races to Come." With him lies the onus of engaging jockeys, suitable ones often taking a deal of finding, and of seeing to the transit of horses to and from the scene of action, all of which duties the owner would find very irksome and time-consuming did he undertake them himself, supposing him capable of doing so, which by no means goes with the saying.

In the eye of the racing public the trainer is the most prominent person connected with a horse. The owner comes in for the congratulations when the horse wins, but it is the trainer who receives the reverence of the multitude. "Who trains it?" is what is asked when the claims of some horse are put forward, not "Who owns it?" It is the trainer who influences an animal for good or bad, and the racing public, with wits sharpened by years of dearly-bought experience, will at once form an opinion that will not be very wide of the mark as to his capacity for knowingly training a winner of a particular race. It is easily possible to train a winner without knowing it, but that, in the present state of Turf opinion and practice, is the least desirable of accomplishments that a trainer can possess. The thing is to have a prospective winner, and be tolerably sure of it as well. It is rumoured that trainers sometimes bet, in which case it is

as well to be able to make an accurate forecast, and, even if the trainer does not bet, the owner may ; and the disappointment of backing a supposed good thing, and being beaten by a head or a neck, is nothing compared with the aggravation of seeing one's horse canter away with a race unbacked for a shilling because an under-estimate has been formed of the animal's capacities by the trainer. The trainer to whom this sort of thing happens with any frequency soon becomes the laughing-stock of a world keenly on the look-out for such victims.

Apart from the horses in his charge, another responsibility rests upon a trainer which would not occur to the mind of the casual observer. With respect to the number of lads employed, the trainer is much in the position of the proprietor of a large seminary, for the lodging and feeding of the "boys" devolves upon him. It is here that Mrs. Trainer can, and often does, play an important rôle. Stable lads, taken as a whole, are not promising material for the fashioning of silk purses, but this does not deter many a trainer's wife from doing her best, as her husband's representative, to make her charges comfortable and happy. As a school for the acquisition of polite speech a training stable can scarcely be recommended to parents and guardians; but this is not the fault of the trainer, any more than the petty tyrannies which schoolboys practise upon one another are the fault of the school proprietor. The amelioration of the stable boy's moral condition is a slow process due to a lack of desire to be ameliorated. A great step was taken when the Institute was opened at Newmarket, for there, of course, is the greatest aggregation of stable hands, whose staple amusement in the past was loafing in groups in the High Street, hands in pockets, discussing, in the most objectionable language available, the merits or demerits of horses then engaging attention. Some remnants of this pastime remain, and are to be met with on race nights. In dealing with his apprentices the trainer must exercise much patience. The lads know that, as apprentices, they have a certain standing, and impertinent or indolent boys can give much trouble, as many do. The trainer is

debarred from taking the law into his own hands in the shape of a stick, so tact has to be the weapon employed. But for the fortunate fact that lads take a real interest in their charges and aim at a spirit of emulation among themselves, the management of a training stable would be a still more serious affair than it is.

Marching in line with the trainer comes the jockey, whose life is indeed a different one from that of his predecessor of half a century ago. The exigencies of the times have made it so, and there is no reason to suppose that the jockey of to-day rides any the worse because he often lives in elegant rooms and nearly always wears fine clothes. The jockey of the first half of the century, who walked the horse he was to ride many a long mile from meeting to meeting, did so because there was no alternative, and because the need for doing otherwise had not arisen. Time was when the process of "vanning" was regarded as effeminate luxury—because it was an innovation suggesting ease. The jockey who walked thereby kept himself in condition, but it is not on record that he was a healthier person than his representative of to-day living under an improved system of hygiene, or, by reason of his mode of life, a better jockey. Before everything the jockey must have health, which implies a sensible mode of life, and to our jockeys, as a body, must be accorded the merit of leading abstemious, judicious lives. When the borderline of reason is overstepped the fact is at once made apparent by results; and if the career of the successful jockey is one to be envied for the pecuniary reward attached to it, nothing is likely to be more swift and certain than the downfall of one who fails through transgressions of his own. One irrepressible feature that has impressed itself upon owners and trainers ever since racing became a widely-practised sport has been the extreme difficulty of obtaining good jockeys. Match this mare with that stallion, and the chances are that a racing foal will be the result. Anyhow, it happens so often enough to make people persevere in the experiment. But there is no such royal road to producing jockeys. The difference is that the racehorse need not have any brains; the jockey must, if he

is to be of any use. Good hands and the embodiment of strength and stamina within a pigmy frame are of no avail without the brains to utilise them advantageously, and the combination of the separate characteristics that go to make up the great jockey is what constitutes the rarity. A hundred good racehorses appear for every jockey in the first class. There are people who make a living, and a good living, so far as profits go, backing horses, who would not dream of making a bet until they know the jockey that is riding; and the importance of this precaution is becoming more and more recognised by the rank and file of race-goers, although the truth is as old as racing itself. An appreciation of the American and his methods, of course, has much to do with this enlightenment. Of the thousands of lads that are employed in riding horses in their exercise gallops, the proportion that is of any use for race-riding is infinitesimally small, and of these another small proportion again will not be able to do much more than sit on from end to end of a race and not absolutely prevent a horse from winning through sheer incapacity. Even the good jockeys are to be divided into those who ride races merely and those who take deeper interest in the fortunes of stables, and are looked up to by trainers as capable advisers. I am far from suggesting that a jockey should be called upon to assist to this extent, and it should be sufficient that he ride his races to order and to the best advantage. But the natural bent of some men is to observe, and amongst our jockeys are a few who note everything that goes on around them, and are really capable of forming opinions as to the chances of certain horses for given races. They are not many, and their assistance is really valuable. At times when more than one race meeting is in progress on the same day such a jockey would be occasionally in charge of the horses he is to ride at one of them on behalf of the trainer. Thus a good deal of power often falls into the hands of jockeys. As they commonly rise from a lowly state, the development of cupidity must be anticipated, and, with money to be made with greater certainty by foul means than by fair, they require some

watching. It is not stating too much to say that the jockey question is the most serious one of all with which Turf legislators have to deal because of the extreme difficulty of coping with it. Jockeys are paid to ride horses to win if they can, and it does not say much for the code of honour governing the body of jockeys that so much ground for dissatisfaction should exist. It is the old story of putting power into the hands of ignorant and grasping people, and the fault lies with those who give power to those who should be their servants. The jockey is the spoiled child of the Turf, and spoiled children are the same in every walk of life. Step by step the fawning process has culminated in a state of things that is not at all desirable, and the last person to blame is he who takes advantage of a course that is so clearly laid open to him. The reason why jockeys should be watched so closely is that into their hands very fateful issues are placed. Into the minute or two that they are in the saddle are crowded the months, perhaps years, of anxiety of owner and trainer, and all the patient skill of the last-named can be cast to the winds by a few seconds of carelessness on the part of the jockey. But the supply of men between 7 st. and 8 st. possessed of the needful skill and experience is extremely limited, and people think it diplomatic in consequence to put up with this, that, or the other. But such a course is to be deprecated strongly. Jockeys must ride to live, and absence of engagements will quickly bring the most independent to his senses.

For the capable jockey there is, however, no lack of engagements at the present time, and the earnings of such should satisfy the most exacting. Handsome retainers are pressed upon them, though the £5,000 which J. Sloan received from Lord William Beresford for the 1899 season was something very exceptional. But the jockeys in the front rank reckon their incomes by thousands, and it is no rare thing for a mere boy, who in any other walk of life would fill the humblest position, to receive a salary of £1,000 for a season's riding abroad. Some of our jockeys have done so well that they have been able to emulate the most successful of trainers in the magnificence of their

establishments ; and it is quite the regulation thing for those with a taste for hunting to spend the winter in the shires or other favourable district. That a jockey can attain to these things by his ability alone, without deviating by a hair's breadth from the path of probity, we happily have proof ; therefore it is a pity that cause should exist for the suspicion that other courses are at times adopted.

Nearly one-third of the horses that run each year in England are trained at Newmarket, and Newmarket just holds its own with the country training quarters in the matter of stake money won. The place, at the present moment, is not quite so popular with owners as it was a few years ago. By some it is reasonably urged that there are too many horses at Newmarket, and it is a fact that fever among them is more common there than it is at other training quarters ; but I am inclined to think that no training ground in the kingdom is as good as the Limekilns, which affords good going at every season of the year, and is only impossible when frost-bound or covered with snow. Newmarket as a training centre varies in its successes just as much as other training grounds do ; it has its good and its bad years. Sometimes Newmarket-trained horses carry everything before them, as in 1898, when the winners of the Two Thousand Guineas, One Thousand Guineas, Derby, and Oaks were trained there. To Newmarket also went the three £10,000 stakes of that year by the aid of Goletta, Velasquez, and Cyllene, and at Ascot such races as the Gold Vase, Prince of Wales' Stakes, Royal Hunt Cup, Rous Memorial Stakes, and Alexandra Plate, to say nothing of minor events. In handicaps Newmarket-trained horses were successful in the Great Metropolitan, City and Suburban, Stewards' Cup, Goodwood Plate, Brighton Stakes and Cup, Lewes Handicap, Great Ebor Handicap, Great Yorkshire Handicap, Portland Plate, Newmarket October Handicap, Cæsarewitch, Cambridgeshire, Liverpool Spring and Autumn Cups, and Manchester November Handicaps. In the last twenty years Newmarket horses have won the Derby fourteen times, the Oaks seventeen times, the Two Thousand Guineas fifteen times, the One Thousand Guineas seventeen

times, and the St. Leger fifteen times. That as a record speaks eloquently in favour of Newmarket, but at the same time it is only right to mention that a majority of the most successful private breeders send their horses to Newmarket to be trained, whilst, with one or two exceptions, the country stables are dependent on groups of small owners. Newmarket is the fashionable centre, and many an aristocratic owner trains there who might be expected to entrust his horses to a trainer in his own district. With the richest men from all parts of the country concentrating at one spot, that spot may be expected to yield the best results. With most of the racing wealth of the country represented at Newmarket by some horses, where, if not there, should we look for the good ones? Besides the possession of a variety of very fine training grounds, other advantages which the place offers present very strong reasons why Newmarket is likely to hold its own in the future. Then eight race meetings are held there during the year; and an owner can thus combine the two pleasures of seeing his horses at work and attendance at a pleasant first-rate meeting. He can see or hear something of the horses of his friends; he can very often arrange his trials for a race week; and if, as a regular attendant at the meetings, he has a house in or near the town, as is so customarily the case, he can see far more of his horses than he would if they were trained elsewhere in the country; and some owners practically reside there all the year round. The *doyen* of Newmarket—indeed, of all English trainers—was Mr. Matthew Dawson, who died at the end of 1898. If I may say so without invidiousness, I consider the mantle of Matthew Dawson to have fallen upon Richard Marsh, of Egerton House, who trains for the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Wolverton, and others. Marsh has been gradually coming to the front for the past twenty years, and though still a youngish man, he is quite at the top of the tree, and won three Derbys in five years. His establishment at Egerton House, just beyond the July Course on the Cambridge Road, is quite a sumptuous place—perfect in its way—where, one is pleased to know, the “boys” are looked after as well as the horses, and where everything

is thoroughly up to date. I often wonder what one of the old Yorkshire trainers of the early part of the century would say were he to see Egerton House. Marsh belongs to the most thorough class of professional trainers—men who have been brought up to, or have been apprenticed early in life to, racing, and many of whom have gone through the rough routine of stable work, followed by a course of jockeyship, and who have eventually settled down as trainers. Many of the present-day trainers are trainer-bred. To the general public, as apart from the racing public, Marsh is best known as trainer to the Prince of Wales, and for His Royal Highness he has trained (amongst others) Forizel II., Thais, Persimmon, and Diamond Jubilee. With Forizel II. Marsh won the Manchester Cup, the Gold Vase at Ascot, the Goodwood Cup, and other races, with Thais the One Thousand Guineas, with Persimmon the Derby, St. Leger, Ascot Cup, Eclipse Stakes, and Jockey Club Stakes, and with Diamond Jubilee the Two Thousand, Derby, St. Leger, Eclipse Stakes, and Newmarket Stakes, all within the space of six years. This is truly a wonderful record. The Dawsons, the Pecks, the I'Ansons, Sherwoods, Cannons, Jennings, and Days may be quoted; but several others have climbed the ladder from the bottom, and good men have sprung from either class. There is a third class, though a small one, whose success makes it heard of, which springs neither from the stable nor from the family of trainers. This class may be termed trainers by intuition, and a notable member of it, who won more races in 1898 than any other trainer, was not long since a farmer.

Of the older school of Newmarket trainers—but subsequent to the trainer-groom period—John Dawson, of Warren House, and James Ryan, of Green Lodge (Tom Jennings having died in December, 1900), may be mentioned as first-rate exponents of the art, who have scored many successes in the past; and such as James Waugh, Alfred Hayhoe, W. Jarvis, T. Leader may be quoted as men of standing, who have held their own for at least a couple of decades. All mentioned are Newmarket men. Not so ripe in years is George Dawson, who, as the trainer

of Ayrshire, Donovan, Memoir, Amiable, Mrs. Butterwick, etc., and whose stable won £250,000 in stake money in the space of twelve years, stands out as one who has achieved a most remarkable series of successes within a few short years. George Dawson, whose horses were always easy to tell in a paddock, so pronounced was their polish, has lately vacated Heath House (which was secured by the Anglo-American confederacy over which the late Lord William Beresford presided, and for whom the American Huggins acted as trainer), and appears to have given up training. Young Newmarket trainers who have been much to the front of late may be mentioned in Robert Sherwood, John Watson, and Blackwell. The first-named, who succeeded his father, the rider of Wild Dayrell in the Derby of 1855, and latterly a most successful trainer, has won many races in recent years, and so too have Watson and Blackwell. Watson is a son of the late James Watson, of Belle Isle, Richmond (in Yorkshire). He trains almost exclusively for Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, and can boast of having won the Brocklesby Stakes at Lincoln four years in succession. Blackwell made a mark with the ex-selling plater Chaleureux, winner of the Caesarewitch and Manchester November Handicap in 1898, and in 1900 he did very well. Other most capable men are Charles Archer, brother of the late famous jockey; Joseph Cannon, younger brother of Tom Cannon, of Danebury; Thomas Jennings, jun.; John Dawson, jun.; Joseph Enoch, as a general rule good to follow at Redcar and Stockton; C. W. Golding, who since M. Lebaudy's retirement trains exclusively for Sir E. Cassel; Michael Gurry; Percy Peck, who trains for Lord Durham alone; S. Pickering; A. B. Sadler; and Fred Webb, the ex-jockey. In addition there are two of James Waugh's sons—C. Waugh and W. Waugh. George Chaloner has recently acquired a stable full of horses; and Richard Chaloner, who has been a cross-country jockey, has charge of a small string at headquarters. There are also at the moment two Days at Newmarket—F. W. Day, of Australia, who won the Oaks and Cambridgeshire in 1898, with Airs and Graces and Georgic, and Joseph Day. A. Cort is private

trainer to Sir Maurice Fitzgerald; Felix Leach has a good team in charge owned by Mr. H. J. King; and G. Platt has been appointed trainer to Prince Soltykoff in place of Gibbons.

All the above-mentioned men form the native army of Newmarket trainers, but during the last two or three seasons the place has known of vigorous opposition on the part of two or three Americans, who have achieved an extraordinary measure of success. Mention must first be made of Huggins, who in 1898 and 1899 trained for Lord William Beresford and Mr. Lorillard jointly, and in 1900 for Lord William Beresford alone. During the three years Huggins' charges have won 162 races, worth over £87,000, and as regards the number of races won he headed the poll in 1899, and was third in 1900, while in each of these years he was second in order of value of races won. With few exceptions the horses which Huggins trained in 1898 and 1899 were imported from America. They were of all ages, and though there was no gem of the first water among them, such as Caiman, Democrat, Jolly Tar, Sibola (a classic winner), Berzak, and Lutetia may be cited as very useful horses. In his second year in this country Huggins did well with such English-bred ones as Knight of the Thistle and Blacksmith, and in 1900 his two-year-olds were all English-bred, and at the end of the season his stable contained the Derby favourite (for 1901) in Volodyovski, a colt bred by Lady Meux, at Theobalds in Herts, but leased to Lord William Beresford.

Wishard's English career has so far been a most remarkable one. He was in this country for a short time some five or six seasons ago, but only met with a moderate measure of success with the American horses he had brought with him. He sold them all before leaving, and for some years did not return. In 1899, however, he reappeared, and in partnership with W. Duke (also an American) trained fourteen winners of insignificant races. Towards the end of that season the partners were much talked about as very capable men, and in 1900 they quickly made their mark. It should be mentioned that in this year Wishard and Duke trained independently of each other,

and at the end of the season Wishard stood first in the list of winning trainers (as regards the number of races won), with a total of fifty-four successes to his credit. Duke too had trained the winners of thirty-one races, and the most remarkable thing in connection with both trainers is that they bought, generally for very small sums, English-bred platers which appeared to have lost their form, and converted them into handicap winners. Wishard's most notable triumph was with Royal Flush, which horse he purchased for £400 at the Newmarket December sales in 1899. I should mention by the way that Royal Flush was something more than a plater, and in fact he had won many races for Mr. W. F. Lee (now a handicapper), including the Royal Stakes at Epsom. However, the horse was rather lame when brought into the ring, and the upshot was that Wishard secured him much below his real value. During the early spring he ran three times without distinguishing himself, but in the Great Jubilee Handicap he showed signs of revived form by finishing third to Sirenia and Merry Methodist. Five weeks later he won the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot, and he followed up that form by taking the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood under 7 st. 13 lbs., the Sussex Handicap at Brighton under 9 st. 7 lbs., and the Cleveland Handicap at Doncaster with 9 st. 6 lbs. in the saddle. During the same period he was twice beaten when carrying heavy weights; nevertheless his improved form was a constant topic of conversation during the summer months of 1900, and there is no doubt whatever that the horse, in Wishard's hands, was more than a stone better than he had ever been when prepared by an English trainer. With the selling plater Sir Hercules, Wishard was also very successful, and Duke did wonders with Flying Greek, Belamphion, the American Inishfree, and others. It should be added that with one or two exceptions the inmates of both stables—during 1900—were English horses, and the only thoroughbred of really high class in either establishment was the American three-year-old King's Courier, who beat La Roche and Merry Gal in the Doncaster Cup.

How to account for these successes which Wishard and

Duke achieved was a puzzle which agitated the Turf world during the whole of the 1900 season. All sorts of stories were in circulation, one to the effect that electrical appliances were used by the jockeys, another that the horses were given a hypodermic injection before they ran, and a third that a dose of some invigorating stuff was administered internally some time before the race. As regards the electric appliances we may at once dismiss the idea, which was never seriously entertained by any race-goer of ordinary common sense. About the injections, or "doping," as it is called in America, the evidence is not so clear. It is a fact that injections have been given to horses before they ran by English veterinary surgeons, but the cases I really know of took place some years ago, and long before the arrival of the American trainers in this country. That Wishard and Duke adopted the hypodermic system there is no evidence whatever to show, at least as far as I have heard, and I am given to understand that both trainers deny the accusation. As regards stimulants given internally before the race, I need hardly write that the custom is as old as the hills, and that for generations whisky and port wine have been given without stint to horses of roguish proclivities. If, instead of wine or spirits, the American trainers have administered other stimulants which have a better effect, I need only say that this shows their cleverness, but is hardly an offence. "Doping" has been no doubt very common in America, because the authorities in that country have found it necessary to make it illegal, but there never was any law against dosing a horse before he runs, and though the practice is not one which I admire, I must admit that probably it does little or no harm. In all likelihood the truth of the matter is that the American trainers allow nature to have more play than do their English brethren. Rule of thumb is rigidly enforced in some stables, but the American trainer gives his horse any amount of liberty, keeps him much more lightly clothed, and studies the peculiarities of each of his charges. It has probably been noticed that all the American trainers (including Huggins, Wishard, and Duke) have much greater success during the

warm months than when the weather is cold or wet. In the spring of the year very few races are won by the American-trained nags, but as soon as the sun begins to have considerable power the horses all seem to run into form, and I take it that, because they are allowed more fresh air than English-trained horses, and have the sun on their backs for hours every day, their general health improves to an extent which is almost unknown in English stables. When one sees a horse in the paddock with a coat like burnished satin, it is a certainty that a hot stable, constant dressing, heavy clothing, and perhaps a little linseed have brought about the result. The sun and open air have had nothing to do with the condition of the horse's coat, and yet during the summer of 1900 we constantly saw horses trained on the American system walking about a paddock with no clothing and a rather dull coat, and such horses were more than holding their own. At the Kempton May Meeting of that year I saw a horse rolling at the extreme end of the paddock, and I went to see what it was. The horse had no clothing, and the boy in charge was holding him with a long rein. When the horse got up I found it was Egmont, and an hour later he won the Hanworth Park Plate in a canter. He was dull in his coat, and had absolutely none of that bloom one is accustomed to look for, but he was in great form that day.

During the last few years the gentleman trainer of flat-racers has come into evidence, the most prominent of whom is Mr. George Lambton, a brother of the Earl of Durham, and for many seasons a brilliant jockey, both over a country and on the flat. When Mr. Lambton gave up riding he turned to training, and for the past four seasons he has had charge of the horses of, amongst others, Lord Derby, Lord Stanley, and Lord Farquhar. With his professional rivals Mr. Lambton has fairly held his own, as is witnessed by a record of sixty-three races, worth £24,489, achieved by the stable in 1896. At Newmarket Mr. Lambton has a rival in Captain C. Beatty, another experienced amateur race-rider, who took over the string which were trained by the late James Jewitt at Bedford Cottage at his death.

Jewitt, whose name in days to come will be chiefly associated with that grand horse Isinglass, had a successful career of some twenty years, but he fell into wretched health, and could no longer attend to his business. The stable has been a powerful one since Captain Machell went to Newmarket more than thirty years ago, and if Captain Beatty is to maintain the high standard which Bedford Cottage has so long enjoyed, he has no light task before him.

Of country training quarters Kingsclere is without doubt the most famous of the present day, and though Kingsclere means John Porter's establishment, there being no other training establishment in the place, it is nevertheless the one great rival of Newmarket as regards the classic races, though Derby winners in the last ten years have been trained at Beckhampton, in Wiltshire, and at Stanton, in Shropshire. The history of Kingsclere has been very fully set forth in John Porter's own book, and on that book I have no wish to encroach. Porter has been at the head of his profession for many years. His is a stable which flies at the highest game, and classic and good weight-for-age horses are in most years to be found in it. Handicaps are not greatly affected by the Kingsclere establishment, but in recent years a Cæsarewitch and Cambridgeshire have been won, and a fair share of minor events. Selling plates are avoided, and if a Kingsclere horse is entered for one it may be taken as absolutely certain that the intention is to have it sold out of the stable. No attempt will be made to buy it in. This is part and parcel of the policy of Kingsclere, where no horse is kept if he is not up to the stable average of merit. Under such conditions it now and then happens that a plater leaves the stable below its value, a striking instance of this being afforded by Strike-a-Light in 1898. This filly won a selling race at Newmarket in July, was sold for 770 guineas, and before the close of the season she had credited her new owner with a brace of nurseries and a weight-for-age race in which she beat good second-class three-year-olds, the total of her winnings in stake money falling little short of £1,000.

John Porter began training for the late Sir Joseph Hawley in 1863, and up to the end of last year (1900) he had won for his various patrons a total sum of just about £600,000. As nearly as I can ascertain, the record was 961 races of the value of £600,802. This is an enormous sum for one establishment to win, but it must be borne in mind that all Porter's patrons are breeders, and that the stable each year has been recruited with a string of yearlings which have been bred with infinite pains by such professors of the art as the late Duke of Westminster, Lord Alington, and Sir Frederick Johnstone, and which have never been made up for sale. The late Duke of Westminster, who was Porter's chief employer, was the most successful breeder of the last two decades, and it was very seldom that the Eaton yearlings arrived at Kingsclere without there being one or two gems amongst them. From Ormonde to Flying Fox is not a far cry so far as years are concerned, but during that period an endless succession of Eaton-bred winners was forthcoming. The Eaton stud is being maintained by the young Duke of Westminster, though on a somewhat smaller scale. It will in all probability hold its own in years to come. Recently the Duke of Portland and Lord Crewe have joined the stable, and now Porter has in charge some of the produce of the Australian sire Carbine, who has been standing at Welbeck for the last three seasons. What these young Carbines will do has yet to be proved, and as two-year-olds they failed to distinguish themselves, but in Porter's hands they will be allowed time to mature, for the master of Kingsclere is the most patient of trainers, and distinctly averse to hurrying young stock before their frames are set, and while they are still unfurnished.

Kingsclere is situated in Hampshire, some sixty miles from town, and the training gallops are all on down land. In winter, if there is much rain, the ground becomes very holding and spongy; but in the summer, and especially in times of drought, the going is superlatively good. In the same neighbourhood, that is to say within a distance of, say, twenty miles, there are many other training centres, such as Danebury, Lambourn, Chilton, Ogbourne, and Ilsley,

advantage being taken of the stretches of beautiful down land, whose turf affords such splendid going all the year round. Danebury, so long the home of the Cannon family, and, before them, of the Days, has lately been vacated by Tom Cannon and his sons, and taken over by Mr. W. H. Moore, the trainer of Why Not, The Soarer, and Manifesto—all Grand National winners of recent date. Danebury was in its glory some forty years ago, and if it has not been so prolific of winners during more recent times, it has nevertheless turned out a large number of fair performers, to say nothing of such crack jockeys as John Watts, Mornington and Kempton Cannon, W. T. Robinson (now the Foxhill trainer), and others. As a teacher of jockeyship Tom Cannon has been *facile princeps* in our time, but of late the training has been entirely entrusted to Tom Cannon, jun., who now trains at Chattis Hill, some four or five miles from Danebury, and quite close to Garlogs, which is the property and new home of the elder Cannon.

Also in Hampshire is the Grateley stable, presided over by Captain Bewicke, with J. Powney as professional trainer. Captain Bewicke's is only a moderate-sized stable, but it plays a strong hand, and in 1899 won the Lincolnshire Handicap with the Irish-bred General Peace, a son of Galopin and Moira, who is quite one of the best handicap milers of the day. When the Grateley stable brings off a coup—and it generally brings off a good many in the course of the year—the ring infallibly suffers; and a similar remark may be made about Fallon's Netheravon establishment. A “Grateley good thing” is eagerly looked for by the general body of backers, but the stable knows how to keep its own secrets, and a fairly good price is generally secured.

In Berkshire and Wiltshire, more especially the latter county, there are more training establishments than there were some years ago. To give complete details of all these stables would fill a volume, and I must be content with touching lightly upon their features. Taking Berkshire first, F. W. Phillips trains on the downs near Chilton, but the establishment is what is known as a small stable, and only minor events are as a general rule attempted. At

Ilsley (Compton) W. G. Stevens—a brother of the late T. Stevens—presides over a very large establishment, and wins a great number of races. In 1898 W. Stevens sent out twenty-three winners of thirty-one races, and in the previous year he won the Cambridgeshire for Sir William Ingram with Comfrey, a good-looking son of Despair, whose stock have in late years done great things for this stable. Taking one year with another, few trainers meet with more uniform success than Stevens, who is a thorough master of his work, and good to follow when he fancies his horses. Stevens very rarely goes North, but in the smaller handicaps and in selling races at the Southern meetings he is always dangerous. In the neighbourhood of Ilsley J. Lowe, J. Dover, McKie, East, and H. Lukie are also at present located, but the Compton establishment is the great stable of the district, and some two-thirds of the races which are won by Ilsley-trained horses are credited to William Stevens.

At Lambourn, also in Berkshire, no fewer than seven trainers are at present established, and the largest establishment is that of J. F. Peace, who in 1898 sent out thirty winners of forty-four races, and who is especially dangerous at the Lancashire meetings, many of his patrons hailing from the County Palatine. Another Lambourn trainer is Harry Bates, a son of Fred Bates of Middleham, and though comparatively a new beginner, young Bates trained fourteen winners of eighteen races in 1898, and is likely to take a good place among country trainers. J. Chandler, who had charge of that beautiful horse Amphion, is another of the Lambourn trainers, and Hobbs, whose Burnaby won the Cæsarewitch, P. Sherrard, J. Rhodes, and T. Worton now complete the number. Mr. Worton, who made a mark in the Turf world through owning Victor Wild, is quite an amateur, and has only a small stud; he, however, wins races, and that he evidently understands the business is shown by others training with him. At Lambourn many good horses have been trained, and besides Victor Wild and Amphion, Surefoot and Bendigo may be mentioned as big winners of not very remote date. Not far away from Lambourn, near Kingston Warren, where W. Grey

and W. Raisin are in residence, and at Wantage there are no fewer than six trainers, viz. Hornsby, Robson, C. Morton, G. Clement, H. Luke, and W. Stanley. Hornsby presides over a large and very successful stable, and in 1898 was responsible for thirty winners of forty-four races, while Robson had fourteen winners of twenty-three events. H. Luke, who has only a small string, is the ex-jockey who won the Two Thousand Guineas on Petrarch, and is also the father of the light-weight of the same name; and C. Morton was at one time private trainer to the late Mr. George Abington Baird, and has trained a host of good winners in his time. He has just lately acquired a very large stable of valuable horses, and in the future may be expected to do great things for his employers.

At Ogbourne, in Wiltshire, but quite close to Lambourn, are Charles Peck and F. Lynham. The first-named, a son of the late Robert Peck and a brother of Percy Peck, who trains for Lord Durham, has inherited the family talent, and is quickly making a name for himself. In 1898 he trained the winners of eighteen races, and amongst them was Herminius, a rare staying son of Lowland Chief and Herminia, who won the Ascot Stakes and other good races, and who in the spring of 1899 won the Manchester Cup in a hack canter with 8 st. 13 lbs. in the saddle. Herminius, who was bred by Lord Ellesmere, was bought out of a selling race for less than £300 by Mr. John Hammond; and it is a great feather in Charles Peck's cap that with such a cheap horse he should have won two of the greatest long-distance handicaps. Lynham has been training for many years, and curiously enough he had won the Chester Cup for one of his patrons with Uncle Mac (late Northallerton) only a fortnight before his neighbour secured the Manchester Cup. Nor was this Lynham's first taste of Chester sweets (Cheshire cheese would be perhaps more appropriate, with a cheese going to first, second, and third in the race), as he had trained Windsor when that mare won for Sir John Astley in 1881.

I have mentioned Ogbourne first of the Wiltshire training quarters because of its close proximity to several of the Berkshire establishments, but most people would probably

feel inclined to name first Sam Darling, of Beckhampton, near Calne, who within the last three years has won the Two Thousand Guineas and the Derby once and the St. Leger twice, to say nothing of other big stakes. Darling, whose father and grandfather were trainers before him, has done great things with horses bred in Ireland, but imported to this country in their early days. With Kilcock, by the St. Leger winner Kilwarlin, he won a host of good races up to a mile; and during the present decade no trainer has shown us a more perfect specimen of the modern racehorse. Though by no means a big one, and never able to travel beyond a mile, Kilcock has perfect symmetry and quality of a most pronounced description. At first sight he looks light of bone, especially below the knee, but he is not so really, the fact being that his bone is so round as to look smaller than it really is. No racehorse of recent times has come in for more adulation from a paddock crowd, or with greater justice, than Kilcock. But Kilcock in 1895 and 1896 was only a promise of what Beckhampton was to do in the near future; and in 1897 Darling threw down the gauntlet in earnest, and with another Irish-bred one secured the triple crown, to say nothing of the valuable Newmarket Stakes. Whether Galtee More was ever the great horse his many admirers tried to make him out is a point which will never be decided. He won the Middle Park Plate, Two Thousand Guineas, Derby, and Newmarket Stakes with the greatest ease, but he only just scrambled home in front of three very moderate horses in the St. Leger, and in the Cambridgeshire six weeks later he failed to do more than make a fair show under 8 st. 10 lbs. Of him, however, two facts can be fairly urged: firstly, that he was a long way the best of his year; and, secondly, that he was one of the grandest-looking horses of modern times. He had all the size and substance of the best of the Stockwell family, and to this was added such "quality" as is rarely found in so big a horse. In 1898 Darling again won the St. Leger—this time with Wildfowler, an Irish-bred son of Gallinule, who beat the Derby winner Jeddah. Darling is quite at the top of his profession.

At Burbage, in Wilts, H. Braine, who was for many

years head lad to Charles Jousiffe (the trainer of Bendigo and Surefoot), has a fairly large team under his charge ; but a more important Wiltshire establishment is that of W. T. Robinson, at Foxhill, near Lyddington, where there are some of the finest downs in the Southern Counties. Robinson, who for several years was first jockey to Captain Machell, and who rode a brace of St. Leger winners in Kilwarlin and Seabreeze, has only been a trainer for some half-dozen years, but during that time he has been very successful in big handicaps ; and he probably made his name as a trainer more quickly than any of his competitors have done, though in the matter of stake money won he has not yet approached George Dawson's figures. That great horse Clorane, who won the Lincolnshire Handicap with the record weight of 9 st. 4 lbs., was Robinson's first strong card ; and in 1895 he won the Royal Hunt Cup with Mr. Basset's horse, and two months later the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood with Wise Virgin for the same owner. In the following year Clorane took the Lincolnshire Handicap, just referred to, and Winkfield's Pride the Cambridgeshire for the Foxhill stable ; and in 1897 Winkfield's Pride credited the establishment with a second Lincolnshire Handicap, while a year later Foxhill threw a third main in the same race, when it won the first big handicap of the year with Prince Barcaldine. The victory of the last-named was followed by the Jubilee Stakes success of Dinna Forget, who also won the Liverpool Summer Cup in the same year ; and thus it will be seen that during the four years from 1895 to 1898 inclusive Robinson had an extraordinary share of handicap success.

Another Wiltshire establishment is that of Messrs. T. and A. Taylor, at Manton, near Marlborough, and at present some forty thoroughbreds are located at the famous stables, where the late Alec Taylor (father of the present trainers) made so big a mark. Of the many successes of Alec Taylor I need not write much. He trained for the Duke of Beaufort, for Mr. Stirling Crawford and the Duchess of Montrose, and for many other magnates of a bygone generation. He was always famous for turning out stayers, and particularly devoted his attention to long-distance races. Since the death

of the late master of Manton his sons have had no great material to work on, but they have trained an Ascot Cup winner in Love Wisely, who also beat Velasquez for the £10,000 Jockey Club Stakes. At Netheravon (also in Wilts) Fallon presides over a long string, and wins a fair share of races; and in the same neighbourhood George Porter—a son of John Porter, of Kingsclere—has charge of a few horses; while Lewis and McKenna train in the same neighbourhood. Near Wroughton William Leader, E. Craddock, and Clack are located, but the two last-named have more to do with cross-country horses than flat-racers, while Leader trains horses for both branches of the sport, and meets with a fair measure of success.

Training grounds in Dorsetshire are not so numerous as in Berkshire or Wilts, but there is plenty of good down land on the north-eastern side of the county, and near Cranborne two gentlemen trainers—Sir Charles Nugent and Mr. George Thursby—have stables. Sir Charles almost entirely confines his attention to steeplechasing, and with a small string is wonderfully successful. Mr. Thursby, on the other hand, devotes himself to flat-racing, and trains for his father only, riding the horses himself when the weights will allow of his doing so. In 1899 the young amateur brought out only four winners, but they succeeded in winning a dozen races, and Mr. Thursby had no fewer than eleven winning rides, or more than double the number credited to any other amateur knight of the pigskin. Other Dorsetshire trainers are Walters and Mr. Gilpin, both of whom reside near Pimperne. The former has not a large string, and has seldom been heard of of late; but Mr. Gilpin was well to the fore in 1900 with Clarehaven, Eager, Sirenia, and Waterhen, winning amongst other races the Great Jubilee Handicap with Sirenia, the Cæsarewitch with Clarehaven, and the great match against Royal Flush at Hurst Park with Eager.

Training establishments are scattered over all the down lands of Sussex, and a majority of them chiefly devote their attention to cross-country nags, most of the stables being within easy reach of Sandown, Kempton, Hurst Park, Gatwick, Lingfield, Plumpton, Windsor, and other places

which do not involve overnight sojourn on the part of the horses. At Alfriston, on the downs where Gatland used to train—and where Father O'Flynn was prepared for the Grand National—Batho now has charge of Mr. Hare's team, and with such as Hawfinch, Northern Farmer, and Le Blizon the stable has fairly well held its own. Close by, at Jevington, Charles Wood and his son J. Wood have lately built new stables. James Wood has only just commenced, but Clay—a near neighbour of the Woods—has been at Jevington for some years.

At Arundel H. Chandler trains for Mr. Alfred Day, and about Lewes are some seven or eight stables, of which Escott's and Prince's are best known just now, though Escott almost entirely confines himself to chasers. Other Lewes trainers are Fitton, Riste, Butchers, A. Sydney, Parkes, Downes, and Savage, but none of them is much heard of in connection with flat-racing, and at present four out of every five of the Lewes-trained nags are either hurdle-racers or steeplechasers. In the neighbourhood of Findon Halsey had charge of Mr. J. A. Miller's horses until July of 1900, when the stud was dispersed. Since that time Halsey has been a public trainer, and has met with a large measure of success. F. Barratt, H. Spencer, and D. Thirlwell are also Michel Grove or Findon trainers, and of these Barratt is perhaps the best known. All, however, are small stables which go for unimportant races, as are those of Rustell, Burbidge, and Stephen Woodland, in the neighbourhood of Stoughton, at the western end of the county.

No horses are trained in Kent, but Surrey can boast of Epsom, where even now a fair number of horses are trained, though the place has not maintained its early prestige. In the eighteenth century Epsom was the greatest Southern rival of Newmarket as a training centre; but the Downs get dreadfully hard in a hot summer, and with no artificial irrigation possible, it is very difficult to keep horses at work in July and August, unless plenty of rain falls. At present W. Nightingall (South Hatch) has the longest string at Epsom, and this trainer is very successful with platers, and

occasionally wins a good handicap. Then there is Tom Sherwood, whose pretty establishment is situated on the Downs, the gate being just beside the City and Suburban starting-post. Sherwood is a brother of the late Robert Sherwood, and uncle of the present trainer of that name. Another Epsom trainer is Arthur Nightingall, the steeple-chase jockey, and a fourth W. Holt, who wins a good many races in the course of the year, and who has a smart and well-arranged yard hard by the entrance to The Durdans. Another Epsom trainer is C. Whitfield, whose business lies among the platters; and another is Lomas, who has charge of Mr. C. C. Dormer's horses.

Though many steeplechase nags are trained in the Midlands, flat-racing stables are few and far between. At Exton Park, in Rutlandshire, Cole has charge of the horses owned by Lord Penrhyn and Mr. E. C. Clayton, and such as Noble Chieftain and King's Messenger may be quoted as successful Exton horses of recent times. At Bourton-on-the-Hill, in Gloucestershire, ex-jockey White has the establishment which was for many years the residence of the late Edwin Weever, and in Damocles White has possession of a smart colt. Then, again, there are several small stables at Hednesford, near Rugeley, in Staffordshire, where the down lands of Cannock Chase are available for training purposes. Shropshire has one training stable, that of T. Wadlow, at Stanton, near Shifnal. From this place came the Derby winner Sir Hugo, and on the whole it may be urged that Wadlow's is one of the most important of provincial stables. For the late Lord Bradford the Stanton trainer won many races, and though the present peer has not figured largely among winning owners as yet, Wadlow nevertheless turned out eleven winners of twenty races in 1899, the value of which was £5,000.

On the north side of London, Royston, in Hertfordshire, can boast of several stables, but those of Mr. Guy Marsh and Driscoll are mostly in the cross-country line of business, and at present R. G. Sherrard, who used to train at Newmarket a dozen years ago, turns out more winners on the flat than all the others put together.

Essex can be drawn blank as far as flat-racers are concerned, though there are plenty of chasers all over the county; but quite lately a new training ground has been utilised at Rushford, near Thetford, in Norfolk. Here A. J. Gilbert has charge of some twenty thoroughbreds, nearly all of whom were bred by and are owned by Mr. Musker, and during the spring of 1900 quite a sequence of winning two-year-olds was sent out. I have not seen the Thetford gallops, but am told that they are very good, and most certainly no young stable ever commenced in better style. Mr. Musker's present plan seems to be to devote himself to the training and sale, as made racehorses, of two-year-olds. Certainly with 10,500 guineas for Toddington, 15,000 guineas for Princess Melton, and 5,600 guineas for Lord Melton, he made a brilliant start.

Not so many years ago Northern and Southern racing was widely divided, and only occasionally, as in the St. Leger week, were there trials of strength between the two schools. During the first half of the century the Northern-trained horses and Northern jockeys fairly held their own with their Newmarket brethren, and in those times it was very seldom that the St. Leger went South. In fact, the Northern stables won nearly as many Derbys as the Southerners did St. Legers, and there was, of course, tremendous rivalry between the two factions. The advent of the railways altered everything, and now such places as York and Doncaster attract nearly as many Southern as Northern horses, and it is only at the smaller and less important North-country meetings that the Yorkshire horses have the field (practically) to themselves. No one can say that the racing at the really great North-country meetings—Doncaster, York, Manchester, Liverpool, Gosforth Park June Meeting, and Stockton—is one whit worse than it used to be, but Northern training has fallen upon evil days, for the simple reason that nine-tenths of the racing men who derive their incomes from land or commercial enterprise in the North train their horses in the South of England. I have made allusion to this elsewhere, and now devote a few words to the Northern stables as they are to-day.

Perhaps the most prominent of all the Northern stables just now is the comparatively new establishment over which Elsey presides at Baumber, in Lincolnshire, and from a geographical point of view this stable is more in the Midlands than in the North. Elsey only began a few years ago with a few platers, but he gradually increased his string, and his successes have been very marked of late years. In 1898 he turned out thirty-one winners of seventy-five races, worth £4,988, and during the season he won fifteen more races than any other trainer secured. The racing season extends over thirty-six weeks, so that, roughly speaking, Elsey won two races a week during the whole period—a singularly fine average for anyone, but really extraordinary when it is considered that Elsey only took to training in middle life, and had not been brought up in the stables. As a rule the Baumber horses run more on the Northern Circuit and in the Midlands than in the South, but anyhow they are dangerous wherever they go, though as a matter of fact the stable seldom goes for big stakes, and generally confines itself to minor events of every description. At the Northern meetings so many successes have been achieved by Baumber-trained horses during the last four or five years that a long price is very seldom obtainable, and it is a fact that many starting-price bookmakers in the North will take no money for these horses without charging a big commission. In modern racing Elsey's success is in a way without parallel, for though William I'Anson, of Malton, won as many races over a period of several years with a smaller stud, William I'Anson had been bred up to racing, and during his youth had been associated with such celebrities as Blair Athol, Blink Bonny, Caller Ou, and a host of famous horses. Up to the present time no great victories have been scored by Elsey's stable, and so far Lord Edward II., by Enthusiast, has been the best horse which the Baumber stable has sheltered. The colt in question won the most valuable two-year-old prize of his year (the Breeders' Produce Stakes at Sandown Park), and as a three-year-old was placed in the Lincoln Handicap, and again in the Jubilee Stakes,

before winning the Prince's Handicap at the Gatwick Spring Meeting of 1898. He also ran second in the Ascot Gold Cup.

In Yorkshire just now there are some half-dozen training quarters—Malton, Middleham, Richmond, Hambleton, Beverley, and Pontefract to wit—and in addition Mr. Vyner has a private training ground on the Newby Park Estate, near Ripon. Malton and Middleham take the highest rank, but so much of Langton Wold (the Malton training ground) has been enclosed of late years that Middleham is now the better place of the two; and yet neither of them holds its own with Newmarket or the best of the Berkshire, Wiltshire, and Hampshire downs. Indeed, at both Malton and Middleham one is inclined to think more of the past than the present, and unless North-country breeders once more have their horses trained in their own neighbourhood, I see no great future before either place. At present there are half a dozen stables at Malton, sheltering some one hundred and thirty horses, and by far the largest establishment is Highfield House, where William I'Anson (the son of the owner and trainer of *Blair Athol* and *Blink Bonny*) for many years presided over the destinies of about fifty thoroughbreds. He has lately decreased his stable considerably. Highfield House has been lately rebuilt, and the training is now all done at home, I'Anson having ceased for some years to use Langton Wold. Those who have been present at Malton Steeplechases will know the Highfield private training ground, as the steeplechase course is laid out in the same fields. The gallops are very good, and are varied in constitution, there being a long, straight uphill finish as well as a circular track. The going is more like what one finds in a well-kept modern enclosure than the usual downland going, and there is a wide tan gallop parallel with the grass, so that if the latter becomes too hard the horses can have the advantage of a soft track.

In Northern racing Highfield House has played a bold part ever since William I'Anson succeeded his father, and scores of good horses have been trained there. The unfortunate Beauclerc, who won the Middle Park Plate, but who

could not be trained as a three-year-old, still holds the place of chief lord of the harem at the adjoining Blink Bonny stud farm, and since he was to the fore Highfield has known an endless succession of big winners. For Mr. Perkins I'Anson won the Goodwood Cup in two successive years with Dresden China and Madame Du Barry, and afterwards came Roe-hampton, Chislehurst, Breadknife, Castor, Jenny Howlet—who won the Oaks in 1880—Hambledon, Newcourt, Chittabob, Self-Sacrifice, The Baker, and many others who made their mark.

It is I'Anson's opinion that Self-Sacrifice was the best mare which the North country has known for many years, and he even now thinks that she would have won the St. Leger if she had been ridden exactly to orders. Colling was instructed to take up the running at the Red House, so as to avoid any chance of being shut in at the Intake Turn; but his zeal got the better of his discretion, and instead of quietly going to the front, he shot his mare clean away, and went on some half-dozen lengths—or more—in front of his nearest opponent. At a mile and a half he had well won, but the pace he went rode the mare down, and she had nothing left to stall off the challenge of Isinglass when the Derby winner came up. That there was much justification for this opinion of the Malton-trained filly will be understood when I state that Self-Sacrifice won a most extraordinary trial ten days before the St. Leger. She was tried with Newcourt and Shancrotha, of whom the former won two Northumberland Plates, and the latter a brace of Manchester Cups (the second a dead-heat with Red Ensign), and was asked to give Newcourt two years and 18 lbs. This she accomplished cleverly, and I do not know that I ever heard of a three-year-old winning such a handicap trial.

Another good but very unlucky horse who hailed from Highfield not so many years ago was Chittabob, who beat Donovan as a two-year-old in the Whitsuntide Plate at Manchester. This good-looking horse was always mysteriously lame, and at no period of his career was the exact cause of his lameness known. He was lame as a yearling, when the process of breaking was gone through, and ever afterwards

he had to be constantly stopped in his work. Various opinions were of course taken, and while one veterinary surgeon thought the lameness was in the knee, another blamed the shoulder, and a third suggested rheumatic gout. Had it been possible to train Chittabob, no doubt he would have been a great winner. He was very speedy, and was always going from the moment the flag fell, but being invariably short of work he was generally spun out before the winning-post was reached. I remember him looking all over a winner of the St. Leger of his year as the field came to the distance, but the horse was not even half-trained ; and the very fact of his finishing among the leaders, and in front of the Oaks winner L'Abbesse de Jouarre, shows what a great horse he really was. That same night his attendant found him wringing-wet at eleven o'clock, and no doubt the horse was in great pain from his limb trouble, whatever it was. Between the St. Leger of that year and the ten-thousand-pound Lancashire Plate there was an interim of eleven days, and for a week of that period Chittabob was confined to his box. Then he became a little sounder, did two half-speed gallops, and was sent to Manchester. Once more he met more than his match in Donovan, but in running second the unsound and half-trained horse did a wonderful performance, as he had behind him Alicante (who won the Cambridgeshire under 7 st. 12 lbs. a month later), Seabreeze (winner of the St. Leger and Oaks in the previous year), Enthusiast, and other good ones ; and he was only beaten in the last hundred yards, having, as usual, shown a bold front to the distance.

As a judge of horses—and of their value—there are few if any trainers who can give I'Anson a pound. In his time he has secured some of the most extraordinary bargains, and notably he paid only 190 guineas for Breadknife, who, after distinguishing himself greatly both on the racecourse and at the stud, was sold in 1898 to Mr. John Robinson, of the Worksop Manor Stud, for £3,000, the horse being fifteen years old at the time. For Castor, with whom he won the Liverpool Cup, he gave £200, and for Wyneswold, who won a score of second-class races, about the same amount.

Hambledon he claimed for £200 at Leicester, won the York and Doncaster Cups with him, and refused an offer of 3,000 guineas made by the late Duchess of Montrose. For Newcourt, who won for the Highfield establishment the Northumberland Plate, the Manchester Cup, and several other races, he gave £225; and Roehampton, with whom he won the Northamptonshire Stakes, he claimed for £300 out of a selling race at Goodwood. For Prince Rudolph he gave £190, and with him won the Liverpool Spring Cup and the De Trafford Handicap of £1,000 at Manchester. The Docker too he got for an old song from Major Joicey, and though individual cases can be quoted of ex-selling platers who have turned out quite as well—Victor Wild, Chaleureux, and Herminius to wit—it is our opinion that no racing man of the present generation has maintained such a run of lucky deals as William I'Anson. Fancy any one man winning the Northumberland Plate (twice), the Manchester Cup, two Liverpool Cups, York Cup, Doncaster Cup, and the Northamptonshire Stakes with selling platers!

Malton trainers generally affect the Northern Circuit most, and Newcastle-on-Tyne has always been one of I'Anson's happiest hunting grounds. At the Summer Meeting (Gosforth Park) of 1888 he won nine of the twenty races decided on the three days, including all the principal stakes. On Tuesday he took the Stewards' Handicap with Derwentwater, the Ascot Plate with Pickpocket, and the North Derby (£1,800) with Belle Mahone; on Wednesday he won the Northumberland Plate with Matin Bell, the Manchester Plate with Governor, and the St. Oswald Plate with Peacemaker; and on Thursday he won the Seaton Delaval Stakes (£1,044) with Chittabob, the Newcastle Handicap with Bonaparte, and the Thursday Plate with Hawkeye—something like a record. For many years the Highfield establishment used to win from fifty to sixty races, and on one occasion the total of seventy-six races was achieved in a season. In those days I'Anson used to buy yearlings at Doncaster and elsewhere for his patrons, but now most of the owners who train with him breed their own, and since this state of affairs existed the luck has not been so good.

Other Malton trainers are Charles Lund, who trains for Lord Harewood, Major Joicey, and others; Binnie, whose patrons are mostly Scotchmen; Bruckshaw, whose principal patron until quite lately was Lord Decies; William Sanderson, who has recently won a lot of races with the stock of Breadknife; and Tinsley, whose establishment is the smallest of the lot. All the above use Langton Wold for their galloping ground, and all turn out a good proportion of winners, though they seldom come south of the Midlands.

Middleham has known so many changes of late that it is hardly recognisable as the place it was. Fred Bates, who trained so long for Sir Robert Jardine and Mr. Bibby, has retired, and T. Weldon, the trainer-jockey, has taken Tupgill. Bates was always a dangerous man when he fancied one of his charges, and at Ascot for many years he was in the habit of making a big mark. How many Ascot Stakes winners he actually trained I am not quite certain, but he won the race twice with Teviotdale, once with Ishmael, twice with Lord Lorne, and once with Enniskillen, all within the space of fourteen years. Then too Harry Hall and Drislane not long ago went over to the majority, and as a matter of fact the veteran John Osborne and Dobson Peacock are the only Middleham trainers who have been there more than a year or two. John Osborne, who lives at Brecongill, on the south side of Middleham low moor, and overlooking the Coverdale Valley, has been more or less a trainer all his life, for in his early riding days he lived with his father, old John Osborne, and after the decease of the last-named he was in partnership with his brothers Robert and William. Since John Osborne gave up riding in public he has conducted a small stable with marked success, and in 1898, for example, he trained half a dozen winners of eleven races. His trump card was King Crow, who within a few weeks won the Great Northern Handicap, the Manchester Cup, and the Northumberland Plate, and it is a thousand pities that this fine stayer could not afterwards stand training. He ran in the Cæsarewitch, but pulled up very lame. John Osborne is quite of the old school of trainers, but he has nothing to learn from the younger

generation, and considering that costly and fashionably-bred yearlings are unknown at Brecongill, he fairly holds his own.

Dobson Peacock has now the largest stable at Middleham, having succeeded to much of Harry Hall's business. He is a painstaking and capable man, and I never saw a horse turned out in finer condition than his Xury was when Grey Leg just beat him in the City and Suburban in 1894. Peacock's stables are in the town of Middleham, but W. Swann has Spigot Lodge, where Harry Hall lived, on the north side of the low moor, while T. Connor is at Thorngill. W. Ridley also has charge of a small string, and the latest new-comer is Tom Chaloner, the trainer of Marco, who has some half-dozen horses, the property of Mr. Smith Ryland. As a general rule the Middleham training is got through on the low moor, but there is fine going on the high moor, further away from the town, and, as the name suggests, at a higher altitude.

Richmond-trained horses are seldom heard of nowadays, and since the race meetings ceased the moor above the pretty Yorkshire town has been little utilised for training purposes. Thomas Lunn still has charge of a small team, and Latham, the steeplechase jockey, looks after a longish string of cross-country nags, most of whom are owned by Mr. J. Monro Walker. At Bainesse, close by Catterick, Swainstone trains a few home-bred ones for Mr. David Cooper, and at Kirkbank Hall, some few miles from Richmond, Marriner trains privately for Mr. N. H. Scott. Richmond Moor, however, is not requisitioned for Swainstone's or Marriner's horses, and truth to tell Richmond only plays a modest hand in the game of modern racing.

Another old-time Yorkshire training quarter is Hambleton Moor, situated some few miles east of Thirsk, but on the summit of the moorland range, and not in the great plain of York which travellers going North know so well. Since the death of the veteran Tom Green there has only been one stable at Hambleton, that of J. Vasey, which wins in its turn on the Northern Circuit. At one time Green was trainer to the late Lord Durham, and in his day he held his

own with all his Yorkshire rivals. At Pontefract Steel trains for one or two owners; and at Beverley there are half a dozen small stables which provide a moiety of the platers for the Northern meetings. No flat-racers are trained in Northumberland or Durham (though many thoroughbreds are still bred in the last-named county), but Armstrong has a long string at Penrith, in Cumberland, and wins many races in the North, having in 1900 turned out eleven winners of fifteen races, a number which is not quite up to his average. Some few horses are trained in Scotland too, chiefly in the vicinity of Ayr, but their efforts are mainly confined to Scotland and the extreme North of England, and very rarely do any of them win south of the Trent.

JOCKEYS

Whether the best of the jockeys now riding are as good as the Clifts, Arnulls, Chifneys, Buckles, and Robinsons of a hundred years ago, more or less, or as those who were to the fore in the middle of the century, such as Bill Scott, Marson, Butler, and Templeman, is a point which I need not attempt to decide; but it is, and has been for some years past, the fashion to decry present-time jockeys, and to extol nearly every knight of the pigskin of a former generation. I am inclined to think that the riding has not deteriorated among the front rank, but that there are not so many good second-rate jockeys as there were some years ago. Archer may have had more daring and Fordham* more cunning than anyone who is now riding, but it is my opinion that Watts, the Cannons, Madden, and Samuel Loates are just as good as any five who can be mentioned during the last thirty years, and that, at his weight, we have never seen anyone so good as the American jockey Sloan.

* The opinion which Mat Dawson expressed to us was that George Fordham was undoubtedly the best of the jockeys that had come within his knowledge. This relegation of his own apprentice, Fred Archer, to second place was a very eloquent tribute to Fordham. To our representations in favour of Mornington Cannon he replied, "He is what I call a dilettante jockey," a description which is too delightful to be lost. Within a month or so of this conversation Mat Dawson had followed Fordham and Archer to the beyond.—ED.

That there has been a scarcity of good light-weights for long enough cannot be disputed, but the fact is that there are so many welter races nowadays that the light-weight is not so much needed as he was when the handicaps went down to 5 st. 7 lbs., and therefore he has been less in evidence. The Stewards of the Jockey Club have realised the position, hence the new rule providing for at least one apprentices' race per year on all courses where four days' racing are held annually, with exceptions, and the subsequent extension of the 5-lb. allowance to handicaps as well as to selling races. I was glad to see these innovations introduced, for it is pitiful to contemplate that more races are nowadays lost through the incompetence of the light-weights than was the case when the scale was lower. In this connection I have often thought that the weights for some of the two-year-old races in the early spring might well be lowered. As it is, two-year-olds carry 9 st. and 8 st. 11 lbs. in March, and if a Brocklesby winner tries to follow up his success at Northampton or other adjacent meeting he has to put up within 4 lbs. of 10 st., which is, I venture to say, far too heavy a burden for a two-year-old so early in the year. The stewards, and indeed a majority of the Jockey Club, seem anxious to relieve the strain of early two-year-old racing as far as possible, and I would like to suggest to the Turf law-givers that lowering the weights would do nearly as much good as decreasing the value of the stakes. It is an anomaly that five- and six-year-olds should frequently be set to carry less than 7 st. in handicaps, and that horses who are barely two years old in point of actual existence should begin racing with 9 st., with the prospect for the winner of a heavy penalty in its next race.

Now that, in spite of uninformed or only too deliberate opposition, the starting-gate has been introduced, the evil that was so prevalent, of keeping the two-year-olds a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes dancing about at the start with heavy weights on their backs, has disappeared. This was a very serious evil, and the irritation and confusion caused in a young horse's mind by the perpetual starting and pulling up that went on must have gone a long way

towards creating many bad-tempered ones. It must also have been very harmful to their legs.

Whilst considering the present front rank of English jockeys to be as good as any that preceded it, at the same time it cannot be denied that, up to a season or two ago, there was a general tendency on the part of even the most accomplished horsemen to dawdle over their races, and not to run them through. Whether a majority of the jockeys were almost invariably tied down with waiting orders, or whether they one and all rode in their own style, is beside the question. The fact remains that in a great number of races beyond six furlongs in distance there was a disinclination to come through. In really long races the pace—especially if the field was small—was often ridiculously bad, and a horse who had been trained to go two miles was in the actual race hack-cantered for a mile and a half and then let go for the last half-mile. In races run in that fashion stamina was not duly served, and I have often heard owners complain, when their horses were beaten, that there had been no pace until the turn for home was reached. It seemed indeed as if nine out of ten of the foremost jockeys preferred to wait until close home, and then ride a "gallery" finish, and what we might have got to had not Sloan and his American following put in an appearance cannot be conjectured.

That Sloan has taught the English jockeys something is quite evident, because of the altered style of jockeyship since his arrival in this country. The little American is a consummate judge of pace, and if he gets off well he seldom allows himself to get shut in at a critical moment. This being shut in, by the way, is the greatest evil which can come of the waiting system. When ten horses start on a course with a bend in it, and all the jockeys are hanging back waiting on each other, there is almost invariably a closing up when the final rush comes, and very often the horse which could win on its merits is shut in until too late. This is seen every week, and though it may arise in any circumstances, it is generally attributable to the victim having been waited with instead of being sent through.

I am by no means advocating that running should be made with every horse, and that the whole field should go hammer and tongs from start to finish, but I maintain that waiting has been much overdone in recent years, and that the fallacy of it has been exploded by Sloan. The American jockey has had an immense amount of practice with the watch, and most certainly when he first came to this country, in the autumn of 1897, he was a better judge of pace than the average English jockey. I remember seeing Sloan ride at Derby very shortly after his first arrival in this country. He had the mount on Stonebow in the Chaddesden Stakes, for which there were sixteen runners. Stonebow stood at 10 to 1, Ardvourlie being a tremendous favourite, with M. Cannon in the saddle. At the distance Ardvourlie came out pulling double, and immediately afterwards Sloan came with a tremendous rush. He did not quite get up, and was in fact beaten a neck, but he gave Cannon such a shock that the latter was still riding when he was ten lengths past the post—a most unusual occurrence with this jockey, who had clearly not judged the pace so well as Sloan.

William I'Anson, of Malton, was I believe almost the first of the English trainers to recognise Sloan's worth, and this was before Sloan had achieved any great measure of success in this country. I'Anson had a horse named Bavelaw Castle, a very free goer and a hard puller, who had failed once or twice owing to running himself out. When the Malton trainer had formed his opinion about Sloan he put him up on Bavelaw Castle at the Manchester November Meeting of 1897. I'Anson explained the character of the horse, but he never pulled an ounce with Sloan, nor did he come more than a few yards in any of the several false starts which preceded the race. At the finish he won cleverly by a length and a half, but I'Anson, in spite of what Sloan told him, was not satisfied that it was a well-run race. Two days later Sloan rode Bavelaw Castle again over a rather longer course, and this time the trainer told him to make the pace hotter. This Sloan did so well that the Malton horse won in a canter by any number of lengths, and the circumstance suggests that Sloan is not only a good judge of pace, but is

gifted with very fine hands. Indeed, I have seen him win on all sorts of rogues, and no doubt it was delicate handling and mouth-touching on the part of the jockey that caused such as Sea Fog and Galashiels to come out as reformed characters when the American had the leg-up.

Since John Osborne ceased riding we have no jockey of more than early middle-age, and just now Charles Wood is probably the *doyen* of the profession. Wood was an absentee for several seasons, but when he reappeared in 1897 he showed at once that his hand had not forgotten its cunning, and in spite of his long retirement he was third on the winning list of the year, with a total of one hundred and twenty-two wins. In the following season he was first past the post on ninety occasions, but now that he has become Lord Rosebery's trainer he has almost ceased to take chance mounts, and seldom rides except for his own stable. Wood was never quite first-rate, either during his early or his later career; he could hold his own with the front rank, and that was all, though under certain conditions and on courses that he liked he was often seen to the greatest advantage. In old days he used to have a wonderful following at Alexandra Park, and on this particular course I used to think him a pound or two in front of anyone else.

Perhaps the finest jockey now before the public is John Watts,* who learnt his riding from Tom Cannon at Danebury, and who has been well to the front since he won the St. Leger on Ossian for the late Duke of Hamilton in 1883. When this took place Watts was practically unknown; he had tried his luck as a jockey some time before, but had not met with any great amount of success, and but for getting the mount on Ossian he might never have made the name he has. Watts followed up his Ossian success on The Lambkin for the St. Leger of 1884, and he has since won the race on Memoir, La Flêche, and Persimmon. The Derby he has won four times, on Merry Hampton, Sainfoin, Ladas, and Persimmon; the Oaks four times, on

* Since this was in type the retirement of Watts from riding in public has been announced, but we understand from him that he might ride again if his weight kept right.—ED.

Bonny Jean, Miss Jummy, Memoir, and Mrs. Butterwick ; the Two Thousand Guineas twice, on Ladas and Kirkconnel ; and the One Thousand Guineas four times, on Miss Jummy, Semolina, Thais, and Chelandry. In all he has ridden the winners of nineteen classic races, and though he cannot go to scale below 9 st. he maintained a wonderful average. He has an elegant seat and beautiful hands, combined with a good knowledge of pace, and he seldom throws away a race by coming too late. Indeed, if the horse is good enough Watts can always win, and that is a great deal more than can be said for some of the present-day jockeys.

Mornington Cannon at twenty-nine is quite at the head of the profession, though he finds 8 st. 6 lbs. quite as light as he cares to ride. He of course learnt his riding at Danebury under his father, and he has the pretty style of the Cannon family, but is apparently a far stronger jockey than his father was. Cannon's rush is a thing to be watched and admired, and at fairly "lifting" a horse in on the very post he has at present no rival. To me he seems to get more out of a horse than do most of the present-time jockeys; but, curiously enough, nearly all his greatest victories—victories in which jockeyship has been an all-important factor in the result—have been obtained in minor races, and he has by no means won more than his share of the classic events. He won the St. Leger on Throstle in 1894, but he never was successful in the Two Thousand or Derby until he won on Flying Fox, and in 1900 he won the Oaks for the first time on La Roche. He has never ridden a winner of the One Thousand Guineas. In 1894 and the three following years he headed the list of winning jockeys, but in 1898 he had to put up with third place to Madden and T. Loates, each of whom had over two hundred mounts more than he had. Cannon's fault, which, however, has disappeared very much of late, is that he is too fond of waiting behind, and too averse to setting the pace. A year or two ago it was a most unusual thing to see him near the front in any race until the distance-post was passed ; but of late he has often played a forcing game, and no doubt this policy will tell

in the long-run. A very fine horseman and a very bold rider is Cannon, and on the Epsom Course he always shines, having no fear of the dangerous Tattenham Corner. At the start in sprint races he is second to none.

H. O. ("Otto") Madden, who is a few months older than Cannon, was born in Germany, and only made his first appearance as a jockey in 1891. In that year he rode four winners, and in the following year he had the same total, while in 1893 the number was increased to seven, and in 1894 to eleven. Madden was then a light-weight and little known; but in 1895 he got a great deal of riding, and at the end of the season had amassed the respectable total of fifty-five wins. In the two following years he showed consistent improvement, and in 1897 he came out at the head of the poll, having had one hundred and sixty-one successful rides, or eighteen more than T. Loates, who held second place. Madden can go to scale at about 7 st. 5 lbs., so that he gets an enormous amount of riding, and he can now fairly claim to be one of the best half-dozen English jockeys. He is a most determined finisher, and as bold as a lion. He will dash for an opening apparently without the slightest thought of fear, and most certainly his Oaks victory on Musa was entirely due to the push he made when he saw that Corposant was in trouble. It is this fund of resource which has really brought Madden so quickly to the front. He won the Derby on Jeddah in 1898.

The brothers Sam and Tom Loates* are very good, and indeed if it came to a question of whether Watts, Cannon, Madden, S. Loates, or T. Loates were really the best, each one of the five would probably have as many admirers as the others. Sam Loates is thirty-eight years old and T. Loates three years younger, and both have been riding since they were old enough to be entrusted with a horse. Sam rode Harvester when he ran a dead-heat with St. Gatien in the Derby, and he also won the Blue Ribbon on Lord Rosebery's Sir Visto. The Two Thousand has

* As Tom Loates definitely retired from public riding towards the close of the flat-racing season of 1900, my references to him must be considered as dealing with the past.

so far been denied him, but he won the One Thousand on Nun Nicer and Winifreda, the Oaks on La Sagesse, and the St. Leger on Sir Visto, and for many years he has been among the leading half-dozen at the end of the season. T. Loates has been more fortunate in the classic events than his brother. He won the Derby on Donovan and again on Isinglass, the St. Leger on Isinglass, the Two Thousand Guineas on Isinglass and St. Frusquin, and the One Thousand Guineas on Siffleuse. I have seen him ride many fine races, and have always thought that he was never seen to greater advantage than when on St. Frusquin he just failed to beat Persimmon in the Derby. In the Princess of Wales' Stakes at Newmarket he rode a very fine race on the same horse. It will perhaps be remembered that as the leaders in that race came to the crest of the hill, about one hundred and fifty yards below the judge's box, Persimmon, St. Frusquin, and Regret were as nearly level as possible. All three jockeys were sitting still, and all three horses were going well, when suddenly Loates shot St. Frusquin out, with the result that he instantly secured an advantage of half a length. It was then a case of Watts, Loates, and Cannon all riding their hardest, but St. Frusquin exactly maintained his advantage, and I have always thought that the victory was not so much due to the horse's superiority as to the fact that Loates got first run.

The brothers Loates are wonderfully wide-awake jockeys. They not only know exactly how their own horses are going every time they ride, but they can afterwards tell what all the others were doing, who were lucky and who the reverse, and if any particular horse who ought to have won was beaten they always seem to know the reason, and can describe the circumstances which led to the defeat. This power of observation, which is by no means common in jockeys, was likewise possessed by Charles ("Ben") Loates, the retired brother of Tom and Sam. In races with the redoubtable Sloan the brothers Loates have played very important parts. First it was Tommy who managed to beat the American on the post, and when he dropped out Sammy took up the running with a vengeance. No more en-

thusiastic scene has ever been witnessed on a racecourse than on the occasion of a match at Gatwick (it was for but £100 a side), in which Sam got the best of Sloan by a neck. This was the forerunner of many similar finishes, though it has not always been Loates who has come off best. However clever the jockey, he cannot win without the horse; which remark of course applies to American and English jockeys alike.

Allsopp, Rickaby, and T. Weldon are jockeys who ride very well. Allsopp is famous for his quick beginnings, and has ridden a Derby winner in Sir Hugo, but he is not too strong. With the inside position in a short-distance race on a round course like Northampton and Chester he is always very dangerous, but in 1900 he had far fewer mounts than formerly, and appeared to have lost much of his form. Rickaby, who has all Lord Durham's riding, scales some pounds over 8 st., and is a very determined horseman. He has not quite the polished style of some of the others, but his average is generally a good one, and he shines on a circular course, where he rides as if there were no such things as posts at the turns. Weldon rides more in the North and Midlands than at Newmarket, Epsom, or Ascot, and lately he has been very successful with the horses trained in Elsey's stable. He is distinctly above the average, and a strong finisher, who in style reminds one of the late Fred Archer. Finlay, who has been more associated with Malton than Newmarket—though he now rides more in the South than formerly—is fair second class, as is another Northern jockey, Seth Chandley. W. Bradford, who as an apprentice was the best horse in the stable of Tom Jennings, jun., and who won the Oaks on Amiable, Limasol, and Airs and Graces, and the One Thousand Guineas on Amiable, has gone up in weight, and is practically out of the running. For the jockey who puts on weight chances of distinction do not often present themselves, and a fine horseman who suffers under this disadvantage is F. Pratt, nephew of the late Fred Archer, who finds it impossible to ride under 9 st.

Whether the English Turf needed a fillip or not, it certainly got it at the instance of the American jockeys, who

may now be regarded as a settled institution with us. When, in the autumn of 1897, Sloan made his appearance at Newmarket, primarily to ride the horses owned jointly by Mr. Pierre Lorillard and the late Lord William Beresford, small could have been the suspicion of the tremendous revulsion in the way of race-riding in England which he was inaugurating. That Sloan won races was at first regarded as a benevolent freak of Providence; for who, taking the accepted English seat as the model of perfection, could do justice to the racehorse in the monkey-on-a-stick attitude assumed by the American? How, in that position, could he get anything out of his horse, how keep it straight, and how use the whip? But whilst people continued to argue out the theory of the thing, Sloan kept on winning, and not always on the most likely of mounts, the attempt to show that his success was due to horses being kept for him, and mounts picked, not coming very well out of the ordeal of comparison with facts. No doubt he had his fair share of armchair rides, but what jockey in the front rank is denied these? As a contrast he had a far larger proportion than anyone else of quite unexpected successes, and during the brief season he was here he rode in fifty-three races, in which he scored twenty firsts, nine seconds, and six thirds—thirty-five times placed to eighteen times unplaced. The following year Sloan again rode in England in the autumn only, but he rode many more times, his record being ninety-eight races, and his score forty-three firsts, twenty-one seconds, and seven thirds—seventy-one times placed to twenty-seven times unplaced. If his mounts were being picked for him and the horses kept, one must at least accord an extraordinary measure of skill and astuteness to those responsible for the picking. It could not strike one as otherwise than remarkable, however, if such successful preparation of winners were feasible, that it had not been discovered before, and that the advent of Sloan had been awaited for its full development. Nothing is more likely than that Sloan rode winners who, properly ridden, were "morals" for those particular races; but the trouble with trainers had been to get jockeys to ride them properly, or, at the least, to ride them to orders. Sloan's art consisted

simply in riding the horse to win—by how much he did not care. First past the post was his idea of winning, and he preferred ten lengths to a short head. English jockeys had taught us to think that they considered a win by more than a head as something very inartistic, and unworthy of anyone in the first class. Sloan wins by a head and even less at times, but that is when he is not able to win by more. It was a sad disillusionment to see a little man lying along his horse's neck in a position in which, according to ideas evolved from the experience of generations, he could not "help" his mount in the least, continually sailing away in front of his field. "Wait till he uses his whip," they cried; and they waited a long time, for it was rarely that Sloan wanted to—he won so easily without it. People did not then recognise that an important factor in Sloan's successes was a common-sense practice of letting his mounts go, within reason, when they wanted to, the ability to do this with the proper discretion being conferred by a fine knowledge of pace. Then he has fine hands, and no jockey that ever lived could give him a pound in readiness to take advantage of every circumstance arising in a race, in adapting himself to what the others are doing, and to the peculiarities of a course. All these things we know now; two years ago people were hard to convince. There were some who believed in him, however, and they included those who employed him to ride their horses, much to their benefit. People who had spent their lives and earned their living on the racecourse began to say, "There is something in it," though precisely what they could not define. The small punters did not attempt to discover. Results were quite good enough for them, and they went for Sloan to a man. When Sloan electrified us by winning five races off the reel at the Newmarket First October of 1898 the starting-price men fairly yelped, and for the remainder of that season they paid Sloan the compliment of charging a commission of from five to ten per cent. on his winning mounts.

When it became known that Sloan would ride in England throughout the season of 1899 the cry was, "Now we shall see what he can do when he has to take mounts as they

come instead of having them picked for him!" (In the series of five successes mentioned he had got home such hopeless things as Landrail, Libra, and Galashiels, on whom no one else could win before or afterwards.) Well, he came in 1899, and this was his record: Three hundred and forty-five races, one hundred and eight firsts, sixty-three seconds, and forty thirds—two hundred and eleven times placed to one hundred and thirty-four times unplaced. Huggins' stable was in great form, but much of the success achieved may fairly be attributed to Sloan.

Had Sloan been the sole representative of the best American jockeys to come to England (indifferent ones we had seen before), his appearance would have been regarded much as that of a comet, occurring at the rarest intervals. He would not have been associated with a system or school; and had any circumstance arisen to prevent his coming for a fourth season, Turf history would have dealt with him as a remarkable incident in racing, and he would have been alluded to as in the world of cricket is a mighty batsman or all-conquering bowler of past days. But other American jockeys came to learn of the Tom Tiddler's ground that was awaiting capable riders; and during 1899 J. H. Martin and the brothers L. and J. Reiff materially helped Sloan in maintaining a comparison between English and American methods of race-riding which, as the truth must be told, was by no means to the advantage of the English. Save amongst the hardest of the hard-headed, the fact was admitted that, unorthodox according to English ideas though the American system undoubtedly is, there is very much to commend in it. We have not yet unreservedly adopted the forward position of the saddle, the shortened stirrup-leather, and the crouching attitude, but we are on the way to do so, boys being taught to ride that way, whilst several matured jockeys have adapted themselves more or less to American notions. Nothing was more remarkable in the racing season of 1900 than the unequivocal way in which Kempton Cannon placed himself in the front rank of jockeys, and if this was not in a measure due to his adoption of the American seat the coincidence is very remarkable.

Like ourselves, the Americans sustained a sudden awakening in the matter of riding, only it did not come about in the public manner that has been the case in England. The lesson was learned in private, and the instructors were some Indians, who won trials on practically whichever horses they rode. It did not matter how bad they had been proved to be previously, the Indians won on them against white jockeys riding proven better horses. The American mind, being unprejudiced by tradition, quickly grasped the situation, and hence we have the evolution of Sloan and his compeers. Given the faculty to perceive and the sense to adopt, and the thing looks delightfully simple. I take it that what was learnt from the Indian was the peculiar attitude, or seat, which causes the jockey to become almost part and parcel of the horse as he lies along his neck with his hands close to the animal's ears. In this position he offers the least resistance to atmospheric pressure, which as a force to be circumvented scarcely entered into the calculations of the old-time trainer and jockey. That a little atmospheric pressure more or less would make any difference to so powerful and heavy an animal as a horse does not seem feasible, but the thing is easily demonstrable when we consider that horses travel at thirty-five miles an hour, more or less. At this pace the resistance may be roughly set down at 5 lbs. per square foot, and if a jockey gets rid of this amount of resistance by screening himself behind his horse's neck he is practically lightening his burden by 5 lbs. And what cannot 5 lbs. do on the saddle, other things being equal? The riding of the bicycle should have imparted much practical instruction in this direction, and it would be difficult to apportion, by means of weight, the difference in resistance met by a cyclist sitting upright and one stooping over the handles. Put 5 lbs. too much on a horse's saddle and men will bet thousands against him. They have had to learn that pounds weight and pounds atmospheric resistance are convertible. It is not everyone who is physically fitted to take full advantage of the crouching attitude, and the most perfect—one might say quite perfect—exponent of it we have hitherto seen is J. Sloan.

But the crouching attitude alone will not account for the extraordinary success of American jockeys, who must be accorded the possession of brains and of a simple desire to get their mount near the front at the finish of every race. This has by no means been accomplished by a system of making every post a winning-post without regard to circumstances, when they are favourable (as in the Chester Cup of 1900, in which Sloan rode Roughside, the winner), but we see the Americans ride quite as many winning waiting races as anyone. They possess more active brains than the average English riding-boy bred in the stable, and, with everything else equal, this is a sufficient advantage. But other things are not equal, and for the present the American jockey possesses an immense advantage. It is not surprising that owners and trainers who have grasped the situation should prefer so safe a pilot for their carefully prepared good things to those on whom so little dependence can be placed. The arrival of the Americans is one of the best things that could have occurred for the English Turf; and as the steady stream of new arrivals from across the Atlantic shows that the stay is to be a permanent one, English jockeys must try to realise what is the only way in which they can hope to hold their own.

The close of the season for 1900 found an American jockey, Lester Reiff, at the head of the winning list, and his position was the more meritorious because his 143 wins were the result of 553 mounts, whereas S. Loates' 137 successes were the outcome of 809 rides.

CHAPTER IX.

BREEDING

Uncertainty of breeding thoroughbreds—Unaccountable barrenness in mares—Proportion of foals to mares—Half-bred foals more hardy—Practice of early stinting—The result of two-year-old racing—Noted two-year-old winners—Four-figure yearlings—A big lottery—The prizes—La Flêche, Doncaster, and St. Simon—Table of the failures—Wealthy owners the cause of high prices—How they go to work at sales—No yearling worth more than 1,000 guineas—Fashionable blood—The figure system condemned—Bargains in ready-made racehorses—Good ones bought out of Selling Plates—Dispersal of big studs and private sales.

IT is acknowledged that breeders of thoroughbred stock, more especially public breeders (*i.e.* breeders for sale), obtain less satisfactory results, in point of numbers, than do breeders of hunters, hackneys, or those who deal with any description of half-bred equine stock. A Yorkshire farmer who stints half a dozen mares every year to the local thoroughbred stallion, with a view to selling the produce at four years old as hunters, is disappointed if he has not four or five young horses to dispose of at the right time; but the owner of a stud devoted solely to the thoroughbred does well if two of every three foals can be sent to the trainer when eighteen months old, or, in the case of a public breeder, to the hammer a few months earlier. That thoroughbred mares are more often barren than half-bred ones seems to be the case, and the pages of a stud book tell us that many mares who were capable of winning races when in training turn out dismal failures at the stud. It sometimes happens that merit in the mare lies dormant for a generation; and the daughter of a famous mare occasionally gives birth to a filly foal who, though of no value herself for winning races, becomes in time the dam of one or more good winners.

Then there are the hopelessly barren mares and shy breeders—those who are barren about three years out of five—and we may take it that both classes are more frequently met with amongst thoroughbreds than in other varieties of equine stock. I remember a good-looking black mare, aged seven years, being put up to auction at Cheltenham about the year 1870. She was in the stud book, had run as a two-year-old, and had afterwards been sent to the stud. She was barren for three years, however, and her owner determined to get rid of her. She was knocked down for nineteen guineas to a hunting man, and in his hands she won several steeple-chases, besides being hunted for a couple of seasons with the Ledbury Hounds. She then broke down, and was stinted to a cart-horse, then to a thoroughbred again, and lastly to a pony. Still she never bred, yet veterinary surgeons could find nothing wrong with her, and were quite unable to account for her continued barrenness.

The proportion of thoroughbred mares that foal every year is rather over two-thirds of the number at the stud. In some years the average is considerably higher than in others, this being probably accounted for by the greater propitiousness of the weather during the breeding season. Thus, in 1896, 3,304 foals were returned to be entered in the stud-book, while the names of 1,287 mares were sent in as being barren in that year. In 1895 the living foals were 3,231, and the barren mares 1,327; in 1894 the living foals 3,231, and the barren mares 1,410; and in 1893 the living foals 3,275, and the barren mares 1,412. The figures for the four years—a sufficiently lengthy period to provide a reliable average—show that the odds are but slightly over 2 to 1 on any mare breeding a living foal. The mares that slip their foals have also to be taken into account, and, roughly speaking, this happens to about 150 of the 4,500 which are annually stinted.

There are no statistics concerning half-bred stock which can be used for purposes of comparison, but the average half-bred mare, if not put to the stud too late in life, is a more regular breeder than the average thoroughbred, and as a general rule her produce are hardier and stronger, and



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less liable to succumb to the ordinary ills which young horse-flesh is prone to. Important considerations are that amongst half-breds the time of foaling is later, and that both mare and foal live a more natural existence than do their better-bred neighbours. As a rule the thoroughbred foal is necessarily born during the first three months of the year; the half-bred in May, June, or even July. Thus the thoroughbred spends the greater part of his early days under cover, while its dam must perforce be fed on dry food. The half-bred, on the other hand, is generally foaled out of doors, and in weather that is usually genial. The dam, while giving her foal milk, has the benefit of the young grasses, and the colt itself is able to run about from morning to night.

Whether the system of stinting mares so early in the year is a good one is open to grave doubt, but so long as the age of thoroughbreds dates from the 1st of January, and two-year-olds can win as much money as is now possible, so long will it be deemed incumbent on breeders to bring them to hand as soon as possible, and this can only be done by causing them to be foaled very early in the year. Public breeders are the greatest offenders, if the term may be used, for, with few exceptions, all the yearlings, bred expressly for sale, are submitted to auction during the two Newmarket July Meetings, or at Doncaster in the early days of September; and it is the object of the public breeder to send his youngsters into the ring as big as possible. Now, in order to have a yearling really big at eighteen months old or less it must be forced, and it is this unnatural forcing which causes so many of the best-bred and best-looking of public yearlings to turn out failures on the racecourse. Year after year one sees yearling colts sent into the ring nearer 16 than 15 hands high, and fillies half a hand less, whereas had these youngsters been brought up less artificially they would certainly have averaged nearly a hand less in height at that period of their existence. In addition to being overgrown in the matter of inches, many of them have been fed on soft food until they are far too fat, and thus their worst points are often completely hidden. One can hardly blame the breeders, who are of course anxious

to obtain the best possible interest on their invested capital, and who, if their yearlings are not ready for Newmarket or Doncaster, probably miss their market altogether.

As things now are, two-year-old racing is practised on the first day and on almost every subsequent day of the flat-racing season ; and in the very first week of racing, which is the last week of March, such valuable prizes as the Brocklesby Stakes at Lincoln and the Molyneux and Sefton Park Plates at Liverpool have been on offer. In every programme, from the first to the last week of the racing year, two-year-olds are catered for, in many instances with great liberality ; thus there is every temptation to the racehorse-owner to run his young stock early, and try to recoup the cost of its rearing or purchase as soon as possible. Of course there are some men who are content to wait and who will not have their young stock forced, either by the stud groom or by the trainer, but this class of owner is very scarce, and in a large majority of cases the possessor of a young racehorse, whether he has bought or bred the youngster, wishes for a return of his outlay at the earliest possible opportunity. It seems to me, then, that the system under which stakes for two-year-olds are offered in such profusion is more to blame than the breeder for the forcing of blood stock which at present exists ; but without reform of the most sweeping character the system cannot be altered, for if two-year-olds were not allowed to run until, say, the 1st of August, as is the custom in France, it would be impossible to fill the programmes of the first four months of the racing season as meetings are at present arranged. If clerks of the course did succeed in filling their cards without the two-year-olds, we should have the same platers running day after day, and after a while there would be a great falling off in the size of the fields. There is in my opinion only one way in which the Turf could continue to flourish without two-year-old racing in the first half of the season, and that is by establishing prizes for four-year-olds equal in value to the existing three-year-old prizes, and by enacting that no two-year-old prize between the 1st of August and the end of November should be worth more than £500. The

inevitable upshot would be that the value of yearlings would deteriorate at first, but many owners of good-looking but backward colts and fillies would not let them run until they were three years old.

In suggesting this I am merely putting a case, for I know very well that such drastic reform is quite impossible. There are too many vested interests to be considered, and no doubt many would go so far as to exclaim, "After all what does it matter how many young horses are ruined by being put into training too early?" But the question is too great to be thus shelved, and it is of the highest importance to consider why it is that so many well-bred youngsters never realise their yearling expectations, and why so few good horses nowadays last beyond their second season, ridiculous as it may seem. Early forcing as yearlings and too much work as two-year-olds are the reasons, and a few recent examples of many that could be cited will not be out of place. There is *The Bard*, who won fourteen races as a two-year-old without knowing defeat. As a three-year-old he ran on very few occasions, and as a four-year-old was not seen on a racecourse at all. *Donovan* was another great two-year-old winner. Though beaten twice, he put together a tremendous score; still, his racing career finished with the end of his second season. *St. Frusquin* began as a two-year-old in May, and won five races out of six that year, finishing up a winner at the *Houghton Meeting*. A year later he won the *Column Produce Stakes*, the *Two Thousand Guineas*, was beaten in the *Derby*, and then won the *Prince of Wales' Stakes* at *Newmarket*, and the *Eclipse Stakes* at *Sandown*. He broke down when in training for the *St. Leger*, and never ran again.

High-class horses that do not run after they are three years old, even though they be sound when taken out of training, are not of such value for the stud as they would have been had they continued to win races in their third or fourth season. This statement is not affected by the fact that a three-year-old who distinguishes himself greatly at that age can always be sold for more than he is really worth, but in such cases he as often as not goes abroad,

and many English breeders fight very shy of a sire who did not run after his three-year-old days, and who probably never won over a distance of ground. Public breeders did not take very kindly to Common, in spite of the fact that he won all three classic races, and their judgment has been proved correct, for so far this son of Isonomy has not been a great stud success, although in 1898 Nun Nicer won the One Thousand Guineas, and his progeny accounted for the sum of £10,000 in stakes in that year, and since then Osbech has been a big winner.

“Four-figure” yearlings have been plentiful enough during the last twenty years, and very few of them ever get the money back that was paid for them at auction. Of course there have been exceptions to prove the rule, and of these there never was a better bargain than La Flêche, who cost the late Baron Hirsch 5,500 guineas at the 1890 sale of the Queen’s yearlings at Hampton Court, and won, amongst other races, the One Thousand Guineas, the Oaks, the St. Leger, the Lancashire Plate of £10,000, the Cambridgeshire, and the Liverpool Autumn Cup. This wonderful mare reached the record price for a brood mare, she having been sold to Sir Tatton Sykes for 12,600 guineas at the dispersal of Baron Hirsch’s stud in 1896. Another famous horse that went through the sale ring as a yearling was Doncaster, where, under the name of “All Heart and No Peel,” he was bought by the late Mr. Merry for 900 guineas. His principal victories were gained in the Derby and the Ascot Cup, and even if I admit that he was not exactly a great horse he has been the chief upholder of the Stockwell line of Birdcatcher, having sired Bend Or (the sire of Ormonde), who at the present day is represented by such horses as Kendal, Bona Vista, Martagon, Orvieto, Flying Fox, and many more whose sons and daughters are winning races every week. St. Simon was sold for something under £2,000 at auction, and his sire, Galopin, as stated elsewhere, cost the late Prince Batthyany but 520 guineas when a yearling, while Memoir and Mimi were also sale-ring bargains.

It would be possible to prolong the list very considerably,



LA FLECHE IN THE SALE RING

even if one did not take heed of the handicap horses and platters who have been sold cheaply as yearlings and afterwards won good races. Nevertheless, the balance is severely against the sale-ring yearlings, one very important factor in bringing about this result being that a large majority of the great races are won by home-bred horses, that only a small proportion of "four-figure" yearlings recoup the initial outlay of their purchaser in stake money. To prove this assertion by figures is easy, and in the following table I have gone over the sales for a period of ten years—1883 to 1892—a period which enabled me to give the complete racing careers of all the animals affected.

Year.	No. of Yearlings.	Cost at Auction.	Stakes Won.
1883	11	15,800 gs.	£6,486
1884	21	34,500 ,,	6,600
1885	20	39,200 ,,	15,950
1886	16	23,120 ,,	4,100
1887	21	31,350 ,,	11,238
1888	26	42,270 ,,	31,304
1889	41	73,850 ,,	34,126
1890	58	99,730 ,,	64,477
1891	37	57,520 ,,	21,319
1892	26	45,300 ,,	7,737
	277	462,640 gs.	£203,337

Thus the 277 yearlings that were sold for 1,000 guineas and upwards each won amongst them in stake money considerably less than half what was paid for them as yearlings, yet the list includes the large winnings of *La Flêche*, *Mimi*, and *Memoir*; so that it cannot be said that bad years for the public breeders have been chosen. Not that the case looks any better by taking more recent years as examples.

The buying of yearlings at auction is without doubt a great lottery, but it is a lottery in which there are occasionally good prizes; and when a new aspirant to Turf honours can draw a *La Flêche* or a *Mimi*, as was done not many years ago, his boldness is well rewarded. The occasional

occurrence of these big prizes tempts moneyed men to continue to patronise the lottery, and if one or two particular sires happen to be doing remarkably well their stock fetch far beyond their intrinsic value. The competition for the stock of a fashionable sire is no new thing, and it has by no means had its day ; but far better, as a general rule, is it to buy the produce of a mare who has already bred winners, whether the sire be fashionable or not, for the stud-book shows that some mares will throw winners to any and every horse they are sent to, while others—often good performers themselves—are sent to the most expensive sires of the day, only to produce failures. Some nine or ten years ago the craze for expensive yearlings was at its height, and I have seen youngsters, who to all intents and purposes were of no value for racing purposes, reach four figures more than once merely because they were by one of the two or three crack sires of the day. Curby hocks, ring-bone, incipient spavins, straight forelegs, and every other variety of limb unsoundness seemed to be of no account if the breeding was consonant with the craze of the moment ; and this it is that makes the table on page 273 such bad reading. About that time I saw a colt-foal in October by St. Simon out of a mare that had bred a winner. He was a nice-topped colt, but a glance at his legs revealed the fact that he was never likely to stand training, yet £2,000 had been offered for him, and in the following July at the Newmarket sales he brought several hundreds more. That colt never ran, nor have I ever heard of him as a sire. Not long since a St. Simon colt was put up at a Metropolitan meeting without eliciting a bid of 10 guineas even, and St. Simon's stud fee is said to be 600 guineas.

In these times many wealthy men become recruits to the Turf with the laudable desire of winning the big races, and so long as these come into competition for the best blood the sale ring is bound to succeed. The new owner, with the money burning in his pockets, and probably trained to the belief that money can accomplish anything, cannot wait until he has bred a good horse ; and though the sale of ready-made racehorses has assumed larger proportions than formerly, the yearling sales present to him his only chance

of picking up what he wants. He probably knows little or nothing about horses, and very possibly has decided to employ a young trainer who has yet to make his mark; and, though he may have the form at his finger-ends, and even possess a superficial acquaintance with the stud book, curbs and spavins are mysteries of which he has no knowledge, and a good-topped horse will probably fill his eye, while if he looks further, it will be without the aid of that practical experience which is a *sine qua non* for a successful purchaser of any kind of horseflesh.

His next proceeding is to go to Doncaster or Newmarket in a sale week, and then, if he is determined to invest a certain amount, the rest of the business practically lies with his trainer, probably a painstaking and conscientious man, who does his best to ensure success. He looks over the yearlings, makes his choice, and advises his new patron that one is worth 2,000, another 1,000, and a third 500 guineas, as the case may be. The two lay their plans accordingly, and the trainer bids on a fixed limit. No. 1 tops their limit, and they lose it; No. 2 does ditto, or else does not secure a bid of half the amount, and the trainer being suspicious that there may be something wrong which he has not noticed, ceases bidding. Owner and young trainer are both a little ruffled by this time, and by some misunderstanding they miss the one they had set at 500 guineas, and find that all their plans have come undone. A hurried consultation and hasty reference to the catalogue ensue, and when the sale is over probably a couple have been purchased, about which they have made no inquiries and which they had probably not looked over at all. The speculation, which it is purely, may turn out a good one; but the probability is that the animals bought are totally different from what was originally wanted, and very likely are not worth their keep.

This is no imaginative scene, for it is to be witnessed at every big sale, almost in exact counterpart. In such cases it is difficult to blame the trainer if his zeal slightly overpowers his discretion. He is anxious to fill his boxes, and no doubt very desirous of winning races for his new patron,

whilst at the same time lacking the experience and cool judgment and patience of an older head.

Taking figures as a basis, no yearling racehorse is worth more than £1,000, because the figures show that only about two in every five sold for that amount and upwards ever recover the purchase money. There is, however, always an artificial value for the sort that are the fashion of the moment; thus anything out of the dam of a very recent big winner, or by one of the fashionable sires, is almost certain to top the four figures, so long as he or she is passable-looking in the ring. Public breeders naturally try to hit the fancy of the moment, and those with the greatest amount of capital succeed, while those who cannot afford a big outlay in stud fees, or who do not give much for their brood mares, often come out with a very bad average. A dozen years ago the Blankney stud yearlings used to command the most money, but after a while owners got tired of the stock of Hermit, and everyone wanted something by Galopin, or his sons St. Simon and St. Serf. Then the Sledmere stud came to the fore and other establishments in a lesser degree. Even more latterly Kendal has been all the rage, owing to the successes of Galtee More, and we hear in consequence a deal about the Bruntwood stud* and the young Kendals, who, by the way, up to the moment have by no means realised expectations formed about them.

It is best in the long-run to put aside all or very nearly all prejudice in buying yearlings. Year after year sires that have been little heard of, who were not remarkable in their running days, and who were not standing at a fashionable stud, by sheer merit assert themselves.

Such a one was Wisdom, unknown and neglected in his early days, but he forced himself to the front by a constant succession of winners, which culminated with Sir Hugo, one of the handsomest big horses that have won the Derby

* The Bruntwood stud has since been removed to Howbury Hall, Bedfordshire, where the late Robert Peck had a stud during the last few years of his life. The stallion strength of the stud has been added to by the purchase of the Australian sire Patron, for 4,100 guineas; and Janissary, sire of the Derby winner Jeddah, the property of Mr. Peck, has also been taken over.



KENDAL

in the last two decades. Despair can also be quoted as an average performer of anything but fashionable blood, but nearly all of his stock can win races, though so far none of them have attained to "classic" honours. On the other hand, certain sires, certain strains of blood, and even certain studs receive what seems like an undue proportion of attention in the Press, in the critical columns as well as in those devoted to advertisement, and the latest thing we are being told is that So-and-so is sure to race because his "figures" are good. But figures cannot avail much if make, shape, and constitution are lacking, nor if the same fault or faults are observable in both sire and dam. I had some thought of criticising this "figure system" theory; but never seriously taken up by breeders, it is already a dead letter, succumbing through sheer inanition.

Various causes lead to the great competition which has been in existence for some years past for yearlings at auctions. For instance, an owner of experience who has enjoyed a large measure of success is seen to be bidding, and that is quite enough to start the millionaire. "There's So-and-So bidding," he says to himself. "If it's good enough for him to buy it's good enough for me." Possibly the experienced owner may never have seen the animal before, and may be bidding for a friend. Again, though it will hardly be credited, the biddings are sometimes prompted by jealousy. There was quite a notorious case some years ago, when a young turfite invested thousands in yearlings merely because he was determined that someone else should not have them. The cleverest bidders, as a rule, are trainers of standing, and when they buy on their own account a beginner would do well to keep an eye on their purchases, and if he finds out that they have not been bought for someone else, offer him a profit on his bargains. But it has always to be borne in mind that many trainers entertain a good deal more prejudice than I think advisable. One has a liking for a certain strain of blood which has done him a good turn in the past, and is tempted to buy when he sees something of the same strain offered. Another has had a bad horse, or a bad-tempered one by a certain sire,

and he decides never to own one of that "brute's" produce again; while a third apprises that all the stock of — are roarers, because he has had a roarer by that particular sire.

On the whole, the best auction bargains are to be picked up when ready-made racehorses are submitted—either as Selling Plate winners, or at such sales as those now held annually at Newmarket in December. Of course selling platers are, as a rule, fit to run in nothing but Selling Plates, and it takes a first-rate judge all his time to make this particular form of racing pay. It is in a great degree the particular business of the professional owner who has served an apprenticeship to racing and has made Selling Plates his particular study. This kind of racing cannot be made to pay except through the medium of the betting book, and, because directly encouraging gambling, selling plating is the least satisfactory form of racing and likely to benefit few in the long-run beyond the various race funds, some of which draw a large portion of their incomes from this particular class of race.

It sometimes happens that really good horses begin their career in Selling Plates, and a shrewd judge can at times buy or claim for a few hundreds a horse that is able to win good handicaps later on. Hampton was bought out of a selling race at Moulsey Hurst (hence his name), and afterwards won the Goodwood Cup, the Northumberland Plate under 8 st. 12 lbs., and a host of other races, besides proving to be one of the most successful stud horses of modern times. Victor Wild was bought for 350 guineas at Alexandra Park, and won two Kempton Park Great Jubilee Stakes and a Royal Hunt Cup. Clwyd ran in several Selling Plates before he became the property of the late Colonel North, and he won the Prince Edward Handicap at Manchester twice and the Jubilee Stakes in 1897. Newcourt was bought by William I'Anson, of Malton, out of a Selling Plate, and amongst other races he won the Northumberland Plate twice and the Lewes Handicap. Another instance is that of Chaleureux, who won the Cæsarewitch in 1898, and quite lately King's Messenger, bought for 1,000 guineas at Good-



VICTOR WILD

wood, has since won the Great Metropolitan twice and the Goodwood Cup.

It is, however, at the dispersal of big studs that the nuggets are most often found. Good handicap horses in December are often sold for a few hundred pounds, and in the following year turn out to be worth as many thousands. In December, 1896, a patron of Waugh's stable gave 1,300 guineas for Piety, and in the following May won the Manchester Cup (worth £1,887) with him. Only a few weeks before Mr. "Jersey" gave 360 guineas for Brayhead, who in the following year won the Liverpool Cup and other races. And in December, 1897, the Duke of Portland disposed of Airs and Graces—who ran second for the One Thousand and afterwards won the Oaks—for 470 guineas. At the same sale Mr. Newton bought Clipstone for 630 guineas, and the horse won two valuable handicaps in the following spring; and other bargains secured at the same time were Marius II., bought by Mr. C. D. Rose for 1,050 guineas, and Carhaix, purchased by the Duke of Devonshire for 660 guineas. That it is better policy to give five or six hundred pounds for a ready-made racehorse than four times the amount for an untried yearling is sound common sense; but, strange to say, the high-priced yearlings go far beyond the intrinsic value of the average, whilst the ready-made racehorses, if there is no reserve, are sold cheap. The high price of the yearling is to be accounted for by the laudable anxiety to possess a "classic" winner, who is not to be met with in the ready-made horse, with the rarest exceptions, some of which are cited below.

Private sales are by no means so common as sales by auction; still a good many horses—some valuable and some the reverse—change hands every year by private contract, but as there is of course no record of such sales, it is not an easy matter to give illustrations of what has been good for the buyer, or the reverse. The story is told every week how Lord George Bentinck, sick at heart of racing, in a moment of despondency sold his entire stud for £10,000, and how Crucifix the next year won the Derby. But the normal lines of the Turf do not run in such grooves as this.

John Porter sold Sainfoin, whom he owned in partnership with Sir Robert Jardine, to Sir James Miller for £7,000, and the colt promptly won the Derby for his new owner. In this case the purchase was a good one, for to win the Derby ought to be the height of every racehorse-owner's ambition ; but the horse reached his full value, his form after the Derby having been most moderate, and so far he has done little at the stud. For Childwick Sir J. Blundell Maple gave 6,000 guineas privately, and the colt won the Cæsarewitch, and is meeting with a fair measure of success at the stud.

CHAPTER X

LINES OF BLOOD

Evolution of the English thoroughbred—The origin from the East—Arabs, Barbs, Turks, and Persians—Wonderful increase in size—Stamina greater in Eastern breeds—Speed a modern development—Stayers more numerous than suspected—Four-mile heats *v.* sprints—The limit of pedigrees—The descent of Eclipse goes back to Eastern sires—Their mating with native mares—Royal mares—Table showing pedigree of Eclipse—Inbreeding—Lord D'Arcy's importations—Noted descendants of Eclipse—The Birdcatcher line—Isonomy—Isinglass—Janissary—The Stockwell line—Blair Athol—Ormonde, Orme, and Goldfinch—Kendal and Ormonde—Which was the better?—Their private trial—Galtee More well sold for £20,000—Handsomest thoroughbred of modern times—Melton—Line of Camel—The Newminster family—Hermit—His extraordinary stud career—Characteristics of his get—Hermit mares as breeders—The Hampton family—Bought out of a Selling Race—His great race for the Northumberland Plate—Some of his descendants—The Touchstone line—Line of Tramp—His ancestors and descendants—A line to be encouraged—Line of Blacklock—The best staying family of to-day—King Fergus—Hambletonian—Whitelock—The St. Simon-Galopin family out of a £3 mare—Descriptions of Blacklock—Voltigeur—Galopin—St. Simon—The St. Simons as galloping machines—St. Simon's career—Ormonde or St. Simon the better horse?—Persimmon—Coupled with Harkaway as the horse of the century—Line of Herod—Four celebrated lines of descendants—Line of Godolphin—Matchem to Barcaldine—West Australian—The pick of England—Winning stock of Barcaldine.

THE DARLEY ARABIAN

THE LINE OF SIR HERCULES

WE can be tolerably certain that "running horses" were held in high esteem in this country as far back as the ninth century. Whether the horse was indigenous to Britain, or was imported hither from France, is still a debatable point after all that has been written; but everything that can be traced bears witness to the fact that in no other country in the world, with the possible exception of Arabia, has the horse been regarded with such respect, or affection, one might almost say, as in England. For the past two hundred and fifty years generation after generation of horse lovers has devoted its best energies

to improving the breed, and the way this improvement has been brought about forms the most interesting and profitable study to which the breeder of thoroughbreds can devote himself. It is not by mere haphazard chance that we have gone on improving the racehorse since, say, the time when public racing came into existence in the reign of James I. until the present day, when our best strains of blood are in demand all the world over, wherever the breeding of the thoroughbred is scientifically understood. The French, German, and all other Continental breeds, as well as the American and Australian racehorses, are all bred from English strains, and this English blood was in the first instance obtained by crossing the mares of Great Britain with sires imported from the East.

Although the modern Arabian horse cannot live with the English thoroughbred, his ancestors were the original founders of our breed, and it is to them that we owe the present standard of excellence. The pedigree of every thoroughbred horse in this country can be traced back to strain after strain of Eastern blood, the stud book showing the names of no fewer than one hundred and seventy-four Eastern sires, eighty-nine of whom have been classified as Arabians, forty-seven as Barbs, thirty-two as Turkish horses, four as Persian, and two as "foreign horses," *i.e.* horses that could not be more definitely classified. The importation of all of these dates from the reign of James I.; and although a very large proportion did not do much for posterity, amongst them were a few gems that are responsible for the thoroughbred of to-day.

A very interesting development has been the marked increase in size that has taken place. The imported Arab was usually some 14 hands high, occasionally an inch or two higher, but seldom above 14 h. 2 in. Whereas nowadays the average thoroughbred horse is seldom less than 16 hands at maturity, the height of the mare being about 1½ inches less. No doubt climate is mainly responsible for this increase, for over the greater part of Northern Europe the horse is on an average about two hands higher than the animal indigenous to warmer countries, such as the Arabian, the Barb, or the Mustang. So excellent an authority as

the late Matthew Dawson considered it to be demonstrable that within the experience of living persons the size of the racehorse has increased in this country.

Stamina, or staying power, is greater in the Eastern horse than in the breeds indigenous to any other country, and no doubt this quality, where it is shown to exist—as in our cup horses—is derived from their Arab ancestors. In recent times, however, speed rather than stamina seems to have been the desideratum of the racehorse-owner; and though the breeder may be doing his best to breed a combination of the two qualities (which would be absolute perfection), his hopes are often frustrated, not from any failure in breeding, but because the horse he has bred goes into a stable where long-distance racing is looked upon as a thing of the past, and where a speedy miler is more thought of than a cup horse. Of all the changes which have gradually come about in the sport there is none more marked than this sacrifice of all other qualities to speed. With not more than one racehorse in every ten is the attempt made to develop a stayer; the other nine are trained and tried over the short course, and if found fast enough to win five-furlong races are entered for such and backed accordingly. As it is some of the few stayers we have, had to "find themselves out," or, in other words, by some accidental display of form to reveal the fact that they were likely to stay, and on the strength of that form have been given a chance. That many of the well-known five- and six-furlong horses would stay if they had been trained with that object in the first instance I have little doubt; but the constant practice, begun in their yearling days, of being jumped off at speed and pushed along as hard as they can go over a short course, induces them to cease to persevere directly they feel distressed, and nothing but a very exceptional horse can travel at its top speed for much more than half a mile. Yet numbers of sprint—*i.e.* five-furlong—horses have turned out to be high-class hurdle-racers when five or six years old. Numerous instances could be cited, beginning with Chandos, perhaps as good a hurdle-racer as ever carried silk, and it must be borne in mind that no hurdle-race is run over less than two miles of ground, and that there are eight hurdles to be jumped on the journey.

Up to the middle of the nineteenth century four-mile heats were common at every country race meeting, and horses had to race twelve, sixteen, and sometimes twenty miles in a single afternoon. I have no desire to go back to the old system, which overdid the thing altogether, and was almost cruel in its severity; but we have now reached the opposite extreme, and about half the young horses which come into training every year are never asked to go further than a mile in their two or three seasons of racing. Many of them too are condemned as non-stayers because they cannot win a five- or six-furlong race, but I believe it to be the case that a large proportion of these horses are "choked" in attempting to win over a short cut, and would develop into stayers—according to their class—if they were trained differently, and not hustled off their legs every time they are galloped in earnest. Here is an incident which shows that a lack of mere speed is not a bar to winning races. Not long since a certain owner had three or four useful steeplechase nags, with which he won several races in the Midlands. A friend came for a few days' hunting and brought with his hunters a thoroughbred pony, which was too small for racing purposes and did duty as covert hack. One morning, while the chasers were doing a "school," the visitor rode the pony, which was a capital jumper, round the course, and that evening chaffed his host about the slowness of his horses—which by the way had won seventeen races during the preceding three months. The upshot of the chaff was that the visitor matched his pony to run the horse which was admittedly the best of the team, three races, viz. half a mile on the flat, a mile on the flat, and two miles over the steeplechase course—best two out of three. There was no occasion for the third race of the series, for the pony won the half-mile and repeated the dose at a mile; and yet the horse he beat won a fair-class handicap steeplechase under 11 st. 4 lbs. only a week later.

It is common enough to hear a trainer with good horses under his charge exclaim, *à propos* of some non-stayer who has made running for two-thirds of the distance in a short race and then retired beaten, "Oh, that can beat anything I've got for half a mile, but cannot go an inch further."

These "half-milers" are not necessarily bad horses because they cannot go any further at the pace, and some of them, if trained differently, are capable of winning long races.

A study of the early volumes of the *Stud Book* reveals the fact that no pedigree can be traced back more than about two hundred years, and that, except in the case of a horse by an imported sire out of an imported mare, many of the earlier ancestors of any and every thoroughbred are lost in obscurity. By way of example let us take the famous Eclipse, who was never beaten in his running days, and from whom—as will be shown later on—a large majority of the great horses of the present day are directly descended. Eclipse, in direct tail male, was the great-great-grandson of the Darley Arabian, and of course in this direction his pedigree ends with the most famous of all the imported sires. His great-great-grandsire was Bartlett's Childers by the Darley Arabian out of Betty Leedes, and Betty Leedes was by Old Careless out of Sister to Leedes by the Leedes Arabian (imported) out of a daughter of Spanker and Spanker's dam. Here in this direction the pedigree ends, as far as tabulated particulars are concerned,* but according to the *Stud Book* (vol. i.) Spanker was by the D'Arcy Yellow Turk (imported) out of Lord Fairfax's Morocco Barb—Bold Peg, an Arabian mare.

Old Careless, the sire of Betty Leedes, was by this same Spanker out of a Barb mare, and therefore from his great-grandsire (Bartlett's Childers) Eclipse can be traced to imported Eastern horses quite clearly. We now go back to Eclipse's grandsire, Squirt, who was out of Sister to Old Country Wench, who was by Snake out of Grey Wilkes by Hautboy, her dam Miss D'Arcy's Pet mare, whose sire is unknown, but who was the daughter of a Sedbury Royal mare. Very likely the Pet mare was by an imported Eastern or the son of such a sire, but none of the old records give the name, and thus the pedigree of Eclipse is incomplete in its sixth remove. Then Snake—so called because he was bitten by some venomous animal, and could not be trained—was by The Lister Turk out of a daughter of Hautboy; but we do not know now how this daughter of Hautboy was

* See the *Horsebreeders' Handbook*, by JOSEPH OSBORNE ("Beacon").

bred, thus there are two blanks in the second top remove of Eclipse's pedigree. Hautboy was by the D'Arcy White Turk out of a "Royal" mare; and here I may mention that the names of two "Royal" mares occur also in the top remove, and that there is considerable doubt as to what these "Royal" mares really were.

That some of them were originally imported in the reign of Charles II. by order of the King, who sent abroad for the purpose Sir John Fenwick, Master of the Horse, is a well-known fact, but I have never been able to find an exact record of what mares Sir John brought back or what produce they bred. There was no stud book in those days, and it is quite possible that all the brood mares in the King's stud were spoken of as "Royal" mares, and that their female produce were likewise so called. Where an Eastern stallion or the son of an Eastern stallion was used the old pedigrees are clear enough, but with the mares a good deal has to be taken on trust. As a consequence, if we were to follow out the pedigree of Eclipse in all its branches, we should find it impossible to get beyond the sixth or seventh generation with any degree of certainty, and half a dozen times at least we should be stopped by the words "Royal mare."

What seems tolerably clear about these "Royal" mares is that soon after their arrival in this country the King possessed the best breed of running horses in the kingdom, and that at his death, when the stud was dispersed, their possession was eagerly sought by the principal breeders of the day. They went into various hands, and afterwards became known in many cases by the names of their purchasers. Thus, after the fashion of those times, we have the Sedbury Royal mare, the Why Not Royal mare, D'Arcy's Royal mare (dam of Hautboy), and many others in the pedigree of Eclipse; *ergo* in the pedigrees of nearly all our modern racehorses, were it customary to carry them back so far. In order that my readers may see for themselves that the modern thoroughbred can be traced, roughly speaking, to the beginning of the eighteenth century, and no further, I give as an example—and it is the best example that can be given—the pedigree of Eclipse, with (by permission) the remarks of Mr. Joseph Osborne thereon.

PEDIGREE OF ECLIPSE.

ECLIPSE (Chestnut—1664).

		MARSKE (Brown—1750).
SPILETTA (Bay—1749).	Regulus (—1739).	The Ruly mare (—).
Mother Western (—).		
The Montague mare. Smith's Son of Snake. Grey Robinson (1723). Godolphin.	Daughter of Blacklegs (—1725).	Sis. to Old Country W. Bartlett's Children.
Darley Arab.		Was imported by Mr. Darley, brother of Mr. Darley of Buttercrambe (now called Aldby Park), a manor long in the possession of the Darley family, between York and Malton.
Betty Leedes.		Careless by Spanker (D'Arcy Yellow Turk—Old Morocco mare, her dam Old Bald Peg by an Arabian out of a Barb mare)—a <i>Barb mare</i> . Sis. to Leedes by the Leedes Arabian—dau. of Spanker (D'Arcy Yellow Turk)—dau. of the Old Morocco mare—Spanker's dam.
Snake.		The Lister Turk, brought into England in the reign of James II., was purchased by Mr. Lister, and covered in Lincolnshire. Dau. of Hautboy (D'Arcy White Turk—a Royal mare). There is no record of Snake's grandam.
Grey Wilkes.		Hautboy by the D'Arcy White Turk—a <i>Royal mare</i> . Miss D'Arcy's Pet mare—daughter of a <i>Sedbury Royal mare</i> . The name of Pet mare's sire not preserved.
Hutton's Bay Barb.		This Eastern horse was imported about 1720 by Mr. Hutton, of Marske, near Richmond, Yorks, and besides being the sire of Blacklegs, got Black Chance, the best runner of his day at high weights, and many other winners.
Daughter of		Coneyskins by the Lister Turk was a grey horse bred in 1712 by the Duke of Rutland; his further breeding not preserved. The Old Clubfoot mare by Hautboy. The further breeding of this mare (in the stud of Mr. Crofts) has not been preserved.
Bay Bolton (B.—1705).		Grey Hautboy by Hautboy. Further breeding not preserved. Dau. of Makeless (Oglethorpe Arabian, his dam unknown)—dau. of Brimmer (D'Arcy Yellow Turk—Royal mare)—dau. of Diamond (The Helmsley Turk, his dam unknown)—full sis. to Old Merlin by Bustler (son of the Helmsley Turk), of whom nothing further is known.
Daughter of		Fox Cub by Clumsy (Hautboy—Miss D'Arcy's Pet mare)—Charming Jenny by the Leedes A.—dau. of Spanker—the Old Morocco mare. Dau. of Coneyskins (Lister Turk)—Hutton's Grey Barb—Hutton's Royal colt (Helmsley T.—Royal mare)—Byerly Turk—Bustler.
		The Godolphin*—the most celebrated of all the Eastern sires, about whom opinions are divided as to whether he was an Arabian or a Barb, the best judges inclining to the latter belief—was picked up in Paris about 1728 (where it is said he had actually drawn a water-cart) by Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, who gave him to Mr. R. Williams, by whom he was presented to Earl of Godolphin. A brown bay, with some white on off hind heel; about 15 hands. Died 1753.
Bald Galloway (—).		St. Victor's Barb was imported into France by M. St. Victor, from whom he was purchased by Captain Rider, of Whittlebury Forest, Northamptonshire, and attached to his stud. Dau. of Why Not (son of Fenwick Barb)—her dam a <i>Royal mare</i> .
Sis. to Old Country W.		Snake by the Lister Turk—dau. of Hautboy (D'Arcy White Turk—Royal mare). Further breeding not preserved. Grey Wilkes by Hautboy (D'Arcy White Turk—Royal mare)—Miss D'Arcy's Pet mare—dau. of a <i>Sedbury Royal mare</i> .
Snake.		The Lister Turk was brought into England by the Duke of Berwick, from whom he was purchased by Mr. Lister. Dau. of Hautboy (D'Arcy White Turk—Royal mare). There is no record of Snake's grandam.
Daughter of (B.—17—).		Akaster Turk. Dau. of a son of Pulleyne's Arabian—dau. of Brimmer.
Old Montagu (—).		A famous horse in the stud of Lord Montague, of Cowdray, Sussex, of whose breeding there is no record.
Daughter of (—).		Hautboy by the D'Arcy White Turk—his dam a Royal mare. This sire was in the stud of Lord D'Arcy at Sedbury, Yorks. Dau. of Brimmer (D'Arcy Yellow Turk—his dam a Royal mare)—a <i>Royal mare</i> . Brimmer was also in the stud of Lord D'Arcy.

* Without doubt the Godolphin was, as Mr. Osborne puts it, the most celebrated of all the Eastern sires; but during the last fifty years or more the produce in tail male of the Darley Arabian have taken a most decisive lead.

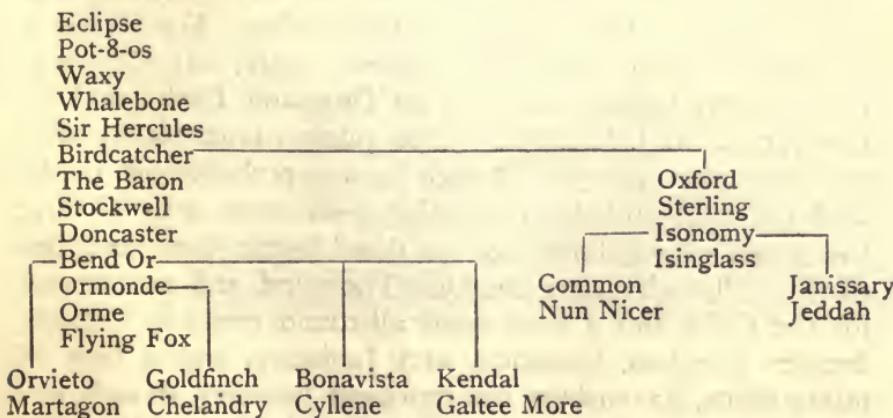
Inbreeding was resorted to very early in the history of the thoroughbred. Whether the English racehorses who were in existence prior to the time of Charles II. were inbred or not one cannot say, because there are no pedigrees to refer to, but I imagine that inbreeding had become a doctrine of faith with breeders at the commencement of the eighteenth century, and in a great measure it has been the keynote to success of all breeders since that time. To cite a very early instance and a curious one we need not quit the pedigree of Eclipse, in which we find that Sister to Leedes was out of a daughter of Spanker, whose dam was (by Spanker) out of Spanker's dam. This was incestuous breeding indeed, but in this particular case the result seems to have been a good one, and it would be most interesting to know the reason why it was resorted to. Again, the Sister to Old Country Wench was out of a daughter of Hautboy whose dam was by Hautboy, and this same Sister to Old Country Wench figures on both sides of Eclipse's pedigree, having been his paternal grandam, and also the great-grandam of his dam Spiletta. By many authorities it has long since been agreed that Eclipse owed his excellence to his great-grandsire, the Darley Arabian; but it is worthy of notice that only one strain of this famous Eastern horse is to be found in the pedigree, while there are no fewer than nine strains of Hautboy, who represents the blood of D'Arcy's White Turk, five of the Lister Turk, six of Spanker (by the D'Arcy Yellow Turk), and two of the Leedes Arabian.

Then there are in all thirteen blanks in the pedigree which cannot be traced, and some of the authorities—notably Mr. Osborne—assume that some at least of these were of purely English blood. Whether this was so or not it is impossible to determine, but as the record seems to have been well kept where foreign or imported blood was used, it seems but reasonable to assume that where there is no mention of such blood it did not occur. From this we may argue that the missing ancestors were all native-bred horses or mares. The *Stud Book* does not give the dates of the importation of the D'Arcy White Turk, or the D'Arcy

Yellow Turk, but they were brought to this country by Lord D'Arcy rather more than two hundred years ago, and were located at the Sedbury stud; and it is because the records of that stud were careful to state where Eastern sires had been used that we can assume that where no Eastern sire or dam is named the blank implies something of English origin.

Until quite lately one rarely met with a breeder who cared to trace a pedigree, with a view to mating his mares, further back than the fifth or sixth remove, and as a consequence the ancestors of Eclipse and of other horses who flourished more than a hundred years ago were not regarded as of the least importance. Recently, however, enthusiastic students of stud-book lore have gone very carefully into the matter, and the latest craze is breeding according to what is known as the Figure System, already referred to.

In the meantime, in order to trace the modern thoroughbred from his first origin to his present status, I must adhere to Eclipse for a while, and show how many of the great lines of the present day are descended from him in direct tail male. From the stud point of view Eclipse got two great sons, Pot-8-os* and King Fergus. Pot-8-os was the sire of Waxy, whose son, Whalebone, was the sire of Sir Hercules, the sire of Birdcatcher. By tabulating the lines of sires and carrying them down to modern times we can trace the descent of most of the more celebrated modern lines at a glance.



* This name was originally spelled Potoooooooos, the less cumbersome form being adopted by writers.

Eclipse				
Pot-8-os				
Waxy				
Whalebone				
Sir Hercules				
Birdcatcher				
The Baron				
Rataplan	Stockwell	Stockwell	Stockwell	Stockwell
Blinkhoolie	Lord Ronald	Blair Athol	The Duke	St. Albans
Wisdom	Master Kildare	Craig Millar	Bertram	Springfield
Sir Hugo	Melton	Breadknife	Robert the Devil	Sainfoin
Ben Battle	Best Man		Bel Demonio	
Bendigo			Chittabob	

These are a few examples of what is generally known as the Birdcatcher (sometimes Sir Hercules) line of Eclipse, in direct tail male, and it will be admitted that the blood is well to the fore at the present day, thanks chiefly to the stud successes of Isonomy and Bend Or. Directly underneath the name of Isonomy is placed Isinglass, undoubtedly his best son, and as a sire Isinglass is rapidly making his mark, while Janissary, who in 1895 was advertised at 25 guineas only, was credited with the Derby winner of 1898, Jeddah, and an excellent two-year-old in Amurath, who won the Brocklesby on his first appearance, but has not fulfilled his early promise. As Janissary is fortunately in the hands of a man who will take pains that he is mated with suitable mares, he is in every way likely to do sterling good (the obvious pun on the name Sterling was intended) to the Isonomy line of Birdcatcher. For Janissary Mr. Robert Peck gave 1,000 guineas only, but Common, who won the treble event of Two Thousand, Derby, and St. Leger, cost Sir J. B. Maple 15,000 guineas immediately after his Doncaster victory. Though he was probably put to the stud too soon and did not make a sensation with his first two crops of yearlings, he has done better since, and has sired a filly who won the One Thousand and ran second for the Oaks, and a very good all-round horse in Osbech. Besides Isinglass, Common, and Janissary, and a host of minor lights, Ravensbury can represent Isonomy, though, unlike his more brilliant compeer Isinglass, he has yet to make his name at the stud. The produce of Isonomy have done



ISINGLASS

best when they have been bred from mares descended directly from Newminster (the Touchstone line of Eclipse), and Common, Isinglass, Janissary, and Ravensbury are all bred in this way. The breed is possessed of far more than the average amount of stamina, and in proof thereof I may mention that Isonomy won the Ascot Cup in two consecutive years, and that Isinglass, who, like Common, won the "triple crown," also won the Ascot Cup, while Ravensbury, who came in the same year as Isinglass, and therefore had to play second fiddle in the classic races, won the three-mile Alexandra Plate, and the Manchester November Handicap of a mile and three-quarters when carrying the heavy burden of 9st. 4lbs. Common was taken out of training a little too soon to enable him to establish a reputation as a real stayer, but he was undoubtedly the best of his year, and the mile and three-quarters over which the St. Leger is run was well within his compass. Though Isonomy was not a big horse, nearly all his best sons are high on the leg, and this applies to the four I have been writing about, and also to his grandson Jeddah, who, as far as make and shape are concerned, can compare with any of his famous ancestors who have lived within our times.

This branch of the Sir Hercules strain of Eclipse was transmitted through Oxford by Birdcatcher, but perhaps the Stockwell line of Birdcatcher is better known, and it has certainly done greater things in the past. For long enough Blair Athol was its best runner, but the excellence of Blair Athol pales before that of Ormonde, and so far neither of these particular branches is the most powerful from a stud point of view. Why Blair Athol did not give us more great winners than he sired is a problem I shall not attempt to solve, but he was just an average horse at the stud and nothing more; and though his descendants are heard of fairly often, the line is not holding its own. Blair Athol sired one Derby winner in Silvio, two St. Leger winners in Craig Millar and Silvio, one Two Thousand winner in Prince Charlie, and two One Thousand winners in Scottish Queen and Cecilia, but no Oaks winner. Prince

Charlie, though a roarer, was his best son, and in spite of his wind trouble this horse ran second to Wenlock in the St. Leger. He has been a success at the stud in America, and through him the line is likely to survive. In this country at present Breadknife, by Craig Millar, is the best representative of the blood. There are others of course to keep the name of the blaze-face chestnut before us, and notably Baliol, who for many years stood in Ireland, but is now at the Cobham stud, gets many winners, both over a country as well as on the flat.

I have just stated that Ormonde was the best representative of Stockwell from a racing point of view; and though he was a roarer he fairly proved his claim to the title. Like Eclipse, he was never beaten, but he had his work cut out to dispose of Minting (who is also a direct descendant of Stockwell) in that memorable Hardwicke Stakes, and his stud career was most unfortunate. It is well known that he suffered from serious illness during his one season at the stud in this country, but he left us Orme and Goldfinch, and as the latter was expatriated shortly afterwards the stud future of Ormonde now rests almost entirely with Orme, unless Glenwood, Llanthony, or Sorcerer prove good enough to perpetuate the line of their distinguished sire. That Orme will get many good horses is in every way likely, and already he has given us Flying Fox and Frontier. Bend Or, the sire of Ormonde, has, however, other sons who, if they were nothing like the equals on the racecourse of the Duke of Westminster's champion, are just as likely to keep the breed going.

The names of Bonavista, Martagon, and Orvieto suggest themselves; and if Bonavista was sold to the foreigners for £15,000 he left behind him Cyllene, and doubtless there are others to come. Martagon has already given us Jaque-mart, Cap Martin, and Champ de Mars, and Orvieto has begun well, having had several winners in his first season. At present, however, the gem of the line is Kendal, the sire of Galtee More, Laodamia, and Green Lawn, and he is about as beautiful a specimen of the modern stallion as it is possible to find.



ORME

Kendal is a big horse, but not the least on the leg now, whatever he may have been in his running days, and his two-year-old career was a wonderful one. He won the Mostyn Stakes at Chester, was second to Saraband in the New Stakes at Ascot, then scored a grand succession of victories, winning a Post Sweepstakes of £700 at Stockbridge, the July Stakes at Newmarket—wherein he beat Mephisto and St. Mirin—the Ham Stakes at Goodwood, the Convivial Stakes at York, and the Municipal Stakes at Doncaster. Shortly after the last-named race he hit his leg when galloping, and in consequence in the Rous Stakes at Newmarket he succumbed to Volta, and did not run again. Since those days it has frequently been stated in print that Kendal was the superior of Ormonde at home, and Mr. Osborne goes so far as to say that Kendal and Ormonde were tried twice, and that on both occasions Kendal won. John Porter however, in his book *Kingsclere*, says, "And yet the story of Ormonde's magnificent career may be written in two sentences. He won all his engagements. And he ran practically untried." Further on, however, he says that there was a trial on October 7th, which resulted as follows:—

Kendal,	2 yrs., 8 st. 7 lbs.	.	.	.	1
Ormonde,	2 " 8 " 8 "	.	.	.	2
Whipper In,	6 " 9 " 6 "	.	.	.	3
Whitefriar,	2 " 9 " 6 "	.	.	.	4

Won by a length, a length between second and third, and two lengths between third and fourth. The report adds that Ormonde was stripped for the first time on this occasion, and was not very fit; therefore we must conclude that "practically untried" means that as far as Ormonde was concerned it was only a "Yorkshire gallop," or a "rough-up." Of a second trial there is no mention in *Kingsclere*, but this defeat of Ormonde, even as it was, and Kendal's public running as a two-year-old suggest that the last-named was a great horse, and he has certainly begotten one of the best of modern times. Nevertheless, I am of opinion that

Galtee More was well sold to the Russian Government at 20,000 guineas, for as a two-year-old he had been beaten by Brigg at Liverpool, and when he threw down the gauntlet in the Cambridgeshire of 1897 he could do no more than finish in the front rank. It is true that he carried the substantial burden of 9 st. 6 lbs., but Foxhall won with 9 st. (when the weights began at 5 st. 7 lbs., the bottom weight in Galtee More's race being 6 st.), Plaisanterie with 8 st. 12 lbs., and La Flêche with 8 st. 10 lbs. These three winners were three-year-olds, and Plaisanterie and La Flêche could certainly have carried a few pounds more and still have won. Galtee More never ran after he was a three-year-old, so the most that can be really urged in his favour is that he was a long way the best of his year. He won the Two Thousand and Derby almost without an effort, and though his St. Leger victory was barely gained—as the race was run he beat the Oaks winner, Chelandry, by three-quarters of a length only—it is only fair to mention that this particular St. Leger was a most curious race. For more than a mile the pace was ridiculously slow, and they only came along in earnest from the Intake turn, the upshot being that Galtee More, Chelandry, St. Cloud II., and Silver Fox finished close together, and in estimating the winner's merit I am of opinion that he should not be judged by his St. Leger form.

As regards appearance and physical conformation Galtee More stands out as the most handsome big thoroughbred of modern times. He is big all over, with immense bone, and such a forehand, back, loin, and quarters as are rarely seen, and with it all he has an extraordinary amount of quality. He is a most symmetrical and beautifully turned horse, and though he must be well over 16 hands he is so nicely balanced and let down that he does not present the slightest suspicion of legginess. Ormonde, on the other hand, always looked rather high on the leg when in training, but he was probably an inch higher at the withers than Galtee More, and never carried so much substance. He was in fact, though a big one, a rather lighter framed horse, but his stride was extraordinary, and when stretched out



GALTEE MORE

C. WOOD UP

on his way to the post was undoubtedly a more taking horse than Kendal's great son.

With such horses as Ormonde and Kendal, represented in the next generation by Orme, Flying Fox, and Galtee More, it may be fairly argued that Bend Or represents the most important branch of the Stockwell line of Birdcatcher, and, as already mentioned, there are Martagon, Orvieto, and Bonavista sprung from the same source; and Goldfinch, by Ormonde, gave us an Oaks winner in Chelandry. Numerous other Bend Or horses there are also, but one cannot here mention them all, and only a few who are well before the public are referred to. Stockwell has also such direct descendants as Sainfoin and others who are descended through Springfield and St. Albans; and there is another strain which, coming through The Duke and Bertram, gave us that great horse Robert the Devil, the rival of Bend Or on the race-course, but inferior to Doncaster's son from a paddock point of view, though he has sired such good ones as Chittabob and Bel Demonio, both of whom have scored some measure of stud success. The blood has likewise descended through Uncas to Prism, Piræus, and others, and again through Muncaster and his son Saraband to such as Suspender, Worcester, Gangway, and Milford. Indeed, the line of Stockwell seems to be of extraordinary vitality, and many of its representatives, when they go to the stud, are capable of siring better horses than they were themselves. This is none the less true than remarkable when it is remembered that with nine good horses out of ten it is not the case. That the Stockwells do not stay as well as the Oxford branch of the family—represented by Isonomy and his sons—the *Racing Calendar* plainly shows, but the majority of them can get a mile and a half. Doncaster, Robert the Devil, and St. Gatien each won the Ascot Cup.

Another famous line of Stockwell, through Lord Ronald and Master Kildare, gave us the Derby winner Melton, a very beautiful horse, who was for a time domiciled in Italy, in consequence of which the line was not for a time so well known in this country as it might be, but it has a fine representative in Best Man, whose stock are almost sure to be

heard of in the course of a year or two, and in 1900 the stock of Melton (bred by Mr. Musker in England) did wonderfully well, two of them being sold for an aggregate of £25,000.

Stockwell was by The Baron out of Pocahontas, and a second alliance of the pair resulted in Rataplan, who was one year younger than his famous brother. Rataplan was also a stud success, and is best known through the lines of Blinkhoolie and Ben Battle. Blinkhoolie was the sire of Wisdom, a horse who forced his way to the front through sheer merit, for he had no racecourse reputation to recommend him, and began his stud career without flourish of trumpets. He sired scores of winners, and probably the best he ever got was Sir Hugo, who won for the late Lord Bradford his only Derby, beating the gallant little La Flêche. Subsequent events, and more particularly the St. Leger, in which La Flêche amply avenged her defeat, proved that this Derby running was wrong as far as the first and second were concerned; nevertheless, it permitted Wisdom to take his place as a sire of a Derby winner, and it strengthened the line of Rataplan. Sir Hugo, though not quite of the highest class, was a good average Derby winner, and a very fine big horse. He had all the commanding size and stature of the best of the tribe, and if he hardly had the same amount of quality as Galtee More as a three-year-old, he had even more substance and was very strongly built. It is full early to write of his stud career, but he has already sired winners, and he is likely enough to sustain the glories of his line. Surefoot is another good horse for whom Wisdom was responsible. Rataplan also gave us Ben Battle, the sire of that wonderful horse Bendigo; but somehow or other Mr. Barclay's famous black, a record of whose handicap victories would fill a chapter of this book, has not been a stud success, and so far he has given us nothing worthy of carrying down his name.

THE LINE OF CAMEL

It is perhaps hardly necessary to go further into the Sir Hercules (or Birdcatcher) line of Eclipse—*ergo* that of the Darley Arabian—for I have shown how well it stands to-

day. It has, however, little to spare over two other lines of the same family, those which are generally known as the Touchstone-Newminster line through Camel and the line of Blacklock. For the sake of brevity it may be explained that the Hampton and Hermit families are the chief present-day representatives of the Touchstone branch, and that the Galopin-St. Simon breed represents Blacklock. The descent can be best shown by a table. Beginning again, then, with Eclipse, the pedigree is the same down to Whalebone. Thus :—

Eclipse
Pot-8-os
Waxy
Whalebone
Camel
Touchstone
Newminster
Hermit.

I have taken Hermit first because the 1867 Derby winner was the first real maker of the Newminster family, and though at present the family of Hampton are doing more to keep the line alive, the Hermits may be up again in a year or two. Hermit had an extraordinary stud career, his sons and daughters winning during his lifetime between £300,000 and £400,000 in stake money alone. He sired two winners of the Derby (Shotover and St. Blaise), one winner of the Two Thousand (Shotover), two winners of the One Thousand (Thebais and St. Marguerite), two winners of the Oaks (Thebais and Lonely), but no winner of the St. Leger. On the whole I am inclined to think that his fillies were better than his colts, but he was responsible for a host of good horses who did not win classic honours, and Tristan and Timothy, for instance, both of whom were successful in the Ascot Cup, while Tristan won the Hardwicke Stakes three years in succession. Tristan has also sired an Oaks winner in Canterbury Pilgrim, and another of Hermit's sons, Trappist, was responsible for L'Abbesse de Jouarre, who won the same race as far back as 1889. Many of Hermit's sons are well known at the stud, and such as Friar's Balsam,

Hazlehatch, and Melanion should keep his name alive. I can hardly enumerate all the good ones sired by Mr. Chaplin's horse, but I may mention that one of them was Ascetic, the champion Irish steeplechase sire, sire of Cloister; and another was Retreat, who was also responsible for a Grand National winner in Father O'Flynn. In the second generation Hermit's stock seem to take wonderfully to the jumping business, and some of the best hunters I ever saw were by Friar Rush—a very beautiful Hermit horse—who, in spite of his extraordinary good looks and grand pedigree, was allowed to become a Queen's Premium sire.

Another very good Hermit horse was Heaume, who started first favourite for the St. Leger of 1890. This race was won by Memoir, and it will doubtless be remembered that Heaume (who won the French Derby of that year) was one of the victims of a series of scrimmages which took place about half a mile from the finish. Other sufferers were Queen's Birthday and St. Serf, and Heaume when he returned to the paddock looked as if he had taken part in a serious cavalry charge, so knocked about was he. In the opinion of many competent authorities Heaume was the best three-year-old of his year, and he has already made a high reputation at the stud in France, and notably has sired Le Roi Soleil, the winner of the Grand Prix de Paris in 1898. In America the Hermit horse St. Blaise has been a great stud success.

Extreme quality combined with excellent symmetry and medium size are as a rule the chief characteristics of the family of Hermit. Some of them have been delicate and difficult to train, but this delicacy was only occasionally encountered, and there probably never was a harder horse than Tristan, who remained in training for five seasons, and was just as good when six years old as he had been in his early days—perhaps better. Then take Cloister, a grandson of Hermit in direct tail male. It has been the fashion to sneer at this horse and to say that he beat a very moderate lot when he won the Grand National; but facts are stubborn things, and about him there is the fact that he won the Great Aintree Steeplechase in a canter by forty lengths

under the welter weight of 12 st. 7 lbs., or 8 lbs. more than was carried by Cortolvin and Why Not, which pair were the next highest weighted winners of the race until *Manifesto* equalled *Cloister*'s record in 1899. *Cloister*, too, won the *Sefton Steeplechase* at Liverpool with 13 st. 3 lbs. in the saddle, and both these feats were accomplished without any apparent effort. If ever there was a hard horse it was *Cloister*, who won all sorts of races, mostly under heavy weights, and was at his best when ten and eleven years old. It is the fact that some of the best-known *Hermit* colts liked a mile or a mile and a quarter better than a longer distance; but the family are by no means invariably non-stayers, and besides *Tristan* and *Timothy*, both *Ascot Cup* winners, there are *Windsor*, who won the *Chester Cup* and was the dam of *Windgall* and *Retreat*, who won the *Doncaster Cup* and has sired *Father O'Flynn* and that good mare *Alice*.

Many *Hermit* mares have bred stayers, notably *Penitent*, who threw *Ravensbury* to *Isonomy*, and *Moorhen*, who bred *Gallinule* to *Galopin*; but now that it has been proved in the second and third generations it is evident that much of the blood is not altogether stout, and at the present moment many breeders are fighting somewhat shy of it. My own opinion is that it really takes time to mature horses of *Hermit* descent, and that many who are not genuine stayers at three and four years old can travel much further afterwards if they are kept in training. Under any circumstances it is ridiculous to condemn any blood as short of stamina which can give us *Grand National* winners and the best hurdle-racers of the day, and it is incontrovertible that the grandchildren of *Hermit* win races innumerable across country and over the sticks. When reading the return of a day's racing under *National Hunt Rules* at one of the enclosures, I noticed that five of the six winners were by sons of *Hermit*, viz. two by *Ascetic*, two by *Friar's Balsam*, and one by *Hazlehatch*, and the names of these and other *Hermit* stallions are constantly cropping up in connection with sport under *N.H. Rules*.

The family of *Hampton* is also in direct sire line from the

Darley Arabian and Eclipse, and is identical with that of Hermit as far as Newminster. This horse, besides siring Hermit, gave us another great racehorse, and perhaps an even greater sire, in Lord Clifden, whose greatest son, from the breeder's point of view, was Hampton. It will be as well to repeat the sire line so as to make everything clear as follows :—

Eclipse
Pot-8-os
Waxy
Whalebone
Camel
Touchstone
Newminster
Lord Clifden
Hampton.

Newminster, who was out of the famous North-country mare Beeswing, was the property of the late Mr. Anthony Nichol, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and like his sire Touchstone he won the St. Leger. His son, Lord Clifden, followed in his footsteps twelve years afterwards, and this horse was a great stud success, and in his time sired no fewer than four St. Leger winners—Hawthornden, Wenlock, Petrarch, and Jannette. He never got a Derby winner or a winner of the One Thousand, but Petrarch won the Two Thousand, and Jannette the Oaks ; and Petrarch is responsible for two Oaks winners in Busybody and Miss Jummy, and for a sensational St. Leger winner in Throstle, who, starting at 50 to 1, beat the Derby winner Ladas by half a length. Indeed it would appear as if the descendants of Newminster had a sort of right to the great Doncaster race at one time ; but of late years the descendants of Isonomy and St. Simon have had their innings, and curiously enough all three of Hampton's Derby winners failed to add the Doncaster race to their Epsom victories. I shall have something more to say about Petrarch.

Hampton and his descendants are deservedly at the head of the Lord Clifden line of Newminster, and therefore must

be awarded pride of place. Hampton was out of Lady Langden by Kettledrum, and was foaled in 1872. He began his racing career in quite a humble manner, and was for some time a selling plater. He won, amongst other unimportant races, a Selling Plate on the old Hampton Course (now Hurst Park) and from this circumstance he obtained his name. After a while he became the property of the late Mr. Robert Peck, who then resided at Russley in Berkshire, and who was the cleverest man of his day, especially when great handicaps were concerned. I suppose Hampton had been knocked about and overworked; anyhow, Mr. Peck had suspected that he was possessed of latent merit, and he wisely threw him up for a time, then allowing him to come nicely to hand. The result was most satisfactory, for during the next few years Hampton won the Goodwood Stakes, Goodwood Cup, Doncaster Cup, the Great Metropolitan Stakes, and the Northumberland Plate—surely a pretty record for an ex-selling plater. He also won some minor events. This Northumberland Plate victory was his greatest performance, for he carried the top weight of 8 st. 12 lbs., and had to give 13 lbs. to a good-class horse in Glendale, who was much fancied by the late Lord Durham and his friends. There was also in the race a mare named Muscatel, who carried the full confidence of Mr. William I'Anson, the Malton trainer, and she was one of the handsomest big mares I ever saw. It must be remembered that the Northumberland Plate in those days was one of the biggest betting races of the year, besides being one of the most important long-distance races of the season. Handicaps of £1,000 were not then to be found with the frequency that they now are, and during the summer months the Ascot Stakes, the Northumberland Plate, the Liverpool Cup, and the Goodwood Stakes were by far the most important long-distance handicaps decided, and there was a market on each of them for many weeks in advance. Owners and trainers laid themselves out for the Northumberland Plate months before, and books were opened on the event—and the winner often backed—before the nominations appeared in the Calendar.

In Hampton's year (1877) Newcastle Races were held on the old course on the Town Moor, and on this particular occasion partisanship between the three horses I have named ran very high. The local feeling was all in favour of the Northern-trained Glendale and Muscatel, but the Russley stable was everywhere dreaded in those days, and it was freely conjectured that Hampton would not have been sent the long journey from Berkshire unless he had a great chance. The Turk's Head Hotel in Newcastle was then the headquarters of the sporting community, and annually on the day of the chief race a well-known Northern turfite of the time was accustomed to give a breakfast, or rather luncheon, there. I well remember sitting next to Mr. Peck, and how he shook my faith in Glendale by telling me that Hampton was very likely to beat him. In truth the master of Russley feared Muscatel more than Lord Durham's horse; but there he was wrong, as the two miles with the long ascent to the winning-post found out a weak spot in Muscatel, who had nothing to do with the finish. And what a finish it was! Hampton and Glendale singled themselves out nearly a quarter of a mile from home, and came clean away from their field, running locked together for something like three hundred yards. So tight was the fit that the crowd did not know which had won until the number went up, and though the victory of Lord Durham's horse would have been far more popular, Hampton was lustily cheered by the huge attendance of spectators, who at Newcastle were always quick to recognise merit in a horse and to cheer the hero of a great performance.

It was somewhat curious that Hampton should run the best race of his life on the course where his great-grandam Beeswing had gained so many successes. But it is quite possible that a good deal of Hampton's gameness was inherited from the famous old mare; and it is a fact that if there are one or two game spots in the pedigree of a thoroughbred, those "spots" will show their influence in the generations below them.

Hampton was ridden in the race just described by Webb, and the late Fred Archer had the mount on Glendale, whose



HAMPTON

blood may survive in the stock of the present Lord Durham's Peter Flower, who unfortunately died after a very short stud career.

Hampton was never a big horse, and as I remember him in his running days, stood about 15 h. 3 in. high. He was a whole-coloured bay with black points, very level, and for his size he stood over a lot of ground. He was on rather short legs and had immensely powerful quarters, which quarters seem to me to have been most faithfully reproduced in his son Sheen. Without being of the commanding type, he still looked a high-class racehorse, and his racecourse manners were perfect, a remark which applies in a considerable degree to nearly all the members of the family.

At the stud Hampton had to fight an uphill battle at first because of the prejudice which then existed, and still exists in some degree, against breeding from horses who have been chiefly known as "handicappers," and who never measured their strength against the best two- and three-year-old form of their day. It is often thought, too, when an ex-selling plater develops unexpected form and carries off important handicaps, that he is a chance horse, and such horses are generally neglected by breeders. Hampton, however, had the luck to be owned by a man who knew his value, and was able to give him the chance of making himself. Of this the horse availed himself so quickly that the prejudice was soon overcome, and for the last twenty years there has hardly been a more successful sire in the kingdom. At present it is perhaps too soon to decide whether his colts or his fillies have done most towards handing down his name, but a large measure of success has attended all the best of Hampton's stock, both on the racecourse and at the stud; and whilst he has given us three winners of the Derby—Merry Hampton, Ayrshire, and Ladas—it must be added that Persimmon is out of a Hampton mare. That Merry Hampton was the worst and Ladas the best of Hampton's three Derby winners is the general opinion. Ayrshire is fast making a name at the stud, but Merry Hampton has done little to perpetuate the line. It is early yet to write of Ladas from the paddock point of view, for his progeny have not won much so far, but Lord

Rosebery's first Derby winner was a beautiful horse, and one of the finest movers that the last two decades have produced. He was a more elegantly turned and showier horse than his sire, and undoubtedly was the possessor of more "quality." Indeed, as regards this somewhat mysterious attribute of the thoroughbred, he was quite an exceptional horse; and I think that if the Derby winners of the last twenty years were to be judged as to which had the most "quality," a unanimous vote would go to Ladas. At the same time I always thought that Lord Rosebery's son of Hampton had pasterns that were rather weak and too short, and, like so many of our best modern racehorses, he remained but a couple of seasons in training. Ayrshire, to my thinking, if not quite so brilliant, was a harder horse than Ladas, and he won an enormous sum of money when in training. At the stud, as I have already suggested, he is doing very well, and though he has not yet sired a really great horse, he has had far more than the average amount of winners. Thus in 1897 he was third in the list of winning sires, the two who beat him being Kendal and St. Simon, but while Kendal's stock won twenty-three and St. Simon's twenty races, sons and daughters of Ayrshire made up a total of thirty-four wins. He has since that time sired a winner of the Oaks, Airs and Graces.

Before Ayrshire began to be talked of at the stud, Royal Hampton had already done a good deal towards carrying on the line of Hampton. This horse was foaled in 1882, and he has sired a Two Thousand Guineas winner—though not a very good one—in Kirkconnel, and a far better horse in Marcion, who won the Ascot Cup in 1893 and is already beginning to be heard of at the stud. Another of Hampton's best sons was Sheen, who holds the record as the highest-weighted winner of the Cæsarewitch. He is a stud success, most of his stock inheriting the stamina of their sire. Sheen was Hampton's best long-distance runner, but he was not at his best until five years old, when he put on record three extraordinary performances under very heavy weights. One of these was his winning the Cæsarewitch with 9 st. 2lbs. in the saddle; the other victories were gained in the races for

which the prizes were provided by Mr. C. D. Rose in the interests of long-distance racing. One of these was a handicap on the Suffolk Stakes Course (one mile and a half), in which Sheen carried 9 st., and the other a plate on the Cæsarewitch Course, for which his weight was 9 st. 8 lbs.

In 1898 no fewer than nineteen sons and five grandsons of Hampton were at the stud in the United Kingdom.

Lord Clifden's son, Petrarch, won the Two Thousand Guineas and St. Leger in 1876 and the Ascot Cup in the following year, and sired Busybody, who won the One Thousand Guineas and the Oaks in 1884, and Miss Jummy, who completed the same double event two years later. He had no Derby winner, but his daughter Throstle won the St. Leger. From this it would appear that Petrarch's daughters were better than his sons; but he sired a very high-class horse in The Bard, who was quite good enough to have won the Derby in nine years out of ten. As it was, he came in Ormonde's year, but even then he made a very good fight, and within a few days he made a bold bid for the Manchester Cup, beating everything but Riversdale of his own age, who was in receipt of nearly 2 st. As a two-year-old The Bard was undefeated and won an extraordinary number of races. He is now a very successful sire in France. At present Petrarch is best represented in this country by Florentine and Lactantius, either of whom gets a good many winners.

From Touchstone, through Ithuriel, Longbow, and Toxopholite, Musket was descended, and though this particular line is little known in this country, it has done great things in Australia, where its best exponent has been Carbine, a son of Musket. Carbine was five years ago imported by the Duke of Portland, chiefly, I believe, with a view to crossing him with St. Simon mares. Whether the experiment will be a success or a failure is hardly proved as yet, but no doubt the blood is very valuable. In addition to Carbine other representatives of the same family have found their way to this country. Trenton, a good winner and a most successful sire in Australia, has been for three seasons at the Cobham stud, and Carnage also stood there for a season, but he has since been sold to go abroad for a sum which was little less

than £10,000. Judged by our standard these Australian horses are a little short of quality, but all that I have seen are very strongly built, and their wonderful bone makes up for their lack of the more aristocratic attribute. Trenton has decidedly more quality than many of them, and frames out a very fine specimen of the matured stallion. He is a whole-coloured dark bay and stands over a lot of ground, but he dips more behind the withers than he should do at his age, though in other respects he carries his years well. Carnage, when I saw him, had not been long out of training. He is a big powerful horse, but a little common to look at. His forehand however is just about perfect, and what I considered to give him his common look were his queer quarters. He is what some call goose-rumped, but he looks all over like going and has very much the cut of a high-class steeple-chaser. Other Australian horses of Musket blood have been since imported, and their stud results will be eagerly awaited. I think it possible that not much good will accrue from a first cross, but the second and third crosses ought certainly to have a beneficial influence, and I have every faith in the ultimate success of the experiment.

THE LINE OF TRAMP

Not so well known as the line of Blacklock or Sir Hercules is that of Tramp, represented in the present day by the sons and grandsons of Beadsman and Rosicrucian. Nevertheless, this branch of the Eclipse family is a powerful one and has always been noted for its stayers. The descent in tail male from Eclipse to the present day is as follows:—

Brown Bread	Eclipse
	Joe Andrews
	Dick Andrews
	Tramp
	Lottery
	Sheet Anchor
	Weatherbit
	Beadsman
	Rosicrucian
	Beauclerc
	Tyrant.
	Cœruleus.
	Blue Green.

Joe Andrews spent most of his stud life as a hunter sire in the West of England, but the chestnut Dick Andrews was a better-known horse, and he became famous as the sire of Tramp and that grand mare Altisidora, both of whom were bred by Mr. Watt, of Bishop Burton—the breeder of Blacklock. Tramp was not a big one, only 15 h. 2 in., according to the traditions, but he was a nice level horse, and he improved greatly in appearance as he grew older. Four-mile heats were his strong point, and when he was at the stud at Bishop Burton it used to be the proud boast of his groom that he was shod with four gold cups. He sired a host of good horses, including two winners of the Derby, and one of the St. Leger, but, so far as he concerns us here, Lottery was his best son, as it is through him alone that the line in tail male has been transmitted. Lottery is described as having been a very blood-like horse, but rather weak behind the saddle. He was cursed with a shockingly bad temper, and so often got the better of his grooms that Mr. Watt wanted to shoot him. However, he passed into other hands at £400 instead, and was a fair horse, but not a great one in his running days. He was half a hand higher than his sire, Tramp, and at the stud he sired Weatherbit, a rather light-fleshed horse with wonderful hindquarters. Weatherbit was in time put to Mendicant, by Touchstone, out of Lady Moore by Tramp, and the inbred produce of the pair was Beadsman, who sired a Derby winner in Blue Gown, and a St. Leger winner, Pero Gomez, who had been beaten a head by Pretender for the Derby. Blue Gown was not a stud success in this country; but another son of Beadsman, Rosicrucian—a great horse, a great stayer, and an Alexandra Plate winner—in turn sired Beauclerc, a Middle Park Plate winner, who, through hitting his leg, was unable to take part in the Derby of his year. Beauclerc is a nicely-balanced medium-sized horse, and his stock have won some £70,000, though he has not been well patronised of late. Perhaps his best son was Tyrant, who ran up an extraordinary sequence of handicap victories a few years ago, and who certainly inherited the family gift of stamina. At

the stud Tyrant has been fairly successful so far, his best runner being Telescope, who was second to Sir Visto in the St. Leger, and afterwards won the Northamptonshire Stakes. Tyrant, bred by Mr. McIntyre (now of the Theakston Hall stud), was the first foal of Queen of the Meadows by Exminster (son of Newminster), and on his dam's side he traces back to Alice Hawthorn, who was out of a Lottery mare; he is therefore inbred to the Tramp family in his extreme removes. He is a fine big horse, with an enormous bone measurement below the knee, but he took a long time to mature as a racehorse, and it was not until he was five years old that he showed such capital form. It would appear that the line of Rosicrucian is most likely to be carried on by Tyrant, though Beauclerc is hale and hearty yet, and might easily sire one or two quite as good.

Another of Beadsman's sons was Coeruleus, and from him out of the famous Angelica by Galopin—the dam of Orme—Mr. Taylor Sharp bred Blue Green, a very beautiful horse of extreme quality, who is quickly proving himself a stud success. In his running days Blue Green was not quite at the top of the tree, and although he was a very consistent performer he often found something just a little better than himself. Thus he was third for the Two Thousand, second to Memoir in the Newmarket Stakes, and second again to the same mare in the St. Leger. He was possessed of the family stamina, and though beaten a neck by Martagon for the Goodwood Cup, he succeeded in carrying off the Alexandra Plate at Ascot, as Rosicrucian, of the same descent, had done.

That this line of Tramp should be encouraged I feel sure, for it is quite certain that stamina is the rule and not the exception in a majority of its members, whereas, in several of the better-known and more prolific branches of the Eclipse family, stoutness varies very much. In other words, it is reasonable odds on any tail male descendant of Beadsman or Weatherbit being a stayer, while nowadays the odds are certainly the other way in several branches of the Birdcatcher and Touchstone lines.

THE LINE OF BLACKLOCK

Having dealt with the Sir Hercules and Camel lines, from which the Birdcatcher and Touchstone families are descended, I now have to trace the line from Eclipse to St. Simon and his sons, so important to the present generation. This particular branch of the family is generally known as the line of Blacklock, and from father to son it runs as follows:—

Eclipse
King Fergus
Hambletonian
Whitelock
Blacklock
Voltaire
Voltigeur
Vedette
Galopin
St. Simon
Persimmon.

At the present time this is probably the best staying family of the day, its greatest rival in point of stamina being the Isonomy line of Birdcatcher, though, curiously enough, Sterling, the sire of Isonomy, was only a miler. On the other hand, the eleven horses in direct sire line from Eclipse to Persimmon inclusive were all stayers; and it must be remembered that at present we are dealing with sires only, the mare influence not being taken into consideration. With a proportionate number of exceptions the broad fact remains that certain lines of blood, and certain sires in those lines, are responsible for a greater proportion of stayers than other lines; and, taking matters as they are to-day, the line of Blacklock and the Isonomy branch of the Birdcatcher family produce more stayers than are to be found in the Stockwell branch of Birdcatcher, or in any of the Touchstone families. Taking one of the exceptions, no better stayer has been seen in the last decade than Sheen, of the Newminster line of Touchstone, but stamina is more

general in horses of direct Blacklock descent than in those of direct Newminster descent.

King Fergus was a greater success at the stud than he was on the racecourse, and he is described as having been a very handsome chestnut horse of 16 hands, with immense bone, and free from blemish of any kind. He was foaled in 1775, and was in training until 1781, but he won only eight races in four years, and was then sold to Ireland, where he stood for two or three seasons. This early part of his stud career was evidently a failure, for he was put into training again when nine years old, and was second for a Lord Lieutenant's Plate at the Curragh in 1784. A year later he was back in England, and stood for a season at some livery stables near Park Lane. He was next sent to Catterick, in Yorkshire, and from thence to Shipton, near York, where he sired Hambletonian, Beningborough, and others. Afterwards he stood at Maidenhead, Egham, Turnford in Herts, and at Gogmagog in Cambridgeshire, finally ending his days near Boroughbridge, in Yorkshire. On the whole his stud career was very successful, as one hundred and nine of his stock won over £30,000, to say nothing of several cups, which in those days were more often the prize contended for than is nowadays the custom. Where the option is presented, specie is preferred to the trophy in these practical times.

Hambletonian will always be remembered as the hero of the famous 3,000-guinea match at Newmarket in 1799. The famous son of King Fergus, who was bred in Yorkshire, and was owned by Sir Harry Vane Tempest, was a bay horse, and without doubt the best performer of his day. In the match his opponent was Diamond, of the Herod line, and a saying of the day was to the effect that the Eclipses were speedy and jady, and the Herods hard and stout. This theory was conclusively dispelled by Hambletonian, who won the match by "half a neck," after a tremendous struggle, in which his stamina pulled him through. The race was run over the Beacon Course (4 miles 138 yards), and it is recorded that the time was only 7 minutes 15 seconds. Besides this match Hambletonian

won the St. Leger and nineteen other races, and at the stud he sired one hundred and forty-four winners of £38,100. Amongst these was Whitelock, and of this connecting-link in the pedigree very few particulars are forthcoming, the reason being that the horse was in no way celebrated, except through his son Blacklock. Whitelock was a bay horse, who appears to have run but twice, winning a Plate of £60 at Knutsford and being beaten in the decider for the Cup, at the same place, by Duchess, with whom he ran a dead-heat.

Whitelock spent most of his stud career as a country stallion, but a few thoroughbred mares were put to him, amongst others an unnamed daughter of Coriander and Wildgoose, by Highflyer, and the result of this alliance was Blacklock, foaled in 1814. Though Whitelock at the time of his being mated with the Coriander mare could not have been a stud success, there seems, at first glance, to have been some valid reason for his being chosen for the mare, as both sire and dam were inbred to Eclipse and Herod—the two great lines of the day.

In the pedigree of Blacklock, Eclipse appears as the great-great-grandsire on both sides of the house, and both Whitelock and the Coriander mare were inbred to the famous horse, and also to Herod, of whose blood there are also two crosses in the pedigrees of both sire and dam. Indeed, the tabulated pedigree of Blacklock suggests that the mating of his sire and dam was the result of well-thought-out study on the part of one who was thoroughly versed in the breeding of thoroughbreds, and who appreciated the value of inbreeding.

On the other hand, tradition tells us that Mr. F. Moss, of York, the breeder of Blacklock, purchased the Coriander mare for £3, and as Whitelock was standing in the York neighbourhood at a low fee, it is possible that the selection was purely a chance one.

Whether this was the case or not we have no means of ascertaining, but it seems curious that this great line of horses, and all the wonderful St. Simon-Galopin family, which has practically carried all before it of late years,

should be the result of a £3 venture in blood stock on the part of a citizen of York nearly ninety years ago.

Blacklock was a bay—rather a dark bay—with black points, and a very big horse, and it is said that his fetlocks and pasterns formed an almost straight line. Some of the Yorkshire folks swore by him as the best they had ever seen, but others would have none of him, naming him the “Bishop Burton monstrosity.” “The Druid,” who can have written of him from hearsay evidence only, describes him as follows:—

“He was a great black-brown, with a stride which required half a mile to settle itself in, a head like a half moon, with eyes quite in his cheeks, and quarters and shoulders as fine as horse could wear. Perhaps to the eye he might be rather light in the foreribs, though the tape told a different tale, and the hocks of his stock generally stood well away from them, a formation which requires great strength in the loins to support. The hunting field was quite as much their sphere as the racecourse. The Cambridgeshire men still remember how well John Ward got to his hounds for seven seasons on Forester, and there must have been nearly a thousand of his grandsons, by the hollow-backed Belzoni, one time or another, at the covert side. Mr. Watt gave forty pounds for him as a two-year-old, and after his great racing career he broke through his rule, and kept him for the stud. The result was not encouraging, as his legs frightened breeders away; but Mr. Kirby took him for a season at a hundred, and cleared eight hundred per cent. by his bargain. Mr. Watt had him back for three seasons, and was beginning a fourth with him when he died.”

Six years after his death Blacklock’s remains were taken up, and the bones put together by an anatomist, and “The Druid” tells us that Mr. Watt paid £10 for a skeleton rider, who “yapped” his teeth when a string was pulled, and that the spectral pair were exhibited at an agricultural meeting at Beverley.

Mr. Joseph Osborne writes of Blacklock as “perhaps the grandest horse that ever was foaled, barring his fiddle head”; and there is no doubt that the horse had an exceedingly clumsy head and a tremendous crest as well. Indeed, the “Blacklock crest” was a household word amongst breeders for many years; but fiddle head and heavy crest have almost disappeared now from the line, and some of the more recent representatives of it have particularly sweet

heads, quite of the Arabian type. The crest has toned down; but the necks of Blacklock's descendants of the present day are for the most part strong and slightly arched, and at the moment I cannot call to mind a ewe-necked horse of this breed.

Blacklock, who was not trained at two years old, lost the St. Leger by a neck to Ebor, but according to all the accounts of the race he was shut in at the Intake turn, and would certainly have won had he secured a clear course. He had a very distinguished turf career, and at the stud he sired one hundred and twenty-three winners who won over £45,000 in stakes. Amongst his successful progeny was Voltaire, who, like Blacklock, was a high-class racehorse and a successful stallion. Following in the footsteps of his sire, he too was second for the St. Leger, but he won many races and passed into the hands of the Duke of Cleveland for £2,000. He was a dark bay and is described as having been rather "peacocky," but with a remarkably fine barrel. From Martha Lynn by Mulatto he sired Voltigeur in 1847; and it is a noteworthy fact that this horse as a yearling failed to reach a £100 reserve at the Doncaster sales.

Voltigeur was a dark brown, somewhat heavy-necked and heavy-fleshed, was bred by Mr. Stephenson, of Hart, in the county of Durham, and though of direct Eclipse descent, he had twenty-three strains of Herod blood against fifteen of his direct paternal ancestor. What appears to be a faithful description of Voltigeur was written at the time, as follows:—

"Voltigeur, a brown horse, with no white about him, beyond a little on the off hind foot, stands fifteen hands three inches high. He has a somewhat coarse head, small ears, strong muscular neck, and fine oblique shoulders, with very good depth of girth; he has rather a light middle, but good back, powerful quarters, *drooping towards the tail*, muscular thighs, and good hocks and knees, with plenty of bone; docile, quiet temper, and excellent action."

The object of the italics will shortly appear.

This description is reproduced because it embodies a distinctive characteristic of a certain family of the line of Blacklock at the present day, and about which characteristic there has been at times much argument but no satisfactory

conclusion. To all my readers who are acquainted with the general appearance of the sons and daughters—especially the daughters—of St. Simon, it will be no news that a majority of them have quarters which *droop towards the tail*. The fillies especially have this peculiarity, and it is by no means uncommon with the colts. La Flêche, Amiable, Utica, and Goletta (by Galopin, the sire of St. Simon) may be quoted as examples of the drooping-quarter sort, and if the description of the make and shape of Voltigeur just quoted is correct, as there is no reason to doubt its being, then the peculiarity must be derived from Voltigeur. At the same time not all of Voltigeur's descendants are cast in the same mould, for there never was a horse with grander quarters than Clorane, and his are of the square rather than the drooping type. Clorane is directly descended from Voltigeur, through Castlereagh, Speculum, and Vedette.

After his sale-ring failure at Doncaster Voltigeur was sent back to Hart, and he would probably have been cut for the hunting field had not a neighbour of his owner persuaded the late Mr. "Billy" Williamson to allow him to be sent to Lord Zetland's stable at Richmond, of which Mr. Williamson was then the manager. Accordingly he was lent to Mr. Williamson; but as he cleaned out the stable twice in private trials shortly afterwards he passed into Lord Zetland's hands at £1,500. He won the Derby of 1850, beating the Guineas winner, Pitsford, by a length, and he followed up the form by winning the St. Leger three months later, after first running a dead-heat with Russborough.

Two days afterwards Voltigeur was pitted against The Flying Dutchman—who had won the Derby of the previous year—in the Doncaster Cup, then run over a course of two miles and a half—half a mile further than the present distance—and to general surprise he upset the odds of 4 to 1 which were laid on Lord Eglinton's horse. It was a close fit between the pair, and the result gave rise to much controversy, it being asserted that Marlow had not ridden The Flying Dutchman to orders and that the race had been run at a false pace. The outcome was that the pair were matched to run two miles at York in the following summer,

and after a desperate race The Flying Dutchman reversed the Doncaster verdict, though only by a length "all out." This match was run in deep going, and Voltigeur made strong play while his opponent waited; nevertheless it is pretty certain that Voltigeur was going off his form at the time, and on his return to Aske it was found that he was collaterally nearly a stone below his Doncaster form of the previous autumn.

At the stud Voltigeur's successes were in no wise consistent with his racecourse merit, and in many respects he was a failure. From the Birdcatcher mare, Mrs. Ridgway (whose grandam was by Blacklock), he sired Vedette, and this horse in time gave us Galopin. Vedette, like so many of his ancestors, was bred in the vicinity of Durham, his breeder being the late Mr. Chilton, of Billingham, who often had a useful plater with old John Osborne, father of the present trainer of that name. Vedette began life as West Hartlepool—Billingham is not many miles from the port of that name—and he is described as having been a very ugly yearling, with a great coarse head, a huge barrel, and his hocks a long way behind him. In due course he went to Aske at £250, and when rheumatism did not trouble him he went like a steam-engine and could stay for ever. Amongst other races Vedette won the Two Thousand. At the stud he was a questionable success. His son, Galopin, was bred by Mr. Taylor Sharpe at Baumber, in Leicestershire, in 1872, and it is proper to here refer to the doubt that at one time was cast on Galopin's parentage, it having been alleged that the colt was got by Delight and not by Vedette. The mind of Mr. Taylor Sharpe, who should be heard before anybody, is, however, clear enough on the point, and I have already stated that a peculiarity in the conformation of Voltigeur has been much reproduced in the stock of Galopin and St. Simon.

Galopin, in his running days, was a dark brown, and measured a fraction under sixteen hands. He was well knit together, round-barrelled, and rather heavy in his crest. His quarters were very powerful, slightly sloping, and his tail set on somewhat low. He was a combination of power with

extreme quality, and in my opinion he showed in his conformation much more of the Arab type than is usually found in English racehorses. His dam was The Flying Duchess by The Flying Dutchman out of Merope by Voltaire ; thus the horse was inbred to Blacklock. He had not the same quiet manners which were attributes of many of his ancestors, he being on the contrary a somewhat irritable horse. This irritability has been inherited by some, but by no means by all of his stock ; and whilst Galloping Dick was at times a mad horse, and the Two Thousand winner Disraeli a very curious-tempered one, the St. Simon family are generally possessed of placid tempers, and notably Persimmon had perfect race-course manners. As a yearling Galopin cost the late Prince Batthyany but 500 guineas, and as a two-year-old he won five of the six races for which he started, being beaten "two heads" for the Middle Park Plate, won by Plebian. Galopin was giving the winner 11 lbs., and would probably have won had he not been knocked about a good deal in the race. In the following year he won the Derby, but he was not engaged in the St. Leger, and his great work of that autumn was his defeat of Lowlander in a £1,000 match on the Rowley Mile. He also beat the St. Leger winner, Craig Millar, in a canter for the Newmarket Derby, and in the following spring was sent to the stud. No doubt his best son was St. Simon, though Donovan won much more money in stakes during his turf career. Donovan, though just beaten for the Guineas, won the Derby and the St. Leger of his year, and in his so far short stud career has sired Velasquez, winner of a £10,000 stake at Newmarket in 1897. Not many classic winners of note have been sired by Galopin except Donovan, but Galliard and Disraeli won the Two Thousand Guineas, Galeottia the One Thousand Guineas, and Donovan and St. Simon were good enough to "make" any horse from the paddock point of view.

Galopin died early in June, 1899, aged twenty-seven, full of stud honours, for he was the winning sire of 1898, and he had completed a full service of mares for the benefit of posterity.

St. Simon is the great stud success of modern times, and in all probability if he lives through a few more seasons

he will stand out as the stallion whose actual sons and daughters have won the greatest amount of stake money. At present the total for eleven seasons of stud life is something like £250,000; but it must be remembered that a present-day stallion of the best class has a far better chance of making a good score than had such as Stockwell, or any of the older horses, whose sons and daughters competed for far less valuable prizes. St. Simon came on the scene very shortly after the institution of the ten-thousand-pound prize, and such as La Flêche, Raeburn, St. Frusquin, Persimmon, and Diamond Jubilee had the chance of winning far more money than had any of the get of Stockwell, or that of his contemporaries. Great as St. Simon's success has been, I still hold that Stockwell's title of "The Emperor of Stallions" has not yet been taken from him, but if the great Welbeck sire has a few more good years he will no doubt go to the top of the tree.

St. Simon was foaled in 1881, was bred by the late Prince Batthyany, and is by Galopin out of St. Angela by King Tom, her dam Adeline by Ion out of Little Fairy by Hornsea, out of Lacerta by Zodiac, out of Jerboa by Gohanna. King Tom was by the famous Harkaway, out of the equally famous Pocahontas. Harkaway was famous as a long-distance runner, and also at the stud, but Pocahontas was chiefly famous as a brood mare, and also bred Stockwell and Rataplan to the Baron. The pedigree of Adeline, the dam of St. Angela, does not contain so many well-known strains that are in favour at the moment. She was by Ion, a direct descendant in tail male of the Byerly Turk; and Hornsea, the sire of Little Fairy, was by the Blacklock horse Velocipede, this being the only strain of the famous Bishop Burton stallion which St. Simon inherits through his dam. Galopin, on the other hand, has three crosses of Blacklock, but on the whole St. Simon is rather an outbred horse as far as his later pedigree is concerned. In appearance St. Simon is of the big upstanding sort; to my eyes he was rather on the leg when in training, and a similar remark applies to many of his colts. He stands 16 hands 1 inch, girths 6 feet 6 inches, and measures below

the knee within an infinitesimal fraction of $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches. He was always bigger than Galopin, but still showed many of the characteristics of his sire, though, to my thinking, he had not so much of the Arab character. In galloping his action, for such a big horse, was singularly perfect, and this smoothness of action has been transmitted to a large majority of his stock. Not so long ago I heard an old habitué of Newmarket, when talking of the St. Simon family, exclaim, "They are not perfect horses, these St. Simons, but they are perfect galloping machines, and many of them might have been constructed on mechanical principles, so smoothly do they go." To me this was a splendid definition, for it must be conceded that many of the St. Simon breed are not built on what are considered strictly orthodox lines, yet, take them all round, they are quite at the top of the tree, and can beat horses which are better looking in the strict sense of the term.

To sum them up in a few words, many of the best St. Simons are high, short horses, and therefore of quite a different type from such recent Stockwell Derby winners as Galtee More and Sir Hugo. Necks and heads carried high, rather short shoulders, short strong backs, long drooping quarters, and long thighs are usually to be found, but the colts are by no means always big and the fillies are generally small. Persimmon, St. Serf, and Bill of Portland (now at the stud in Australia) may be mentioned as specimens of the upstanding St. Simon colt, and Simonian, Raeburn, and St. Frusquin as examples of the smaller sort. Up to the present time Persimmon and St. Frusquin have been St. Simon's best male runners, and while the Prince of Wales' horse is of the upstanding type which I have attempted to describe, St. Frusquin was much more symmetrically built, and I should guess nearly a hand less in stature. Raeburn was smaller again, but a model of quality, and it is rather curious that these smaller St. Simon horses—*i.e.* those which have little or no suspicion of legginess—are really more symmetrical and better looking than the bigger type. With the St. Simon fillies the same rule does not apply, for one or two of the



ST. SIMON

best were very common to look at, and, on the other hand, some of the best looking very moderate performers. By far the handsomest I ever saw was Signorina, but La Flêche was a mean-looking little thing when in training, though she grew upon one, and "pulled to pieces well." Another jumped-up little mare was Semolina, and neither Mrs. Butterwick nor the stringhalt-afflicted Amiable was very grand, but all had the gift of going, and in our time there has not been seen elsewhere such a series of descendants of one strain with such beautiful action.

St. Simon, in his running days, was quite at the top of the tree, but owing to the death of his nominator, Prince Batthyany, he had no chance of distinguishing himself in classic events. He was purchased at auction for the Duke of Portland for less than £2,000, and his new owner, losing all the nominations, had to make fresh engagements for him. The upshot was that he commenced active life at Goodwood when as a two-year-old he won the Halnaker Stakes, and beat a solitary opponent in a maiden race on the following afternoon. He next ran in the Devonshire Nursery at the Derby September Meeting, and in a field of twenty won very easily with 8 st. 12 lbs. in the saddle. In the following week, at Doncaster, he was pulled out again to contest the Prince of Wales' Nursery of a mile. In this race, for which twenty-two ran, he put up 9 st., giving away a stone and upwards all round. Nevertheless he won with a lot in hand, thus showing that he was probably the best of his year. He won once again as a two-year-old, beating Duke of Richmond in a £500 match at Newmarket, and retired for the winter with an unbeaten certificate.

His first appearance as a three-year-old was in a Trial Stakes at Newmarket, when he met Tristan (then a six-year-old and the winner of the Ascot Cup in the previous year) at weight for age. St. Simon won without the least difficulty, and this thoroughly proved—if any proof was still wanting—how lucky it was for the owners of St. Gatien and Harvester that St. Simon could not take part in the Derby. At Epsom he was allowed to walk over for the Gold Cup, and at Ascot he again beat Tristan in the

important race of the same name with such stayers as Faugh-a-Ballagh and Friday (a Goodwood Cup winner) among the beaten lot. He next won the Gold Cup at Gosforth Park, and then he took the Goodwood Cup in a canter by twenty lengths from Ossian, winner of the St. Leger in the preceding year. He never ran again, but was taken out of training perfectly sound, an unbeaten horse; and as he had done quite enough for his reputation this decision to place him at the stud as a four-year-old can hardly be condemned. He had run ten times in two seasons, and had beaten the best that could be brought against him in the four most important cup contests of the year. He had stayed the severe two miles and a half of the Ascot Cup Course in a fashion which is only occasionally seen, and he had no engagements for the following year. Had he been kept in training he could only have repeated the same round of victories. Moreover, he had not been in the least abused, and by not running after Goodwood, had six months in which to recoup himself before his stud life began. Not only was St. Simon an unbeaten horse, but he was never seriously challenged in any of his races. In this respect he has an advantage over another unbeaten one, Ormonde to wit. It can be urged in favour of the last-named that his lines were cast in rougher places; in other words, that St. Simon met nothing of the same class as Minting and The Bard. But one cannot get away from the fact that Tristan, whom he twice defeated, was a really good horse over all sorts of courses, as was proved by his winning the Hardwicke Stakes three years in succession; that in one of these years he had won the Gold Cup on the previous day, and that a year later, when St. Simon beat him for the Cup, he was still equal to tackling and beating all comers in his third Hardwicke Stakes only twenty-four hours later.

Ormonde won the classic races in which St. Simon was unable to compete, but St. Simon's greatest victories were achieved over a distance of ground, whereas Ormonde never attempted a longer course than the mile and three-quarters of the St. Leger, and so many of his "might-have-been" opponents were not sent to oppose him. In the Guineas

he asserted his three-year-old superiority to Minting, and thenceforward that horse was kept out of his way until the Hardwicke Stakes of the following year. On that occasion Ormonde was going off, but nothing was wrong with Minting. Still, the Kingsclere horse won by a neck, and the form has always been made more of than it deserved, because Bendigo was beaten by a long way for second place. Bendigo, however, was dead amiss on the occasion. He had been off his feed since he arrived at Ascot, and was really in no condition to show his best form. This statement is made on the authority of Jousiffe, who trained Mr. Barclay's horse, and who not very long afterwards wrote me a long letter on the subject. Whether Ormonde or St. Simon was the better horse is a question that cannot be answered and is purely a matter for guesswork. Each won every time he ran; and if I have always in my mind had a preference for St. Simon, it was because he was a great Cup horse and an extraordinary stayer.

Curiously enough, the best of St. Simon's early stock were fillies, and he had sired three winners of the One Thousand, four winners of the Oaks, and two winners of the St. Leger (both fillies) before he had given us a winner of the Two Thousand or Derby. This feat he accomplished with St. Frusquin and Persimmon in 1896, and as Persimmon also won the St. Leger, and Diamond Jubilee the triple crown in 1900, when Winifreda and La Roche won the One Thousand and Oaks respectively, St. Simon has been responsible for the winners of seventeen classic races up to the present time. Memoir, Signorina, and St. Serf were the first to bring St. Simon into high repute as a stallion, and the last-named would probably have won the Derby had he not been kept for the Epsom Grand Prize instead. Under any circumstances, he was a better horse than the actual winner, Sainfoin, and it may also be written of him (St. Serf) that he was the first St. Simon horse to become a stud success. He has already sired a classic winner, who credited the Prince of Wales with the One Thousand in 1896, and in the past year he held a high place in the list of winning sires. Already his stock have won £50,000 in stakes, and the horse is now

only thirteen years old. Another useful colt by St. Simon foaled about the same time was Simonian; and Bill of Portland, though a roarer, could travel at a tremendous pace. Nevertheless the rather unlucky Signorina and La Flêche were far the best of his stock until Persimmon and St. Frusquin appeared, and then after a couple of quieter years he had in 1900 the five winners of the classic races of which I have just made mention. Two or three years ago all was not well with the Welbeck paddocks, and the stud was removed while certain alterations took place. To this cause is generally attributed the comparative failure of St. Simon in 1897 and 1898. Even if St. Simon has seen his best days as a stud horse, there are Persimmon and St. Frusquin to carry on the line, to say nothing of St. Serf, Raeburn, and that fine performer Florizel II., who ran up a splendid record of victories in important races, who could stay as well as his more famous brother Persimmon, and who in 1900 had a wonderful season with his first crop of two-year-old runners.

In Persimmon the Blacklock blood is much more plentiful than it is in his sire St. Simon, for his dam, Perdita II., has five strains of it. The Prince of Wales' horse has yet to prove himself at the stud, but it is any reasonable odds on his being a success, for perhaps this particular line of Blacklock, handed down through Voltaire, Voltigeur, Vedette, Galopin, and St. Simon, is more full of vitality and more prolific than any other line of the day. As something has been said of the rival merits of Ormonde and St. Simon, it may be added that there are those who consider Persimmon to have been quite as good a horse as either, in spite of his two defeats. I need not enter at length into such recent running beyond mentioning that both of those defeats were administered by St. Frusquin, and all the running of the pair suggests that there was nothing between these two up to a mile. Both were very successful two-year-olds, though St. Frusquin was just beaten when trying to give a lot of weight away at Kempton Park. In the Middle Park Plate each carried the full penalty, and Persimmon started favourite. Practically he had nothing to do with the finish, which was



PERSIMMON

TAKEN 20 MINUTES AFTER WINNING THE DERBY

fought out by St. Frusquin and Omladina, the former winning by half a length. Persimmon was beaten some lengths from the pair, and his subsequent running suggested, nay proved, that this was not his true form. The stable cannot have entertained the idea that much was wrong, or the horse would hardly have started favourite, but I saw for myself that he could not live with the other pair up the hill from the Abingdon Mile Bottom, and, as far as I know, no special excuses were forthcoming for his defeat, though there was afterwards a general rumour to the effect that he was amiss. That he had been amiss a week or ten days before is well known, otherwise it had been intended that he should have run at Kempton Park in the very race in which St. Frusquin was beaten on the previous Saturday, and I have little doubt that he had not quite recovered. He had been heard to cough when at exercise in the Middle Park week, and under any circumstances the running in the Middle Park Plate may be wiped out. In the following spring St. Frusquin won the Two Thousand Guineas, but Persimmon did not run before the Derby. In that race he beat St. Frusquin (who was of course favourite) by a neck, and, what is more, he had always a little the best of it from the bell to the winning-post. Not an hour after the race T. Loates, who rode St. Frusquin, told me that Persimmon was beating him all the way from Tattenham Corner, and that he never felt as if he could do better than make a good fight of it. The pair met again in the Princess of Wales' Stakes at Newmarket, over the Bunbury Mile, a rather severe course with a steep hill just before the finish. Persimmon this time had to allow 3 lbs., and St. Frusquin beat him half a length. I was actually on the course (where I had no business to be) while this race was run, and I have always thought that St. Frusquin's victory was in a small measure, but not of course entirely, due to the fact that Loates got first run. The pair and Regret had well cleared the others before half the hill was breasted, and when the leaders were about 150 yards from home and both jockeys sitting still, Loates suddenly pushed his horse for all he was worth. In a moment St. Frusquin got the half-length he won by, and in a bitter set-to

to the end he just retained that same advantage. I have seen "Tommy" Loates ride many and many a good race, both before and since, but in this particular one he, in my humble opinion, excelled himself. I have never witnessed a finer piece of riding.

That St. Frusquin went amiss after winning the Eclipse Stakes, but before the St. Leger, is common knowledge. He never ran again, so the vexed question of supremacy between him and Persimmon was not fairly settled, though Persimmon of course comes out with the better record. He won the St. Leger and other races as a three-year-old, and in the Ascot Cup of the following year proved himself a stayer of the first water. No one, I should say, ever saw an Ascot Cup won in such fashion. Though there were only four runners, the other three were horses of note, all of whom had distinguished themselves in the past. Love Wisely, for instance, had beaten the French horse *Omnium II.*, *Florizel II.*, the Derby winner *Sir Visto*, that beautiful and very high-class mare *Laodamia*, and the champion mile handicap horse of the day, *Victor Wild*, in the Ascot Cup of the previous year. And as proof that this good-looking if rather small son of *Wisdom* had not deteriorated, he three months later won the £10,000 Jockey Club Stakes at Newmarket, easily defeating *Velasquez*, *Chelandry*, *Goletta*, and others. *Winkfield's Pride*, another of the three, had won the Cambridgeshire and the Lincolnshire Handicap, the last-named race with 8 st. 9 lbs. in the saddle, and *Limasol*, the third runner, had been an easy winner of the Oaks a fortnight before. It will thus be seen that Persimmon was opposed by a field that was good in quality if not numerically strong; but the big horse smashed them all up as if they had been selling platters, and won just as far as *Watts* allowed him to do. From the commencement the race was run at a cracking pace, and down the hill into the *Swinley Bottom* *Winkfield's Pride* fairly got the better of *Cannon*, and travelled on as fast as his legs could carry him. All this time Persimmon waited behind, but the moment the straight was reached he came right round on the outside and galloped past his opponents as if they

were a line of telegraph posts. No finer performance has been seen during the present generation, and well might "Beacon" (Mr. Joseph Osborne) write in the next issue of his *Horsebreeders' Handbook*, of this Ascot Cup, that Persimmon "won so easily by eight lengths from Winkfield's Pride, Love Wisely, and Limasol, that he may fairly claim to be *the* horse of the century, if we except Harkaway; for great horse as Ormonde undoubtedly was, he never ran a Cup Course—and it may be questioned if at any time he beat such good horses as Winkfield's Pride and Love Wisely."

Mr. Osborne has seen all the good horses of the last sixty-five years: he has made the thoroughbred the study of a lifetime, and there is absolutely no living authority to whose utterances so much importance attaches. There is no need to consider Persimmon much further. Some few weeks after his Ascot Cup victory he won the Eclipse Stakes on a totally different course, of only half the Ascot Cup distance, and this race showed that he could sprint as well as stay. In years to come it will probably be found that Persimmon, St. Simon, and very likely Isinglass will take higher rank than the brilliant Ormonde, but which (if any) of the four should rank as "the horse of the century" is a question which must be left to individual opinion.

It will be easily understood that if I were to go into every branch of each line of blood at any length, and try to show all the successful strains which are now in existence, I should require several years for the task, and a series of volumes would be the result. The object being to trace a few of the reigning branches of each line of descent, I may now leave St. Simon without noticing the doings of such as Childwick, Matchbox, St. Florian, Dunure, Utica, and a host of others.

The Blacklock line of the Darley Arabian has also been transmitted through Speculum, who was by Vedette out of Doralice by Orlando. Speculum's chief stud successes were Rosebery—dual winner of the Cæsarewitch and Cambridgeshire and sire of Amphion—Castlereagh, the sire of that great horse Clorane, and Hagioscope, the sire of Queen's Birthday and of many others who could stay the

severest courses. It is not necessary to enter at length into details of this particular branch of the family, but it should be emphasised that the Galopin-St. Simon characteristics of appearance, and occasionally of temper, are entirely wanting in the horses of Speculum descent. To take two recent examples, Clorane filled the eye as a far grander horse than anything we have ever seen by Galopin or St. Simon. He was no bigger than Persimmon—not so big in fact—in the matter of inches, but he carried more substance and was much more symmetrically built, standing over more ground, with nothing of the “short, high” style about him. Clorane is absolutely one of the handsomest of modern thoroughbreds, and formed a perfect picture when in training. At the same time he always *looked* more like a Stockwell than a Blacklock horse, and so, too, did Amphion, another beautiful horse, whose dam was by Hermit out of a Rataplan mare. Again, Amphion’s son, Dieudonné, is a perfect little gentleman to look at, though he has just a slight suspicion of weakness about his neck. Perhaps the Hagioscopes (at all events some of them) are more of the usual Blacklock type, but most certainly a majority of the horses in direct tail male from Speculum are not, and this is probably caused by the fact that Galopin was more inbred to Blacklock than was the case with Speculum, the latter having been out of a Touchstone mare, while Galopin’s maternal grandam was by Voltaire, who was also the grandsire of Vedette.

Another line of the Darley Arabian, of which little is heard in direct continuity just now, came through Whisker, Harkaway, and King Tom. Taking them from Eclipse downwards, the sires were—

Eclipse
Pot-8-os
Waxy
Whisker
Economist
Harkaway
King Tom
Kingcraft.



CLORANE

The last-named won the Derby in 1870, and about the same time King Tom had three Oaks winners—Tormenter, Hippia, and Hannah. The family is now little known in this country, though it has done well both in Australia and America, and from the last-named country it sent a fine representative in Foxhall a few years ago.

THE LINE OF BYERLY TURK

Besides the line of the Darley Arabian, handed down through Eclipse and his sons, there are two other male lines of blood derived from Eastern sires which are to the fore at the present day—though in a lesser degree than that of the Darley Arabian. These are the line of the Byerly Turk, handed down through Herod, and the line of the Godolphin Barb transmitted through Matchem.

The line of sires from the Byerly Turk is as follows—

Byerly Turk
Jigg
Partner
Tartar
Herod.

The pedigree of Herod is very incomplete. He was bred in 1758 by the Duke of Cumberland, and was by Tartar out of Cypron by Blaze, who was by Flying Childers, and therefore a grandson of the Darley Arabian. Tartar was out of Milwea by Fox, a great-grandson of the D'Arcy White Turk, but Milwea's dam, Milkmaid, was bred from parents about whom little or nothing is known. Her sire was Snail (pedigree unknown) and her dam was Shield's Galloway (bred by Mr. Curwen, of Workington, Cumberland), about whose ancestry no information is forthcoming. There are several unknown sources in Partner's pedigree, and several more in that of Cypron, so that really it is not possible to trace Herod even so far as Eclipse is traced, but the horse was a good runner, a great stayer, and a most successful sire, his stock having won over £200,000 in nineteen years. From Herod came the famous Highflyer, who was never beaten,

and his best son was Sir Peter. Here the family splits up as will be seen from the accompanying tables:—

Herod	Herod	Herod	Herod
Highflyer	Highflyer	Woodpecker	Woodpecker
Sir Peter	Sir Peter	Buzzard	Buzzard
Walton	Sir Paul	Castrel	Selim
Partisan	Paulowitz	Pantaloons	Sultan
Gladiator	Cain	Windhound	Bay Middleton
Sweetmeat	Ion	Thormanby	Flying Dutchman
Macaroni	Wild Dayrell	Charibert	Upas
McGregor	Buccaneer		Elf II.
	Kisber		
	Crafton		

These four are the principal lines of Herod, but only the Buccaneer branch seems to be doing much good in this country just now. It also includes the See Saw family, best represented at present by Despair, the sire of the Cambridgeshire winner Comfrey, and hosts of lesser exponents of winning form. From the Sweetmeat family came also Cremorne and Favonius, winners of the Derby in successive years, but at the moment the line looks like dying out, there being only such as Poulet, Mark, Macaroon, and Favo to represent it. Of course Kisber, by Buccaneer, was a very great horse, and during the third quarter of the nineteenth century there were many celebrated descendants of Herod in tail male, but at present it looks as if all the best blood of the family were centred in the females, and notably Seclusion, the dam of Hermit, was of direct Herod descent. At the stud The Flying Dutchman was not a success, in spite of his great deeds when in training, but we had ample proof in 1898 that his line is not dead yet, when the French horse Elf II. beat all our best long-distance runners in the Ascot Cup. Elf II. (Elf he was called in France, the numerals being added when he ran in England) was sold for £8,000 for stud purposes, and it may be that he will do something to revive the line.

There are several useful sires by See Saw in this country,

but Despair seems to sire milers and sprinters rather than stayers ; yet the Herod line was once famous for its stoutness. Macaroni has left no really good representative of the Sweetmeat blood. His best son, McGregor, was doubtless a very good horse on the day he won the Two Thousand Guineas, and there is little question that he would have won the Derby had he not broken down ; but as a stallion, though he got a host of small winners, he does not seem to have sired a good stud horse. Ocean Wave, the sire of Trident, is also by See Saw, and this horse has got good stock, several of whom can stay well, to wit Billow, who won the Ascot Stakes a few years ago. From Wild Dayrell is also descended Pepper and Salt, the sire of the City and Suburban winner Greyleg ; and from Sir Bevys, of the Sweetmeat line, we have Morglay, who has had a fair share of winners of late. During the last twelve months no sire of direct Herod descent stood in the first twelve in the list, but Ocean Wave and Despair have done fair work at the stud, though neither of them has sired a first-class horse.

An important thing to bear in mind is that when any line of blood begins to do badly, a large majority of breeders neglect it altogether. Fashion seems to be almost everything in breeding ; and as the line of the Darley Arabian has so thoroughly beaten that of the Byerly Turk, everyone seems inclined to help the latter to oblivion, instead of trying to improve it by judicious crosses. That the Herod family was famous for stoutness in its early days must be true, if the traditions of the turf are to be believed, and it is probably the case that that same stoutness is only lying dormant. However, unless some great horse of Herod descent quickly makes his appearance, breeders will continue to neglect the family ; for breeders must be in the fashion to live, and Herod blood is not the fashion just now. Yet, within my experience, I have seen four Derby winners who were direct descendants of Herod in tail male, and these four successes were encompassed within a period of nine years. The winners were Favonius, Cremorne, Kisber, and Sir Bevys ; and, if the last-named

has to be put down a moderate horse, Kisber was one of the best Derby winners of modern times, whilst Cremorne was also an Ascot Cup winner.

THE LINE OF THE GODOLPHIN

The line of the Godolphin Barb, commonly known as the line of Matchem, is doing far better than that of the Byerly Turk. It is nowhere when compared with the Darley Arabian family; still, it is strongly represented at the moment; and if present indications are realised, it will be even more powerful in years to come. And this is almost entirely due to the resuscitated family of Melbourne, chiefly through his son West Australian.

Matchem was foaled in 1748, near Carlisle, and was by Cadet, a son of the Godolphin Barb (or Godolphin Arabian, as he is sometimes called), and was out of a daughter of Partner (grandson of the Byerly Turk), her dam a daughter of Makeless, out of a daughter of Brimmer, out of a daughter of Place's White Turk. The Godolphin is the horse who was bought out of a water-cart in Paris by a Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, and he was subsequently presented to Lord Godolphin, by whose name he has always been known. He was a brown bay, stood about fifteen hands, and his name is to be found in the pedigree of every thoroughbred in existence, if it is traced far enough back. In Matchem there was none of the blood of the Darley Arabian, but the pedigree can be traced to nearly twenty Eastern importations, and there are fewer blanks in it than in the pedigrees of Herod or Eclipse. Matchem was a famous runner in his day, but he went to the stud at a £5 fee, and this was gradually raised to fifty guineas as his stock began to win races. In all they secured £151,000 in twenty-three years, and the best of them was Conductor, who, when mated with Brunette, sired Trumpator, from whom came Sorcerer, Comus, Humphrey Clinker, and Melbourne. Melbourne was bred in 1834, and was out of a mare by Cervantes, of the line of Eclipse, her dam being a daughter of Golumpus, also of the direct line of

Eclipse. It should be mentioned that Sorcerer, the great-grandsire of Melbourne, though only fifth in descent from the Godolphin, was closely inbred to that celebrity, as he had a double cross through Trumpator, and no less than four crosses through his great-grandam, Young Giantess. Indeed, Melbourne was full of the blood, and, all told, no fewer than thirty-seven strains of the Godolphin are to be found in his pedigree. He is described as having been a 16-hand horse of immense power, with a neat head, a rather short, thin-crested neck, and of great length from his shoulder-point to his hips. He was also knuckle-kneed from foalhood; but this malformation seems to have done him little harm, for he won a number of races, mostly over distances of ground. He did not aspire to classic honours, but he held his own among the Cup horses of the day, and at some time or other he beat such as Lanercost and Industry. He was altogether a successful sire, and amongst his produce were Blink Bonny (one of three fillies who have won the Derby), Sir Tatton Sykes (winner of the St. Leger), West Australian, and Young Melbourne, from whom that good stayer Carlton was descended. The line in tail male from the Godolphin Arabian is as follows:—

Godolphin Arabian or Barb
Matchem
Conductor
Trumpator
Sorcerer
Comus
Humphrey Clinker
Melbourne
West Australian
Solon
Barcaldine.

West Australian was doubtless the greatest racehorse sired by Melbourne, and perhaps no horse of a past generation was more talked about or more popular with the "crowd." It used to be the fashion for Yorkshire folk to

swear by him, and when he was brought into a sale ring after his racing career was over he was saluted with a shout of "Here comes the pick of all England." He was bred by the late Mr. John Bowes at Streatlam, in the county of Durham, and was out of Mowerina by Touchstone, her dam Emma by Whisker out of Gibside Fairy by Hermes—a direct descendant of Eclipse. He was the first horse to win the triple crown of Two Thousand, Derby, and St. Leger, but he was not a great stud success, and if he had not sired Solon little would be known of his family now. Solon, bred in County Galway, was just a fair-class racehorse, but by no means a great one. He had his share of success both in this country and in Ireland, but at the stud he was responsible for Barcaldine and also for Arbitrator, the sire of the St. Leger winner Kilwarlin, and the grandsire of Kilcock. Barcaldine was out of Ballyroe by the roaring Belladrum (by Stockwell) out of Bon Accord by Adventurer, and during his two seasons on the turf he was never beaten. His best performance is mentioned in connection with the remarks on Gosforth Park Races, but I may add that Barcaldine was one of the most magnificent specimens of the thoroughbred I have met with. He was a very big horse, but he had substance, muscle, and bone in keeping with his great frame, and for such a big one he was conspicuous for quality. Speaking of him as a sire, he must certainly be placed in the very highest class from the paddock point of view. The first good horse he got was Morion, who won the Ascot Cup in 1891, and in the same year he was responsible for Mimi, winner of the Oaks and many other valuable races. Mimi also credited him with the One Thousand, Sir Visto won the Derby and St. Leger of his year; so that in Barcaldine we have an instance of a horse (Wisdom supplies another) who never contested the classic races, and yet was good enough to sire classic winners. In 1891 his stock won over £20,000, in 1892 £5,613, in 1893 £8,284, in 1894 £11,118, in 1895 £21,113, in 1896 £9,651, in 1897 £5,801, and in 1898 £3,561. Unfortunately the horse has been dead several years, but there are plenty of his sons to carry on

the line, and if Morion has been a disappointment so far Wolf's Crag has begun excellently, and such as Sir Visto, Marco, and The Rush will shortly be heard of. As a rule the Barcaldines are stayers; such as Morion and The Rush certainly were; and though Sir Visto did not attempt a Cup course he relished the St. Leger distance. Barcaldine in all probability never got one so good as himself, but I imagine he has done enough to perpetuate the West Australian line of Matchem, and most certainly he has rescued it from comparative oblivion.

Why it is that about five-sixths of the best horses in training are descended from one of the three great lines, and that the other two should be credited with about one-sixth of the aggregate of races between them, is a mystery. The problem has puzzled many heads, and I have never heard of any solution which was really feasible. The blood of the Godolphin and of the Byerly Turk is to be found, sometimes in great quantities, in every living thoroughbred, but as far as the line of direct tail male is concerned the Darley Arabian has for a long time carried all before it, and according to present indications will continue to do so in years to come.

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